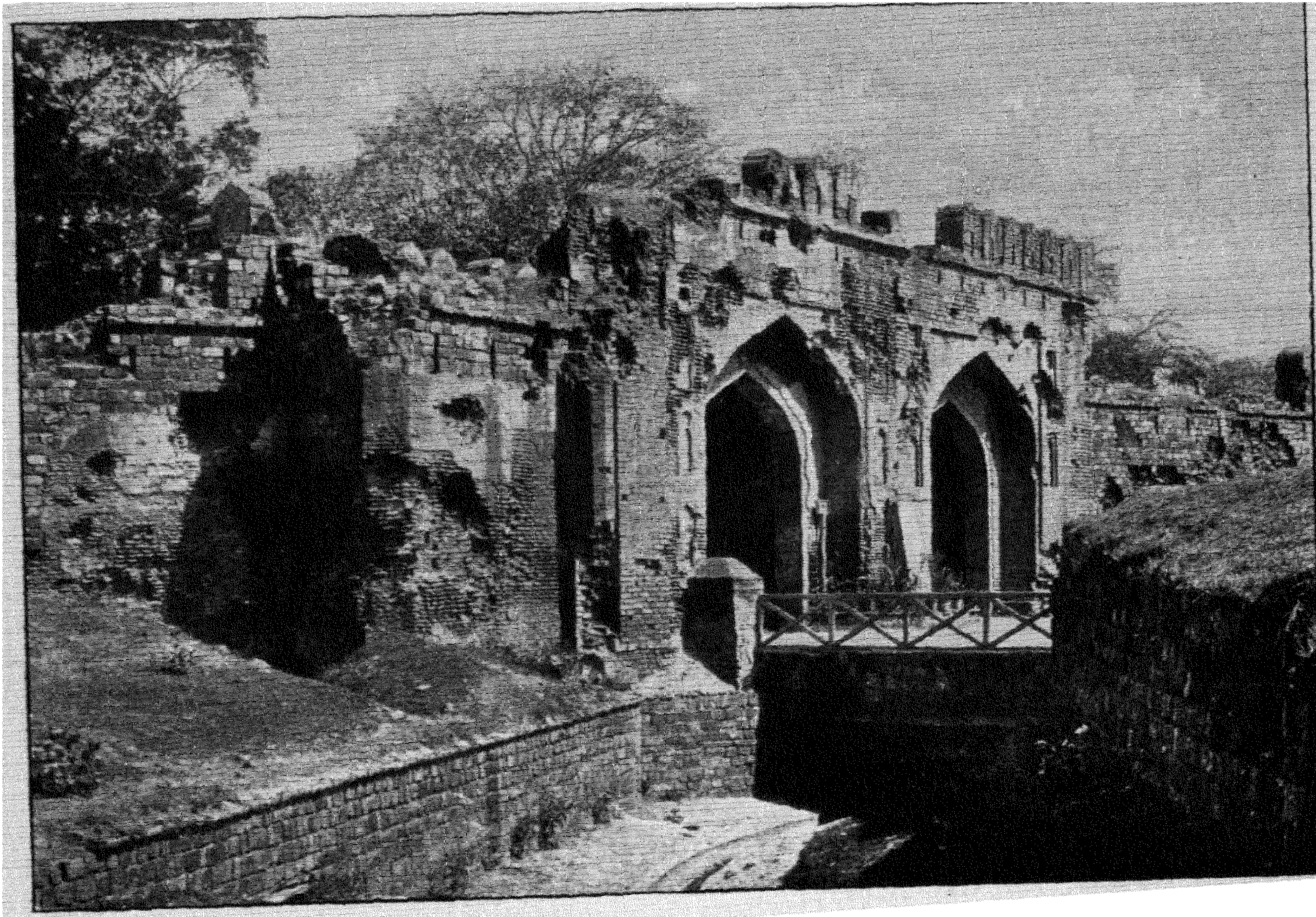


A HISTORY OF
THE INDIAN MUTINY



CASHMERE GATE, DELHI.

A HISTORY

OF

THE INDIAN MUTINY

REVIEWED AND ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

BY

G. W. FORREST, C.I.E.

EX-DIRECTOR OF RECORDS, GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

VOL. I.

SIEGE OF DELHI—DEFENCE OF THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW—THE STORY OF CAWNPORE—HAVELOCK'S CAMPAIGN

WITH MAPS, PLANS, AND PORTRAITS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MCMIV

TO

THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF

CAPTAIN GEORGE FORREST, V.C.,

ONE OF THE GALLANT NINE
WHO DEFENDED THE DELHI MAGAZINE, 11th MAY 1857;

AND HIS WIFE,

ANN FORREST,

WHO IN A TIME OF SPECIAL TRIAL SHOWED
HOW LOVE, GRACE, AND GENTLENESS ARE COMPATIBLE
WITH HEROIC COURAGE,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY THEIR SON.

INTRODUCTION.

In the present book I have reprinted, with corrections and additions, the two Introductions prefixed to the three volumes octavo of "Letters, Despatches, and other State Papers preserved in the Military Department of the Government of India, 1857-58." It has been suggested and kindly urged that the Introductions, which show the bearing of the new and original materials on history, and are detailed systematic narratives of the fierce struggle which succeeded the military insurrection of 1857, should be brought within easy and convenient compass for the large number of persons who, although they have not the leisure to study official documents, take an interest in the most important fact in the history of British dominion in India. The Indian Mutiny addresses our mind through the intellect and the imagination. It is no mere memorable incident in Anglo-Indian history which conveys many grave lessons to those who labour in our Indian Empire, but it is a noble epic which speaks to every Englishman wherever he may be, and calls up past and glorious memories.

It is on the sure ground of official documents that I have mainly relied, but they have been fortified by the contemporary literature, which is both varied and abundant. A large number of private letters and diaries have been placed at my disposal, and it has been my anxious care to draw from them useful material by separating facts and just inferences from matters and opinions honestly given as testified by the senses of the writer, but in truth founded on the current statements and warped feelings of the hour. Besides the printed matter and the manuscript documents, I have had the advantage of conversation with many who witnessed the transactions.

Military operations, however, extend over so wide a field that no actor can have a personal knowledge of all the circumstances. By putting together fragments of information which I have received from several witnesses, marking where they agree and where they differ, and comparing them with the whole collection of written statements, I have endeavoured to arrive at a complete and correct conception of the combination of scenes which a battle or the storming of a fortress presents. My own conceptions have been corrected by the technical and sagacious criticisms of military experts, and the work of a civilian on the operations of war is therefore offered with less fear. In order to strengthen the text and to enable the reader to form his own judgment of the evidence, abundant citations from the original authorities have been inserted as footnotes: I have also incorporated extracts

from the despatches and letters in the text with the object of bringing the reader into touch with the actors.

The history of the siege of Delhi, a long tale of stern combats and great achievements, is mainly told by the letters and despatches of the chief actors, whose plain narrative of facts reflects the spirit which produces heroic deeds.

The story of the defence of Lucknow, one of the most dramatic incidents in the epic, is told in the contemporary narratives of the men who did the fighting and the women whose courage never faltered; and they are fertile in tragedy. I discovered that the diary of Captain George Fulton, whose cheerful bearing and noble temper inspired officers and men with his own energy and cool determination, was in Australia. In response to my appeal his sons kindly sent me a copy, and of this I have made free use. The fine and modest temper of the man to whom his comrades gave the proud title of "The Defender of Lucknow" is seen in his plain narrative of facts. Sir Joseph Fayrer has also given me leave to quote from his manuscript diary. Colonel Bonham, whose fertility of resource, consuming energy, and exalted courage, filled the garrison with admiration of the young subaltern of artillery, has not only imparted to me information of the highest value with regard to the defence, but has also placed at my disposal a clear narrative of what occurred at Chinhut, the untoward disaster which preceded the siege of

the Residency. The late General May, who was one of the gallant 39 sabres that charged 400 cavalry and two guns at Chinhut, revised shortly before his death my account of the action.

The story of Cawnpore, a tale of disaster and unutterable woe illumined by gallantry and patient, heroic courage, is told in part from the narratives of Captain Thomson and Lieutenant Delafosse, the two male survivors from the Cawnpore garrison, and from an account written for me by one of the two women who escaped the massacre at the bank of the river. Her name, for the sake of her family, cannot be disclosed. Since the publication of the Selections from the Military State Papers, I have had the privilege of a long conversation with General Mowbray Thomson, and got from him important information of a negative and positive kind. The narrative of Mr Shepherd furnishes us with trustworthy evidence of what took place before he left the intrenchment on the 24th of June, but, as he himself writes, his account of what happened at Cawnpore after that date was gathered "from different sources," and it must be received with considerable reserve. His sensational account of the massacre of the women and children does not bear the test of facts which have been carefully gleaned. The story of the woman has been minutely compared with the voluminous evidence before me, and of its substantial accuracy there is no doubt. The depositions of sixty-three witnesses, natives and

half-castes, taken under the directions of Colonel Williams, Commissioner of Police in the North-Western Provinces, have been consulted, but their evidence is full of discrepancies and must be treated with extreme caution. The confidential reports from officials, petitions from private persons, depositions of witnesses, and unofficial examinations, have been studied with care. They show that although the darkest tints predominate, the picture is not so black as it has been painted. As Colonel Williams states, "The most searching and earnest inquiries totally disprove the unfounded assertion that at first was so frequently made and so currently believed, that personal indignity and dishonour were offered to our poor suffering countrywomen." The evidence also proves that the sepoy guard placed over the prisoners refused to murder them. The foul crime was perpetrated by five ruffians of the Nana's guard at the instigation of a courtesan. It is as ungenerous as it is untrue to charge upon a nation that cruel deed.

The sketch of Sir Colin Campbell's relief of Lucknow in November 1857 is drawn from Sir Colin's own despatch and other primary sources. The journal kept in his official capacity by Captain George Allgood, C.B., who accompanied Sir Colin as Assistant Quarter-master-General with headquarters, has been of great use to me. Sir David Baird, who was one of Sir Colin's aides-de-camp, at my urgent request sent me a short narrative of what occurred when he, Lieutenant

Roberts, and Captain Hopkins planted under a shower of bullets a regimental colour on one of the turrets of the mess-house.

The narrative of Major-General Windham's operations at Cawnpore has been written with an anxious regard to state facts without unduly raking the ashes of an old controversy. The draft of the narrative was read by the late Sir John Adye, who was Windham's Brigade-Major, and pronounced by him to be accurate and impartial. I pointed out to Sir John that his semi-official defence of General Windham's strategy printed in 1858 is mainly based on the word "outside," which is not in the original manuscript of the "Memorandum by the Chief of the Staff for the guidance of Major-General Windham." Colonel Lewis Jones (88th Regiment), who captured the enemy's guns on the 26th November, has conferred upon me a favour by sending to me a brief account of what took place on that day. General Chamier, who commanded with so much distinction the Madras guns on the 28th of November, when Brigadier Carthew was forced back into the intrenchments, has, by imparting to me much valuable information, helped me to understand the true nature of that conflict. But of all the materials on which I formed my account none has been of more value to me than the original draft of Brigadier Carthew's "Detailed Report of the operations of the Forces placed under my command on the 26th, 27th, and 28th ultimo." As the report came into my private possession from a private source, and

is not to be found in the Military Records, I was precluded from treating it as an official document which ought to be printed in a selection of State Papers. General Chamier vouches for its accuracy.

The account of the march of the three columns from the eastern frontier of Oudh to Lucknow has been mainly constructed from the despatches of their respective commanders. Much useful information relating to the march of General Franks' force has been supplied to me by General M'Leod Innes, V.C., who accompanied it as Engineer Officer, and showed how great professional skill and calm judgment can be combined with valour of no ordinary kind.

A detailed account is given of the operations on the plain of Alum Bagh, by which Outram held the armed hosts of Lucknow in check until the Commander-in-Chief was in a position to undertake the capture of the city. It has been mainly based on Outram's own reports, which bear in every line the stamp of the man who impressed himself upon all the events with which he was connected and shaped them by the force of his individual character. He lives in the hearts of those who knew him, and from his comrades I have received many striking reminiscences of his courage and chivalry.

The sketch of the siege and capture of Lucknow, an operation which will always be considered a striking illustration of the art of war, is drawn from Sir Colin Campbell's despatch and Outram's memorandum of the operations carried on under his command. The

I have enjoyed the further advantage of a number of important literary criticisms sent me by a personal friend before this book took its final shape.

Mr F. G. Stokes, besides assisting me in the correction of the whole of the proofs, has collated with extreme care the narrative text with the official documents, and the exhaustive Index which he has constructed will not only be a guide to the contents of the book, but will also enable the student of history to trace my statements to their sources in the volumes of Selections from the Military State Papers.

But although the sources of the narrative are State documents, and the book has benefited by the criticism of military officials, it has no official character or authority. For any statements or expressions of opinion I am personally and exclusively responsible. My earnest endeavour has been to state salient authentic facts in a spirit that will not revive the virulent race animosities which were aroused by bloodshed and carnage and perverted the history and criticism of the hour. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses which have raised the Indian Mutiny to the rank of a world-wide tragedy. It is useful that these crimes should be remembered and freshly pondered, but it is equally wise to study the opposite picture. The brave and turbulent population of Oudh with a few exceptions treated the fugitives of the ruling race with a marked kindness. Not only the loyalty and the courage but also the calm heroic spirit with which the sepoys in

the Lucknow Residency endured dangers and trials are worthy of all honour. The devotion and fidelity of humble native attendants and loyal sepoys, the patient endurance and calm courage of our countrymen and countrywomen, the high energy and valour of the British soldier, afford some relief to the most terrible features of a tale of wrath and fury.

GEORGE WILLIAM FORREST.

IFFLEY TURN, OXFORD,
October 1904.

NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Illustrations for these volumes have been selected with special reference to their importance as historical documents illuminative of the text.

The portrait of John Nicholson is from a daguerreotype taken in 1851. When he was in England on furlough Lady Edwardes, the wife of his dearest and oldest friend, informed me that he had it done to please his mother, who had often asked him to give her a portrait of himself. Lady Edwardes also said that she considered it a better likeness than the portrait with dark brown beard and moustache in the East India United Service Club. The daguerreotype gives the smooth frank face of a youth, but of a youth with a massive brow, bright and confiding eyes, firm mouth, which indicate the penetrating insight, the iron will, and the imperious temper which made the lad a born leader of men.

The portrait of Henry Lawrence with cap and beard, so commonly reproduced from a photograph done at Lucknow at a period of life when sorrow and sickness had hollowed the cheeks and the toil of Empire had wasted the wiry form, is not characteristic of the man. The portrait in this book, from a daguerreotype taken at an earlier period of life, presents in a very noble form the combination of administrative energy and a soldier's clear courage with charity, high culture, and a grave and religious temper. It would adorn well the text of Clarendon's great History.

Of a very different type, but singularly interesting, is the portrait of James Outram. Many of his comrades prefer it to the well-known painting by Thomas Brighstocke. The portrait of Havelock is disappointing, but it is the best that can be got, and it grows into favour upon better acquaintance. The forehead, wide and high, explains that Havelock was not only a successful commander, but also a scholar and a man of letters. The portrait of Sir John Inglis is a good representation of a typical regimental officer. A brave soldier and a strict disciplinarian, he was generally and justly beloved on account of his unassuming demeanour and warmth of heart. Lady Inglis informed me it was a good likeness of her husband. The portrait of Neill does not represent the popular conception of the man, but the firm posture and the face express a virile and masterful will, and the square brow indicates capacity equal to the greatest emergency. The portrait of Sir Colin Campbell in his simple Mutiny dress is well known. The artist has given us the wiry

frame, the firm mouth, the shrewd honest face, of "the war-bred Sir Colin," as Charles Napier called him.

The drawings made on the spot, from which a large number of the Illustrations have been reproduced, preserve and transmit places of inextricable sorrow and heroic valour which Englishmen would not willingly let die. The sketch of the Well at Cawnpore is singularly impressive, and conveys its lesson. The view of the Bibigarh, where the women and children were confined, is important, because it shows that some of the brutal pictures of the scene of slaughter published at the time represent the result of a base imagination. The fatal well is now covered with a Gothic memorial, the accursed house of captivity and death has been levelled to the ground, and all the part around is a fair garden. The sketch of the Residency Church at Lucknow is a sad and sublime record of the siege: the Gothic edifice battered by shot and shell; the oppressively desolate churchyard raked with grave-heap after grave-heap. On one can be traced the letters "Sir H. L." They mark the resting-place of Henry Lawrence. When life was fast ebbing away he expressed a wish to be buried in the same grave as the British soldier. A plain tomb has now been erected over his soldier's grave. Where the little church stood is a trim and green lawn: the sacred enclosure is as neat and peaceful as a quiet country churchyard in England; the multitude of graves are bright with flowers, and the paths are radiant with roses.

NOTE ON THE MAPS AND PLANS.

THE Maps and Plans are reproduced by permission of the Government of India from the maps and plans prepared specially for "The Selections from State Papers preserved in the Military Department, 1857-58." The topographical details were drawn from Military Records and Revenue Surveys, and I must express my obligations to the officers of the Survey Office for the infinite trouble taken by them to ensure accuracy.

GLOSSARY.

THE words given below have not been explained in footnotes :—

Havildar.—A sepoy non-commissioned officer corresponding to a sergeant.

Jemadar.—The title of the second rank of native officer in a company of sepoys.

Khalási.—A Mahomedan labourer of a superior order, employed chiefly about ships or in the army.

Khareta (Ar., a bag).—The ornamental bag used as an envelope for a letter from or to a person of high rank. Hence the letter itself.

Subadar.—The chief native officer of a company of sepoys.

Pandy.—The surname Pāndē (Skt., Panditā) was a very common one among the high-caste sepoys of the Bengal army, being the title of a subdivisional branch of the Brahmins of the Upper Provinces, which furnished many men to the ranks.

THE SPELLING OF WORDS AND NAMES.

The orthography of the writers of the time has been followed as far as possible. Not about Lakhnáo and Kánhpúr, but Lucknow and Cawnpore, there is a sacred halo. It is true "Swami House" is correct and orthodox, but "Sammy House" was what the soldiers who so stoutly defended the temple called it, and to alter it would be an act of repulsive pedantry. The corruption of the name is characteristic of the British soldier, and about "Sammy House" dwells the memory of many a hard-fought and many a signal deed of valour.

In revising this book for the press instances have occurred in which the spelling of the names of soldiers and officers in the State Papers, and in the literature of the period, did not coincide with the orthography of the Army List. This no doubt rose from the difficulties of the situation. It has been a matter of anxious care to adjust these differences, but the following have been discovered too late for alteration in the text.

CORRIGENDA—VOL. I.

P. 426, l. 7,	*For*	Empland	*read*	Kempland.
P. 453, l. 11,	"	Masters	"	Master.
P. 458, l. 22,	"	13th Native Cavalry	"	13th Irregular Native Cavalry.
P. 466, l. 21,	"	Bolton	"	Boulton.

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HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of the year 1856, the Government of India had decided that the old-fashioned musket should be superseded by the Enfield rifle. Depôts for instruction in the use of the new weapon had been formed at three stations—Dum-Dum, a cantonment in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and Umballa and Sialkot, in Upper India. Large numbers of cartridges for the new rifle had been manufactured at Fort-William, in Calcutta, and supplied to the different depôts. On the 24th of January 1857, Major-General Hearsey, Commanding the Presidency Division, forwarded two letters for immediate submission to the Government of India. One of them was from Captain Wright, attached to the Rifle Instruction Depôt at Dum-Dum, stating "that there appears to be a very unpleasant feeling existing among the native soldiers, who are here for instruction, regarding the grease used in preparing the cartridges, some evil-disposed persons having spread a report that it consists of a mixture of the fat of pigs and cows." He added: "The belief in this report has been strengthened by the behaviour of a *khalási* attached to the magazine, who, I am told, asked a

1857.
27th Jan.
The greased cartridge.

sepoy of the 2nd Regiment, Native (Grenadier) Infantry, to supply him with water from his *lota;* the sepoy refused, observing he was not aware of what caste the man was. The *khalási* immediately rejoined: 'You will soon lose your caste, as ere long you will have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows,' or words to that effect." Captain Wright also observed that some of the depôt men in conversing with him on the subject had stated that "the report had spread throughout India, and when they went to their homes their friends would refuse to eat with them." He added: "I assured them (believing it to be the case) that the grease used is composed of mutton-fat and wax, to which they replied: 'It may be so, but our friends will not believe it; let us obtain the ingredients from the bazar and make it up ourselves; we shall then know what is used, and be able to assure our fellow-soldiers and others that there is nothing in it prohibited by our caste.'"

Letter from Major Bontein.

The other letter forwarded by General Hearsey was from Major Bontein, commanding the Depôt of Musketry at Dum-Dum, mentioning that, on receipt of the letter from Captain Wright, he had paraded all the native portion of the depôt and called for any complaints that the men might wish to prefer. "At least two-thirds of the detachment immediately stepped to the front, including all the native commissioned officers. In a manner perfectly respectful they very distinctly stated their objections to the present method of preparing cartridges for the new rifled musket. The mixture employed for greasing

cartridges was opposed to their religious feeling, and as a remedy they begged to suggest the employment of wax and oil in such proportions as, in their opinion, would answer the purpose required."[1] General Hearsey recommended "that the officer commanding the Rifle Depôt might be authorised to obtain from the bazar whatever ingredients might be necessary, which the sepoys might be allowed to make up for themselves." The answer of the Government was not long in coming. The concession was immediate and complete. The officer in command of the depôt was authorised to obtain from the bazar the ingredients necessary for the greasing of the bullets, and the men themselves were to be permitted to make up the ingredients.

Mutinous excesses at Barrackpore.

But already the sepoys at Barrackpore, the great military station situated on the banks of the Hooghly, sixteen miles from Calcutta, had proceeded to mutinous excesses. Barrackpore was at that time the headquarters of the Presidency Division of the army, and four native regiments were quartered there—the 2nd Grenadiers, the 34th Native Infantry, the 43rd Light Infantry, and the 70th Native Infantry. The station was commanded by Brigadier Charles Grant; and the general of the Division was John Hearsey, a brave cavalry soldier, who had perhaps as large a knowledge of the sepoy, of his temper, of his habits, of his language, as any officer in the native army.[2] On the 24th of January,

[1] From Brevet-Major J. Bontein, "State Papers," vol. i., page 2.
[2] Sir J. W. Kaye, "History of the Sepoy War," vol. i., page 313.

General Hearsey wrote that "an ill-feeling is said to subsist in the minds of the sepoys, caused by a report spread probably by the *Dharma Sabha*, a religious Hindu party in Calcutta, that it was the design of Government to convert the soldiers to Christianity by force." The writer stated that he would not have attached much weight to these reports, but contemporaneously with them a sergeant's bungalow had been burnt down at Raneegunge, and three incendiary fires had taken place at Barrackpore in a few days, one of them destroying the Telegraph Office bungalow. General Hearsey added, that perhaps the party who were averse to the re-marriage of widows were using these means to embarrass the Government.[1]

Special and religious causes of discontent.

An ancient and widely-spread custom has prohibited the Hindu widow from a second marriage. During the administration of Lord Dalhousie, an Act which permitted her to marry again had been proposed and discussed, and it was passed by his successor. The permission for widows to marry again trenched upon the Hindu's idea of positive morality, and tended to confirm the suspicion which had entered his mind that the Government wished to tamper with his creed. The establishment of telegraphs and railways, and the opening of schools, had created a feeling of unrest in the land, and appeared to the orthodox to threaten the destruction of the social and religious fabric of Hindu society. The

[1] From Maj.-Gen. J. B. Hearsey, C.B., "State Papers, vol. i., page 5.

propagator of sedition and the fanatic, the two great enemies of our rule, took advantage of the feeling of unrest and suspicion to raise the cry that a systematic attack was to be made on the ancient faith and customs of the people, and they pointed to the introduction of the greased cartridge as a proof of what they so sedulously preached. They persuaded tbe Brahmin sepoy that there could no longer be any doubt that a sinister but systematic attempt was being made on his religion. They declared that the Government had long been desirous that he should do something incompatible with his creed and perform some external rite destructive of his caste. The greased cartridge was the instrument intended to work this nefarious design. It had to be bitten before loading. The biting of a paper greased with cow's fat involved the loss of caste. To the Brahmin sepoy the loss of caste meant becoming an outcast, an object of loathing and disgust. It brought shame and misery upon his wife and children; it deprived him of the consolation of his religion; and it entailed upon him, instead of an eternity of happiness, an eternity of woe.[1] To escape the loss of caste the

[1] Lord Lawrence, in his Letter relating to the trial of the King of Delhi, gives an important and interesting conversation which he and Brigadier-General Chamberlain held at Umballa in 1858 with a Jemadar of the 3rd Punjab Infantry. This man, a Bhajpoorea Rajpoot by caste, and a native of Hindustan, was at Ghazipore on furlough when the mutiny broke out; he and his two brothers joined an English indigo planter, and during seven months were of great use to that gentleman on several occasions of difficulty and disturbance. He was on his way thence to rejoin his regiment in the Punjab when he met the Chief Commissioner's camp at Umballa. Though holding a certificate of his good conduct and services at Ghazipore, he still, even at Umballa, seemed doubtful of the reception he would meet with. He was

sepoys determined to band together to refuse the cartridges. The incendiary fires at Barrackpore

reserved at first, and it was only during a lengthened examination that he by degrees described what he had heard and seen. In this conversation he affirmed that there was a general belief among the Hindustani sepoys that the destruction of their caste and religion had been finally resolved on by the English. "So strong was this belief," he said, "that when I talked with the relations and friends of sepoys, and endeavoured to combat their views, I ended in almost believing that they were right. Then again, when I talk to you and hear what you say, I see how foolish such ideas were." He added that "the English officers little knew how strong this impression had become in the Native Army: that more than five years ago the belief had existed, and had nearly brought on an émeute: that the caravanserais for travellers, and the supply depôts (serais and bardasht-khanas) erected by Government on the Grand Trunk Road, were said to be devised with the object of destroying caste, and that before long impure kinds of food would be prepared in them which the people would be forced to buy and eat."

General Low, Member of the Supreme Council, writing regarding the case of the Irregular Infantry of Oudh, said: "I cannot say with much precision all that ought, in my opinion, to be done by orders of the Government, especially as it appears to me, that probably the main body of this regiment, in refusing to bite these cartridges, did so refuse, not from any feeling of disloyalty or disaffection towards the Government or their officers, but from an unfeigned and sincere dread, owing to their belief in the late rumours about the construction of those cartridges, that the act of biting them would involve a serious injury to their caste and to their future respectability of character. In short, that if they were to bite these cartridges, they would be guilty of a heinous sin in a religious point of view." Mr. J. P. Grant, another Member of the Council, writing regarding the same affair, said: "Although there can be no doubt that the cartridges which they refused to bite were not the new cartridges for the Enfield musket, which by reason of the very culpable conduct of the Ordnance Department have caused all this excitement, yet it may be presumed that they were the first cartridges that these men were ever required to bite in their lives. Also there is no saying what extreme mismanagement there may have been on the part of the Commandant and officers in the origin of the affair; the mere fact of making cartridge biting a point after it had been purposely dropped from the authorised system of drill, merely for rifle practice, is a presumption for any imaginable degree of perverse management."

which General Hearsey had reported in his letter were meant as a warning to the officers and to the Government of the discontent which had taken possession of the native army.

General Hearsey orders Special Court of Inquiry.

General Hearsey, knowing the religious prejudices of the sepoys and how easily they were aroused, determined to hear what the men had to say, and ordered a special court of inquiry to be held at Barrackpore, "for the purpose of ascertaining from the evidence of a selected portion of the 2nd Regiment Native (Grenadier) Infantry, the cause of their continued objection to the paper of which the new rifle cartridges are composed."[1] The court met on the 6th February, and Byjonath Pandy, a sepoy, was called and examined. Asked if he had made any objections to the cartridges, he answered that he felt a suspicion that the paper might affect his caste. Asked for his reason for this suspicion, he answered that it was a new kind of paper, and one which he had not seen before; he had "heard a report that there was some fat in the paper; it was a bazar report." He was then asked to examine the paper carefully in the light and explain to the court what he saw objectionable in it. He answered: "My suspicion of the paper proceeds from its being stiff and like cloth in the mode of tearing it; it seems to us different from the old paper in use amongst us."[2] The next witness, Chand Khan, also objected to the paper because "it was tough, and in burning it, it smells as if there were grease in it." Being questioned whether he was present when a piece of the paper was

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., pages 7–8. [2] *Ibid.* vol. i., page 9.

burnt, he answered: "On the evening of the 4th instant a piece of the cartridge paper was dipped in water and afterwards burnt; when burning, it made a fizzing noise and smelt as if there was grease in it."[1] A piece of the paper was burnt in the court, and Chand Khan was unable to detect any grease, but being asked if his objection still remained, he said: "I object to this paper being used, as every one is dissatisfied with it on account of its being glazed, shining like wax-cloth."[1] The native officer, Subadar Khoda Buksh, stated: "I have no objection to the cartridge myself, but I know there is a general report in the cantonment that the paper is made up with fat." Another native officer, Jemadar Golaub Khan, said: "There is grease in it, I feel assured, as it differs from the paper which has heretofore been always used for cartridges." General Hearsey, in forwarding the proceedings of the court of inquiry, wrote as follows:—"A perusal of the several statements and opinions recorded in these proceedings clearly establishes in my judgment that a most unreasonable and unfounded suspicion has unfortunately taken possession of the minds of all the native officers and sepoys at this station, that grease or fat is used in the composition of this cartridge paper; and this foolish idea is now so rooted in them that it would, I am of opinion, be both idle and unwise even to attempt its removal. I would accordingly beg leave to recommend, for the consideration of Government, the expediency (if practicable) of ordering this rifle ammunition to be made up of the same

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 9.

description of paper which has been hitherto employed in the magazines for the preparation of the common musket cartridge, by which means this groundless suspicion and objection could be at once disposed of." Major-General Hearsey, with all his experience of the East, failed to understand that concessions made to the murmurs and threats of an ignorant race only increase their perversity and folly.

Letter from General Hearsey.

A week after General Hearsey had forwarded the proceedings of the court of inquiry, he wrote to Government: "We have at Barrackpore been dwelling upon a mine ready for explosion." A jemadar of the 34th Regiment had revealed to him the gravity of the situation. The man deposed, that on the 5th, the day before the court of inquiry, two or three men had come to him and made him accompany them to the parade ground, where he found a great crowd assembled, composed of men of the different regiments of the station. They had their heads tied up with cloth, so that a small part of the face was exposed. They asked him to join them, and I asked them what I was to join them in. They replied that they were willing to die for their religion, and that if they could make an arrangement that evening, the next night (6th February 1857) they would plunder the station and kill all the Europeans, and then go where they liked."[1] General Hearsey in his letter, bringing the foregoing to the notice of Government, pointed out that there was great danger in having a brigade of four or five native corps so close to the capital, and proceeded to remark: "You will perceive

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 20.

in all this business the native officers were of no use; in fact, they are afraid of their men, and dare not act; all they do is to hold themselves aloof, and expect by so doing they will escape censure as not actively implicated. This has always occurred on such occasions, and will continue to the end of our sovereignty in India. Well might Sir Charles Metcalfe say 'that he expected to awake some fine morning and find that India had been lost to the English Crown.'"

General Hearsey's first address.

The evidence of the jemadar proved to General Hearsey that a mutinous spirit had taken deep root among the sepoys, and he therefore thought it necessary to assemble the troops in order to point out to them the absurdity of the fears they entertained for their caste. On the 9th of February he paraded the brigade, and addressed the assembled regiments in their mother tongue. He energetically and explicitly explained to the men the folly of the idea that possessed them that the Government or their officers wished to interfere with their caste or religious prejudices, and impressed upon them the absurdity of their for one moment believing that they were to be forced to become Christians. "I told them the English were Christians of 'the Book,' *i.e.* 'Protestants'; that we admitted no proselytes, but those who being adults could read and fully understand the precepts laid down therein; that if they came and threw themselves down at our feet imploring to be made 'The Book' Christians, it could not be done; they could not be baptized until they had been examined in the 'tenets' of 'The

Book,' and proved themselves fully conversant in them, and then they must of their own good will and accord desire to become Christians of 'The Book' ere they could be made so."

General Hearsey thought that he had convinced the men of their delusions. He wrote to Government that he had "heard from the officers commanding regiments that their native officers and men appeared quite *khush* (pleased), and seemed to be relieved from a heaviness of mind that had possessed them." But any good effect which his address might have had on the sepoys was quickly destroyed by the news which reached them of what had been done by their comrades at Berhampore.

Mutiny of the 19th Regiment Native Infantry.

About a hundred miles from Barrackpore, and a few miles from Moorshedabad, the ancient capital of the Nawabs of Bengal, lies the military station of Berhampore. At that time there were cantoned in it the 19th Regiment Native Infantry, a corps of irregular cavalry, and two 6-pounder guns manned by native gunners. The rumours regarding the greased cartridge did not take long in reaching Berhampore. Early in February, a Brahmin pay-havildar, a man of good character, said to Colonel Mitchell, commanding the 19th Regiment Native Infantry: "What is this story everybody is talking about, that Government intends making the native army use cows' and pigs' fat with the ammunition for their new rifles?"[1] Colonel Mitchell asked him if he believed there was any truth in the report; he replied he could not believe it. On the 24th of

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., pages 39 and 41.

February, a small detachment of the 34th Native Infantry reached the station, and they were anxiously questioned by the men of the 19th as to the truth of the story regarding the greased cartridges. What they heard re-awakened their fears. Next day, when Colonel Mitchell ordered a parade for exercise with blank ammunition for the following morning, the men refused to receive the percussion caps served out to them in the evening, saying "there was a doubt how the cartridges were prepared." Upon receipt of this intelligence, Colonel Mitchell went down with the Adjutant to the lines, and called up all the native commissioned officers in front of the quarter-guard, and explained to them that the cartridges about to be served out in the morning were the cartridges made up by the 7th Regiment Native Infantry upwards of a year ago, and that they had better tell the men of their companies that those who refused to obey the orders of their officers were liable to the severest punishment.[1] Two of the native officers afterwards swore that he said that they must take the cartridges, otherwise they would be sent to Burma or China where they would die;[2] but the statement was contradicted by their com-

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., pages 39 and 41.

[2] "At this time a considerable body of men had assembled around the Colonel, who was very angry. I did not hear all that he said, but I heard him say that they must take the cartridges, otherwise they would be sent to China and Burma, where they would all die, 'and recollect that I will have a parade to-morrow morning, and have the cartridges served out to you by the officers of companies, and those that refuse to take them will be imprisoned or transported.'" (Evidence of Shaik Kureem Bux, Subadar, No. 4 Company, 19th Regiment Native Infantry).—"State Papers," vol. i., page 53.

manding officer. Colonel Mitchell, after ordering a morning parade of all the troops, returned home. About ten or eleven at night, as he was falling asleep, he heard the sound of drums and shouts proceeding from the lines. "I dressed immediately, went over to my Adjutant's quarters, and directed him to assemble all the officers at my quarters quietly. I then went to Captain Alexander, and directed him to bring his cavalry as soon as possible into cantonments, and to be ready at some distance on the right of our lines. I then went to the artillery lines and got the detachment of artillery, guns and ammunition ready for immediate action. I must explain that by the time I got to the Adjutant's quarters the drill-havildar of the regiment was making his way to the Adjutant's quarters. I asked what the disturbance was in the lines; he said the regiment had broken open the bells-of-arms, and had forcibly taken possession of their arms and ammunition, and that they had loaded their muskets. As soon as I got the cavalry and artillery ready, I marched down with the officers of the regiments to the lines. I found the men in undress, formed in line and shouting. Some voices among them called out, 'Do not come on, the men will fire.'" Colonel Mitchell then loaded the guns with grape, and leaving them in range, dismounted some of the troopers, and marched down on the men. He sounded the officers' call, on which a number of native officers and sepoys surrounded him. He demanded the meaning of the disturbance. The native officers made all kinds of excuses, begging

that he would not be violent with the men. He then addressed them, and pointed out the absurdity of their fears and the gravity of their offence. "I told the officers they must immediately call upon their men to lay down their arms; the native officers told me the men would not do so in the presence of the guns and cavalry, but if I would withdraw them they would go off quietly to their lines. This was about three o'clock in the morning. I ordered a parade at sunrise, and retired, sending the cavalry to their lines and the guns to the magazine."[1] The next morning the regiment fell in for parade without a symptom of insubordination. After inspection, Colonel Mitchell had the Articles of War read to the men, saluted the colours, and dismissed them.

Action of Colonel Mitchell.

The action of Colonel Mitchell was severely criticised at the time. It has been urged that he should have made no concession to the demand of sepoys with arms in their hands and in open mutiny. Colonel Mitchell, however, in his defence before the court of inquiry held to investigate his conduct, maintained that he made no compromise with the men, and that before he ordered the guns and cavalry off, the native officers declared to him that some of the companies had lodged their arms, and that the rest were doing so. The Governor-General, in his minute referring to the proceedings of the court, remarked: "It is no doubt true that there was no arranged bargain between Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell and his men; but whereas it was his duty to listen to no proposals, and to accept no assurances

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 42.

until he had satisfied himself, through his European officers, that every musket in the ranks was laid down, he did yield to representations made on behalf of a regiment in mutiny, with arms in its hands, and he did so in order to obtain from them that which he ought to have exacted as an act of obedience. It is impossible not to view the mode in which Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell withdrew the coercing force as a triumph to the mutinous sepoys."[1] It must, however, be borne in mind that Colonel Mitchell had only 200 men to coerce 800 sepoys, and as he told the court of inquiry he was uncertain "whether, if it came to a fight, we were able to coerce the men of the 19th Native Infantry, and that I was in consequence exceedingly desirous of avoiding a collision." The subsequent career of the native cavalry and artillery renders it probable that had Colonel Mitchell resorted to force, the men would have joined the revolted regiment, and therefore the course he adopted may be regarded as prudent. But the Indian Empire was won by rash and daring deeds.

The news of the outbreak at Berhampore reached Calcutta about the 4th of March, and the Government realised that the situation was full of difficulty and peril. They resolved to punish the mutineers. But between Calcutta and Dinapore, a distance of more than three hundred miles, there was only one European regiment. A steamer was therefore despatched to Rangoon to bring Her Majesty's 84th Regiment. A few days after its departure

March 1857. Government send for a European regiment.

[1] See "State Papers," vol. i., Appendix A., page xvii.

an important incident occurred in Calcutta. Two sepoys of the 2nd Native Infantry (Grenadiers), who belonged to the detachment on guard at Fort William, paid a visit to the subadar commanding the Mint Guard, and said to him: "The havildar-major has sent us; the Governor-General is going to Barrackpore to take the magazine, and there will be fighting there. The Calcutta militia are coming into the fort; you bring your guard and join them." The subadar, understanding what their news implied, ordered them to be arrested, and next morning sent them prisoners to Fort William. They were tried by a native court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for fourteen years. The Commander-in-Chief remarked: "Death would be the appropriate punishment for the crime of which the prisoners have been convicted. There is none of which a soldier can be guilty which more imperatively calls for the severest sentence which can be awarded by a court-martial, but fourteen years of disgraceful labour may be to some worse than death, and the Commander-in-Chief will not therefore call for a revision of the sentence. He is disposed to believe that many of the native officers who composed the court would agree with him in this view, and he therefore has unhesitatingly approved and confirmed their award. The miserable fate which the prisoners have brought upon themselves will excite no pity in the breast of any true soldier."[1]

General Hearsey's second address.

After the departure from Barrackpore of the native officers, who had been warned as members of the

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., Appendix C., page liii.

court-martial ordered to assemble for the trial of the sepoys of the 2nd Regiment, General Hearsey held a general parade of the troops, and again addressed the men. He told them what had occurred at Calcutta, and bid them beware of the evil-minded men "who endeavour to take the bread from the mouths of good sepoys by making them the instruments of their bad designs." He then spoke of the discontent still prevailing in regard to the cartridge paper, and attempted to allay their fears by explaining to them that the glazed appearance of the paper was due to starch employed in its composition. "I then took a letter I received many years ago from Maharajah Golab Sing from a gold tissue kharita, and handed it successively to all the native officers, and bid them open it and look at it, and tell me if it was not more glossy than the cartridge paper they suspected, and to go into the ranks and show it to their men. Having done this, I asked the native officers and men if it was likely a Dogra Brahmin or Rajpoot, who so strictly protected kine, would himself write on paper that had grease in it of such nature." He then mentioned to them how a belief in the fiction about the greased paper had led the 19th into open mutiny, and that the Government were very angry, had ordered the corps to march to Barrackpore, and would probably command him to disband the regiment. In that case all the troops of the division would be assembled at Barrackpore to witness the disbandment, artillery, Europeans, and cavalry, and that the ceremony of striking the name and number of the regiment (the 19th Regiment Native Infantry)

from the list of the army would be carried out exactly in the same manner as the old 34th Regiment Native Infantry was disbanded at Meerut. He added: "I said I inform you of this beforehand because your enemies are trying to make you believe that European troops, with cavalry and artillery, will be sent here suddenly to attack you; these and such lies are fabricated and rumoured amongst you to cause trouble. That no European or other troops would come to Barrackpore until ordered to do so by me, and that I would give them timely intelligence of their coming here." [1]

The General concluded by assuring the sepoys that their caste and religious prejudices were safe, and that any endeavour to interfere with them would meet with most severe punishment. He then rode slowly down the ranks, spoke to the men wearing medals, and asked them in what action they had won them.

Arrival of the 84th Regiment at Calcutta.

Two days after General Hearsey had addressed the men at Barrackpore, the steamer conveying the 84th Regiment reached Calcutta, and the men were sent to Chinsurah, eight miles from Barrackpore. Orders were immediately sent to Berhampore for the 19th Native Infantry to march to Barrackpore, but before they reached that station the first blood had been shed in the Indian Mutiny.

Mungul Pandy.

On Sunday, the 29th of March, a non-commissioned officer came in the afternoon to the quarters of Lieutenant Baugh, Adjutant of the 34th Native Infantry, and reported that a sepoy of the name of Mungul

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 83.

Pandy had turned out in front of the quarter-guard of the regiment and fired at the sergeant-major. Having put on his uniform and placed a brace of pistols in his holsters, Baugh galloped down to the lines. He had scarcely pulled up at the quarter-guard when a shot was fired and his horse fell under him. As soon as he could disentangle himself, he drew his pistol from the left holster, and, seeing that Mungul Pandy was reloading, he fired. Mungul Pandy stopped loading. Baugh drew his sword and rushed in to secure him. The sergeant-major came to the assistance of his officer. The fanatic, mad with bhang, held both his assailants at bay, and severely wounded them with his sword. A treacherous blow dealt by another sepoy knocked down the sergeant-major, and at the same time Baugh was brought to the ground. Both in another instant would have been dead men if a Mahomedan sepoy, Shaik Pultoo, had not rushed forward and held the fanatic until the two wounded men had time to rise and make good their retreat. During this time, with the exception of the gallant Shaik Pultoo, not a man advanced from the quarter-guard or from the lines to assist their officers or arrest the criminal. When the Adjutant, maimed and bleeding, was retiring from the conflict, he passed the lines of his regiment and reproached the men assembled there with having allowed their officers to be cut down before their eyes without offering to assist them; they made no reply, but turned their backs, and moved sullenly away. Meanwhile a sepoy had rushed to the quarters of the General, and

informed him that "all the sepoys of the brigade were turning out on their parades." He immediately ordered his horse to be saddled, and loaded revolvers placed in the holsters. "Whilst this was being done, I went to my desk and wrote two short notes, one addressed to Colonel Reed, commanding Her Majesty's 84th Foot at Chinsurah, the other to Colonel Amsinck, commanding at Dum-Dum, to the purport that, on receipt of these notes they were instantly to move with the troops at their posts to Barrackpore, for it was my intention, had the brigade all turned out in a mutinous manner, to have taken post in the Governor-General's house with the fifty Europeans who were at the flagstaff ghaut, and with the officers of the force, and any men who might prove true to Government and join us, to have defended that position until relieved or supported."[1]

The General then mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his two sons, galloped down to the parade-ground of the 34th. On arriving there he asked what was the matter, and was told by the officers who were standing around what had taken place, and he saw, eighty or ninety paces in front of the quarter-guard, Mungul Pandy striding up and down and vehemently calling upon his comrades "to join him to defend and die for their religion and caste." The General immediately rode towards the quarter-guard accompanied by his two sons and Major Ross, the Assistant Adjutant-General. He heard an officer shout out to him, "His musket is loaded." "I replied, 'Damn his musket.'" On reaching the

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., pages 109–110.

ırd, he ordered them to follow him. The native cer said, "He is loaded, and he will shoot us." again (shaking my revolver and pointing it partly vards him) sharply repeated the order. The ıadar looked askance at me and replied, 'The n of the guard are putting caps on the nipples.' aid, in a commanding and peremptory voice, 'Be ck, and follow me,' and rode out in front towards mutineer. The guard followed, my aide-de-camp horseback close to the jemadar armed with his olver; my other son also close to the native cer similarly armed, Major Ross in rear of myself. we approached the mutineer, we quickened our e. My son, Captain J. Hearsey, called to me, ıther, he is taking aim at you, look out sharp.' eplied, 'If I fall, John, rush upon him and put ı to death.'" Immediately after, the mutineer d, and the whistle of the bullet was heard by the ırd. Then they saw Mungul Pandy fall to the ound. At the last moment he had turned the zzle to his breast and discharged it by the pressure his foot. On reaching him they found him covered h blood, and his clothes burning and smoking. e fire was quickly put out, and a medical officer ng at hand, it was discovered that his wound, ough severe, was superficial, and he was conveyed hospital. General Hearsey rode amongst the oys of the 43rd Native Infantry, and told them t no person should be permitted to interfere with ir religion and caste prejudices whilst he com- nded them. He then went amongst the men of 34th Native Infantry, and reproached them for

their passive demeanour. They answered in one voice, "He is mad; he has taken bhang (intoxicating drug) to excess." "I replied, 'Could you not have seized him, and if he resisted, have shot him or maimed him? Would you not have done so to a mad elephant, or to a mad dog, and what difference was there in the dangerous madness of a man and the same in an elephant or a dog?' They said he had loaded his musket. 'What,' I replied, 'are you afraid of a loaded musket?' They were silent. I bid them go quietly to their lines, and they did so, immediately obeying my orders." So closed the first important episode in the Indian Mutiny, and the action of the fine old soldier riding forward to capture the fanatic was the first of many heroic deeds.

Disbandment of the 19th Native Infantry.

Two days after the outbreak of Mungul Pandy, the 19th Native Infantry marched into Barrackpore. A mile from the cantonment General Hearsey met them, and placing himself between the advanced guard and head of the column, rode with them to the parade. There were drawn up the 84th Foot, a wing of the 53rd, two batteries of European artillery, the Governor-General's Bodyguard, and the native brigade. After addressing a few words to the 19th Native Infantry, the General commanded that the order of Government for the disbandment of the corps should be read. The order, after mentioning the principal features of the outbreak at Berhampore, stated the inflexible determination of Government to enforce from its soldiers of every rank and race, at all times and in all circumstances,

unhesitating obedience. "They have sworn to give it, and the Governor-General in Council will never cease to exact it. To no men who prefer complaints with arms in their hands will he ever listen." The General then pointed out that had the sepoys not lent a too credulous ear to "the idle stories with which false and evil-minded men had deceived them, their religious scruples would then have remained inviolate, and themselves would still be, as they had hitherto been, faithful soldiers, trusted by the State, and laying up for future years all the rewards of a long and honourable service. But the Governor-General in Council can no longer have any confidence in this regiment, which has disgraced its name, and has lost all claim to consideration and indulgence. It is therefore the order of the Governor-General in Council that the 19th Regiment Native Infantry be now disbanded."

After the order was read, the command was given to pile arms. This being done, the next order to take off their belts and hang them on their bayonets was given, and immediately complied with. The colours were then brought to the front of the columns and placed upon a pile of three muskets. The order was then given for the regiment to march, and after it had proceeded a little distance from its arms, it was halted and fronted, and the tumbril with the pay of the men was brought to the front, and the money due to them distributed. The General then told the men that Government, though it had punished them by summary dismissal from the service, did not wish to disgrace them by stripping

them of their uniform; and he also informed them that, as a reward for their penitence and good conduct on the march from Berhampore, they would be provided at the public cost with carriage to carry them to their homes. "This gracious act," the General writes, "was keenly felt, and they loudly bewailed their fate, many men saying the regiment had been misled (and as I understood) by the 34th Regiment Native Infantry, on which corps they vowed vengeance."

The General then addressed the brigade; and "after pointing out the mercy and justice of the Government," he assured them "that no attempt had been made from any quarter to injure their caste or interfere in their religious prejudices in any way."[1] The evil reports that had been spread abroad were proved to be bare falsehoods by the fact that the 19th Regiment Native Infantry, in which there were upwards of four hundred Brahmins and one hundred and fifty Rajputs were now sent to their homes, paid up to the uttermost farthing of their claims, and were at liberty to visit any shrine they chose, or to go and worship at the temples of the villages where they were born, and where their fathers had worshipped before them. The men listened attentively, and when dismissed, dispersed quietly to their lines. When the men of the 19th Native Infantry had been paid, they were marched under an European escort out of Barrackpore. As they marched away from the parade, they cheered the General and wished him long life, "and I

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 101.

returned the compliment, making them promise me they would behave properly on their way to their homes." With the firmness of a soldier executing imperative instructions he had shown them kindliness of feeling, and a consideration towards the men which had won their hearts, and, as Lord Canning wrote, he carried out "with perfect success one of the most trying duties which can be imposed upon a Commandant."[1]

Execution of Mungul Pandy and Jemadar Issuree Pandy.

Six days after the disbandment of the 19th Regiment Native Infantry, Mungul Pandy was brought to trial for mutiny and for having used violence against his superior officers; he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The native officers who tried him were unanimous in their verdict, and eleven out of fourteen passed the sentence of death.[2] The morning after the verdict Mungul Pandy was hanged in the presence of all the troops at Barrackpore; and the columns of native infantry, having been advanced close to the gallows, the General addressed the men, telling them they had now witnessed the punishment for mutiny, and bidding them to take warning by it. On the 10th of April, two days after the execution of Mungul Pandy, the native officer who had incited the sepoys of the quarter-guard to refrain from assisting their officer, was brought to trial, and also sentenced to be hanged. The sentence, however, could not be immediately carried out owing to a legal difficulty. A week elapsed before it was approved and confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief, who wrote, "The extreme

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 105. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., page 109.

punishment of military law has been justly awarded, and General Anson trusts that the enormity of the crime will be regarded with horror by every native officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier of his army. Should, however, there be any still undetected who have looked on with apathy or passive encouragement at the act of mutiny of which the jemadar has been found guilty, his ignominious end and that of sepoy Mungul Pandy will be a warning to them of the fate which awaits all mutineers, and which General Anson would fain hope will have a beneficial influence upon their future conduct." On the 21st of April, General Hearsey wrote to Government, "Jemadar Issuree Pandy was duly hanged by the neck this afternoon, at six o'clock, in presence of all the troops at the station, the crimes, finding, and sentence of the general court-martial before which he was arraigned, approved and confirmed by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, having been first carefully explained to all the native corps. It may perhaps be satisfactory for the Government to learn that, when on the scaffold, the jemadar made a voluntary confession of his guilt, and admitted the justice of the sentence which had been passed on him, at the same time imploring all his fellow-soldiers who were present to take warning by his untimely fate."

Disbandment of the 34th Native Infantry.

Meanwhile, the disposition and temper of the 34th Regiment Native Infantry had occupied the serious attention of the Government, and it was determined that evidence as to its state of feeling and temper should be taken by a special court of inquiry composed of field officers. The special court of inquiry,

after a careful and patient investigation, declared their opinion that the Sikhs and Mussulmans of the 34th Regiment Native Infantry were trustworthy soldiers of the State, but the Hindus generally were not trustworthy. Of eight officers of the regiment summoned as witnesses, five, amongst whom were the colonel and adjutant, expressed their opinion to the same effect, and stated that, if the regiment were ordered on field service, they should not accompany it with full reliance on its loyalty and good conduct. Upon a review of the facts of the case and the decision of the special court, Lord Canning came to the determination to disband the regiment, with the exception of the native officers and sepoys who had been absent from Barrackpore at the time of Mungul Pandy's murderous attack on the officers, or who had "in course of recent events given the Governor-General in Council good reason to believe in their fidelity to their officers and to the Government." [1]

[1] Three companies of the regiment were stationed at Chittagong in Eastern Bengal. At the inducement of the officer commanding the detachment, they sent the following petition:—

Translation of the petition of commissioned and non-commissioned officers and sepoys of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th companies, 34th Regiment Native Infantry, dated Chittagong, the 22nd April 1857.

"According to orders we left Barrackpore and came to Chittagong; we obey and have obeyed all orders; we place no belief in the reports lately circulated. It is with extreme regret we have heard of the disgraceful conduct of the sepoy and guard towards the Adjutant and the Sergeant-major.

"By a careful performance of our duties we have gained a reputation for fidelity to Government; these men have deprived us of it. . . . We well know that the Government will consider us as faithful as ever, and we pray that this petition may be sent to the Governor-General in order that his Lordship may know the state of our feelings." —"State Papers," vol. i., page 175.

"I should indeed," wrote Lord Canning, "have been glad if some punishment short of the disbandment of the seven companies of the 34th Regiment Native Infantry, now stationed at Barrackpore, could have been considered thoroughly adequate for the occasion; but upon a careful examination and comparison of the proceedings which are before the Government, I am satisfied that no penalty less general than this would meet the exigencies of the case, or be effectual as an example."[1] On the 6th of May, two days after the judgment had been pronounced, the seven companies of the 34th Native Infantry, which were at Barrackpore, were disbanded in the presence of all the troops. They were stripped of their coats on parade, and marched out of the station under escort of two companies of the 84th Foot. The long interval of five weeks which was supposed to intervene between the crime of the 34th Regiment and its punishment has been regarded as a grave error, and the punishment itself has been considered as inadequate to the crime. But it must be borne in mind that during the months of March and April and the early part of May no military or civil officer, however well acquainted with the land and the people, suspected that the greater part of the Bengal army had determined to mutiny.[2] Sir John Law-

1 "State Papers," vol. i., page 213.

2 His Excellency Lord Roberts of Candahar and Waterford, writes as follows:—"But that the mutiny was pre-arranged is, I think, proved by the fact that, when the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached Peshawar on the 12th May, letters were found addressed to sepoys in nearly all the regiments at Peshawar calling upon them to join."

Lord Canning, after an outbreak at Lucknow, wrote:—"I wish to say that it is my conviction that the measures which have been taken

rence, who had visited the rifle depôt at Sialkot for the purpose of seeing the new weapon, as well as judging of the temper of the sepoys, had reported to Lord Canning that "all were highly pleased with the new musket, and quite ready to adopt it." "The officers assured him that no bad feeling had been shown, and he could perceive no hesitation or reluctance on the part of the sepoys." General Barnard, who commanded the Sirhind Division, had also sent a favourable report of the behaviour of the troops under his command. General Hearsey, the day after the disbandment of the 34th Regiment Native Infantry, wrote that he had directed the European troops to return to their cantonments, and added: "It is not probable that I shall again require the presence of any of these troops at this station." Lord Canning and his advisers, owing to these favourable reports, were about to send back the 84th Regiment to Burma, when news reached them from Upper India of a serious outbreak at the important military station of Meerut.

in dealing with mutineers have not been too mild. I have no doubt that many rank offenders have not had their deserts, but I know of no instance in which punishment of any individual could, with unquestioned justice, have been made more severe; and I am not disposed to doubt the efficacy of the measures because the present ferment, in running its course over the land, after being checked in Bengal, has shown itself in Oudh and the North-West. I would meet it everywhere with the same deliberately measured punishments; picking out the leaders, wherever this is possible, for the severest penalties of military law; visiting the common herd with disbandment, but carefully exempting those whose fidelity, innocence, or perhaps timely repentance, is fully proved."

CHAPTER II

THE Cantonment of Meerut, situated thirty-six miles from the imperial city of Delhi, stands on a wide plain, traversed by two main roads, the one from Ghaziabad to Roorkee, running north and south, and the Mall, lined with a fine avenue of lofty trees, from east to west. On the north of the Mall are lines of barracks for the accommodation of a brigade of artillery, an European cavalry corps, and a regiment of European infantry upon the right, left, and centre respectively. The Roorkee Trunk road separates the artillery and European infantry barracks from those of the cavalry, and beyond the lines to the north stretches an open expanse of country two square miles in extent, which affords a splendid parade ground for the troops. South of the barracks in a continuous line are the quarters of the officers, with their gardens extending to the Mall.

At the western extremity of the Mall runs a road which leads to the Native infantry lines, situated due south of the cavalry lines, at a distance of about a mile.[1] Further south are the cavalry lines separated from the Native infantry quarters by a wide space of

[1] The distances are as follows :—

Left of British cavalry to right of Native infantry, just under	1 mile.
Left of British infantry to right of Native infantry, just under	1½ „
Left of artillery to right of Native infantry, just under	1¾ „

ground. East of the Native lines lie scattered the bungalows of the officers attached to the Native corps. Behind them is situated the Sudder or chief cantonment bazar, extending southward almost to the city boundary. To the east of the town, about a mile from the city, is a great gaol capable of holding four thousand prisoners.

In May 1857, at the station of Meerut, were quartered the 1st Battalion of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles, the 6th Regiment of Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), a troop of Horse Artillery, a company of Foot Artillery, a Light Field Battery, and three Native corps; the 3rd Light Cavalry, the 11th and the 20th Native Infantry. A report of the conversation at Dum-Dum between the sepoy and the Lascar regarding the greased cartridge was not long in reaching the sepoys at Meerut, and caused much excitement among them. It was also stated that Government was attempting to destroy the religion of the people by the mixture of ground bones with the flour sold in the bazars. The disaffection showed itself as at Barrackpore in the burning of bungalows, and in officers not being saluted by their men; and it was whispered about that the sepoys had determined not to touch a single cartridge. It therefore seemed advisable to Colonel Smyth, commanding the 3rd Light Cavalry, to hold a parade in order to explain to the men the new mode by which they might load their carbines without biting their cartridges, and on the 23rd of April he ordered that a parade should be held for the purpose the following

May 1857. Meerut.

morning. Late in the evening the senior native non-commissioned officer[1] informed him that the men of the 1st troop would not receive their cartridges. Captain Craigie, commanding one of the troops, wrote to the Adjutant: "Go at once to Smyth, and tell him that the men of my troop have requested in a body that the skirmishing to-morrow morning may be countermanded, as there is a commotion throughout the native troops about cartridges, and that the regiment will become 'budnam'[2] if they fire any cartridges. I understand that in all six troops a report of the same kind is being made. This is a most serious matter, and we may have the whole regiment in mutiny in half-an-hour if this be not attended to. Pray don't lose a moment, but go to Smyth at once." Colonel Smyth, however, determined that the parade should be held. The parade took place, and there were ninety men present, fifteen furnished from each troop. The colonel explained to them the reason for ordering the parade, and commanded the havildar-major to show them the new way of loading, which he did, and fired off his carbine. Colonel Smyth then ordered the cartridges to be served out; five men accepted them, eighty-five refused, saying "they would get a bad name if they took them, but that if all the regiment would take their cartridges they would do so." The colonel explained to them that they were not new cartridges, but the very same they had always been using, and once more called on them to receive the cartridges,

[1] Havildar-Major. [2] Budnam—Bad name.

saying: "You see the havildar-major has used one."[1] But, with the exception of the five men, all refused. "After which I ordered the Adjutant to dismiss the men, as they were too large a party to send to the guard." A court of inquiry was held to investigate the matter, and when the proceedings of the court reached the Commander-in-Chief, he ordered the mutinous soldiers, forty-nine of whom were Mahomedans and thirty-six Hindus, to be tried by a native general court-martial. By the votes of fourteen out of the fifteen native officers forming the court, the whole of the prisoners were convicted and sentenced to hard labour for ten years.

On the morning of the 9th May 1857, a parade was held of all the forces in Meerut, and the finding and sentence of the court read to the men. The eighty-five troopers were then stripped of their uniform, and for more than an hour the troops stood motionless, their nerves at the highest tension, while the fetters were slowly hammered on the ankles of their guilty comrades by the artillery smith. As each culprit was marched forward he loudly called on his comrades to rescue him. No response came from the ranks. When the ceremony was finished, the prisoners were marched down the line, and sent direct to the jail.[2] The parade was dissolved, and General Hewitt reported to Army Headquarters that "the majority of the prisoners seemed to feel acutely the degradation to which their folly and insubordination had brought them. The remainder

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 228.
[2] "Mutiny Memoirs," by Colonel A. R. D. Mackenzie.

evening, they were startled at hearing the sound of musketry, and seeing columns of smoke rising to the sky. That sound marked the opening of the Indian Mutiny. The native troops had revolted, and were murdering their officers and burning their homesteads.

When the men of the 3rd Cavalry heard the tolling of the bells, they knew that the European soldiers would soon be at church unarmed, and they thought a favourable moment had come for carrying out their plans.[1] Waving their sabres over their heads, they galloped to the prison, broke into the cells, and quickly set their comrades at liberty. Meanwhile the infantry regiments showed symptoms of mutiny, and the officers rushing to their respective

[1] Colonel Mackenzie, in his interesting "Mutiny Memoirs," states that, as he was at the time informed, the military authorities, in view of the lengthening days and the increased heat of the season, had caused, on 10th May 1857, the evening church parade to take place half-an-hour later than formerly. "In my firm belief, this change saved us from an awful catastrophe. In those days British troops attended Divine service practically unarmed, for they did not take with them their rifles or carbines and ammunition. Their only weapons were their side-arms. The mutineers were, of course, unaware of this change. They broke into revolt half-an-hour too soon. Had they waited till the 60th Rifles were securely gathered into the church, what could have prevented them from overpowering the small guards over the rifles and the guns, and utterly destroying the defenceless crowd of soldiers, penned like sheep within four walls? Providence befriended us. When the first scouts of the cavalry came galloping down to the European lines, they found the white soldiers falling into their places on parade. Once the alarm was given, all attempt at surprise was out of the question, and the hope of achieving an easy massacre was changed into fear of the awful retribution which they thought the European troops, now on the alert, would not fail speedily to exact. This fear altered all their plans, and hastened their flight to Delhi, so graphically described by Sir John Kaye; but, alas! no swift retribution followed."

of the native troops are behaving steady and soldier-like."

But whatever we may think of the folly of the unhappy men, it is difficult to exaggerate the folly of the course pursued at Meerut, which irritated without subduing, and forfeited loyalty, while it failed to terrify. When a report of the result of the trial was made to General Anson, it was intimated that the mutineers, before being made over to the civil power, were put in irons on the parade ground in the presence of their regiment. His Excellency approved of the sentence that had been passed on the prisoners, but expressed his regret at the unusual procedure.[1] The Governor-General was more emphatic in his disapproval. He wrote: "The riveting of the men's fetters on parade, occupying, as it did, several hours, in the presence of many who were already ill-disposed, and many who believed in the cartridge fable, must have stung the brigade to the quick. The consigning the eighty-five prisoners after such a ceremony to the jail with no other than a native guard over them was, considering the nature of their offence and the known temper of a part of the army, a folly that is inconceivable." No act of folly could have led to results more fatal. The native troopers, maddened by the spectacle, at once prepared for a revolt from the English rule, and in order to rescue their comrades resolved to dare the worst extremity.

Mutiny of sepoys at Meerut. May 10, 1857.

The opportunity was well chosen. The next day, May the 10th, being Sunday, while the European residents of Meerut were driving to church in the

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., Appendix E., page cxlvi.

lines tried to allay the excitement, but in vain. Colonel Finnis, a fine soldier, beloved by officers and men, whilst imploring his own regiment, the 11th, to be faithful, fell riddled by a volley of the 20th Native Infantry. Then, half mad with excitement and aided by the scum of the city, the sepoys began the work of pillage and murder. Soon, however, the cry was raised—"Quick, brother, quick; Delhi, Delhi!" and the mutineers fled along the road to the Moghul capital, expecting every moment that the white soldiers would pursue and overwhelm them. At Meerut there were more European troops than had won many a decisive battle on the plains of Hindustan, but there was no leader equal to the emergency; and there were fatal flaws in our military administration. The Rifles could not without delay be supplied with ammunition.[1] A considerable number of the Carabineers could not ride, and there were no horses for them if they could.[2] Those who were fit for action were put through a long process of roll-call, whilst the last precious hours of daylight were passing away. It was dark when the English troops reached the native lines, and they found them deserted. A few shots were fired at stragglers, and the European brigade bivouacked for the night.

Explanation demanded from General Wilson.

Many months after the outbreak a full explanation was demanded from General Wilson, who commanded the station at the time, as to the inaction of

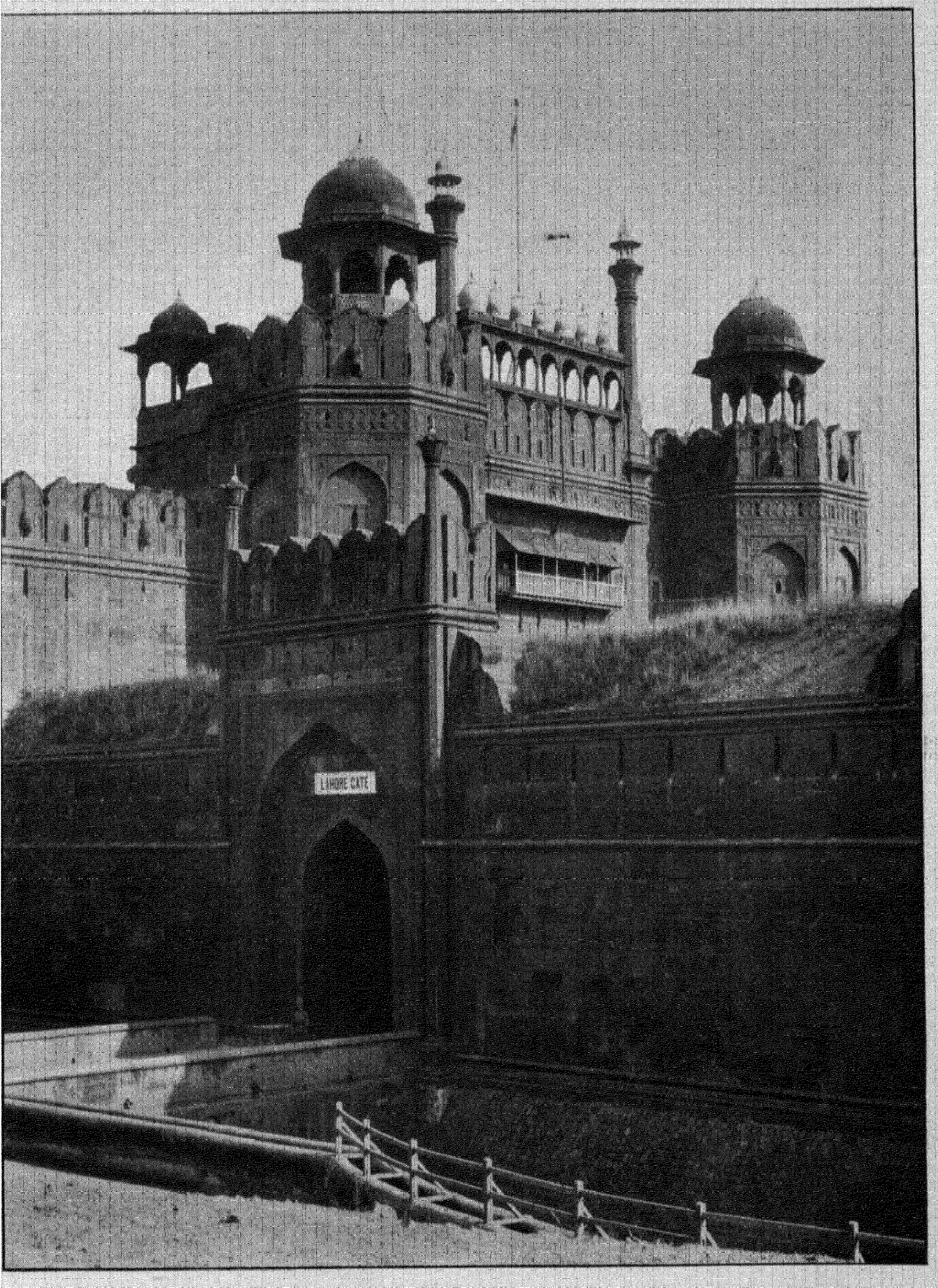
[1] "Some delay occurred in serving out balled ammunition to the regiment."—"State Papers," vol. i., page 261.

[2] The European force then stationed at Meerut consisted of the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), half of whom were recruits unable to ride.—*Ibid.*, page 260.

the European troops. The explanation was called for from him, and not from Major-General Hewitt, "as that officer in his appeal against his removal from the divisional staff of the army has stated that the military arrangements on the occasion of the event were left entirely to you as commandant of the station." General Wilson pointed out that according to the regulations of the Bengal Army he, as brigadier commanding a station, which was the headquarters of a division, could not exercise any distinct command when the major-general was present. "As brigadier," he wrote, "I only exercised the executive command of the troops under the orders of the major-general." He, however, admitted that he had expressed an opinion that the sepoys had moved round to the European quarter of the cantonment, and he had recommended that the brigade should march back for its protection. He added: "I may or I may not have been wrong in offering the opinion I did to the major-general. I acted to the best of my judgment at the time, and under the circumstances I still believe I was right. Had the brigade blindly followed in the hope of finding the fugitives, and the remaining portion of the cantonment been thereby sacrificed, with all our sick, women, children, and valuable stores, the outcry against those in command at Meerut would have been still greater than it has been." The whole brigade need not have pursued the fugitives, and eight hundred English infantry, a regiment of English cavalry, and a large body of European artillery were not all needed to defend a cantonment against

the possible attack of a riotous rabble. Far fewer white men held the Residency at Lucknow against disciplined troops for many months. If a squadron of Carabineers and two hundred rifles had pursued the mutineers and reached Delhi a few hours after them, the Imperial city might have been saved.[1] With a regiment of British dragoons and a few galloper guns, Gillespie, half a century before, had crushed the mutiny at Vellore and saved the Southern Peninsula from universal revolt and rebellion.

[1] "Had a wing of the 60th Rifles, supported by a squadron of the 6th Dragoons and some guns, been sent in immediate pursuit of the mutineers on that occasion, Sir Patrick Grant feels persuaded that the insurrection would have been nipped in the bud, and the atrocities which have since been perpetrated altogether averted."—"State Papers," vol. i., page 259.



LAHORE GATE OF FORT AND PALACE, DELHI.

VIEW FROM EXTERIOR.

CHAPTER III.

SOON after dawn on the 11th of May, the mutineers entered Delhi, a city which had been for centuries regarded as the foremost in India. The seat of the Moghul Empire had been erected on the foundation of successive Hindu capitals, and, in erecting stately buildings in their new city, the Moghul Emperors had employed the wealth, the labour, and genius of conquered millions. The fame of the magnificence and riches of Delhi had tempted invaders from the barren steppes of Central Asia. Afghans and Mahrattas had won and lost it. In the beginning of the century we took it from the hardy soldiers of the Deccan, and released the blind old Emperor from his state prison. Although divested of all influence as the ruler of an empire, he was allowed to exercise despotic authority over the twelve thousand inmates of his palace. The palace fortress rested on the eastern wall of the city, which runs along the bank of the river Jumna, and is protected on the other side by lofty red granite walls embattled and machicolated with small round towers, and two noble gateways, each defended by an outer barbican of the same construction though of less height. Outside the palace on the river side stands a strong fortification called Selimgarh,[1] which was

11th May. Delhi.

[1] Selimgarh = Selim's Fort.

connected with the palace by a small bridge which spanned the wide moat which surrounds it.[1] The main entrance to this outwork was a gateway close to the old bridge of boats. For many years this gateway was closed, and successive kings of Delhi had in vain requested that ingress and egress through Selimgarh might be granted them. A few years before the outbreak the request was granted, and it was through Selimgarh that a few of the foremost mutineers from Meerut obtained an entrance into the palace, and reaching the front of the gilded domes over the king's special chamber loudly demanded that he should place himself at their head in the fight for the faith.

The Mogul Emperor.

Bahadur Shah, who bore the imperial title, was well stricken in years. He was a quiet reflective man, fond of letters, but though endowed with some of the ability of Babar and Akbar, he had none of the energy and activity of his royal ancestors. On hearing the uproar of the troopers he sent an attendant to ascertain who were creating a disturbance. The servant returned and informed his royal master that they were troopers from Meerut who had resolved on fighting for the faith and killing the white men. The king immediately despatched a message to Captain Douglas, the commandant of the palace guards, who, on hearing the news, hastened to the king's apartments. In the Hall of Audience

[1] "Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India." By the late Right Reverend Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

he met the aged monarch, who asked him if he knew how these men had obtained entrance to the palace. Douglas said he would descend to the courtyard, and speak to the troopers. But the king laid hold of his hand, and said: "I won't let you go; they are murderers; they might kill you also." The king's physician added his entreaties to those of his master, and suggested that Douglas might speak to the men from the balcony overhanging the courtyard. Douglas stepped forward, and saw thirty or forty of the troopers standing below. He ordered them to depart, as their standing opposite to the monarch's private apartments was an act of disrespect to the king. They dispersed gradually, but, as they spread over the palace, they roused the inmates with their religious cry, *Deen, Deen!*[1]

Mutineers at the palace.

Captain Douglas, on leaving the king, received a message from Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner of Delhi, asking him to meet him at the Calcutta Gate, which faced the river front and the bridge of boats. Arriving there, he found that Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, the Magistrate at Delhi, Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner, and Mr. Hutchinson, the Collector, had preceded him. But they had come too late; the mutineers had crossed the bridge, and the gate was in their possession. A vast rabble had also collected at the spot. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, realising the importance of what had taken place, drove to the police court in the Chandney Chowk, and ordered

[1] Deen—correctly Dín. Religion, Faith, especially the Mohamedan religion. Wilson's "Glossary of Indian Terms."

out the police to guard the other gates of the city. Fraser attempted to reason with the troopers, but in vain. A shot was fired at him, and, taking a musket from one of the guards, he shot the foremost trooper dead. His comrades fell back for an instant, then the surging multitude closed upon the three Europeans. Safety was only to be found in instant flight. Fraser dashed through the crowd in his buggy, and Douglas threw himself into the moat. Badly bruised by the fall he was carried by some natives into the palace, and found Fraser and Hutchinson, who had been wounded at the commencement of the affray. As Douglas and Hutchinson were being carried up to the apartments over the gateway, Fraser made one last effort to appease the multitude who were surging into the court. Whilst he was speaking he was cut down by a lapidary, and instantly hewn to pieces by some servants of the king.

Murder of Captain Douglas and Mr. Jennings.

The whole fierce crew then rushed to the upper rooms where Hutchinson and Douglas lay wounded, and Mr. Jennings, the chaplain, his daughter, and a young friend were attending to their wants. The door was burst open, the dark throng poured in, and miserably murdered them.

Then the sepoys, maddened with blood, poured forth from the palace, and accompanied by the scum of the city, whose wickedness had become a proverb, rushed to the quarter where stood the chief public buildings and the homes of the Europeans. The houses were quickly gutted and fired, and the

English, wherever they were found, were struck down and slain.

The troopers, killing men, women, and children, made their way to the Cashmere Gate, through which ran the direct road to the cantonment. Here was posted a guard of fifty men of the 38th Native Infantry. Brigadier Graves, who commanded the station, receiving intimation of the approach of the mutineers, ordered two guns and the 54th Native Infantry to proceed at once to the city. But as there was some delay in getting the guns ready for action, Colonel Ripley, leaving two companies to escort them, pushed on at once with the remainder of the regiment. The men seemed loyal, and marching away quietly, quickly reached the city moat. They crossed the long drawbridge, and passing through the outer gate, entered the wide circular enclosure, where were drawn up the guard of the 38th Native Infantry. They passed on through the inner gate into the road beyond, and found themselves face to face with the mutineer troopers and insurgent rabble. They were marching with sloped arms and muskets unloaded. The order then given to halt was obeyed, but at the order to load the men hesitated. The troopers dashed at the officers on horseback, and shot them down with carbines and pistols, while those on foot were bayoneted by their own men. The officer at the main-guard commanded the men of the 38th Native Infantry to wheel up and fire, but his commands were received with insulting sneers, and they allowed Colonel Ripley to be cut down, by some sowars, at their feet. The

The Cashmere Gate.

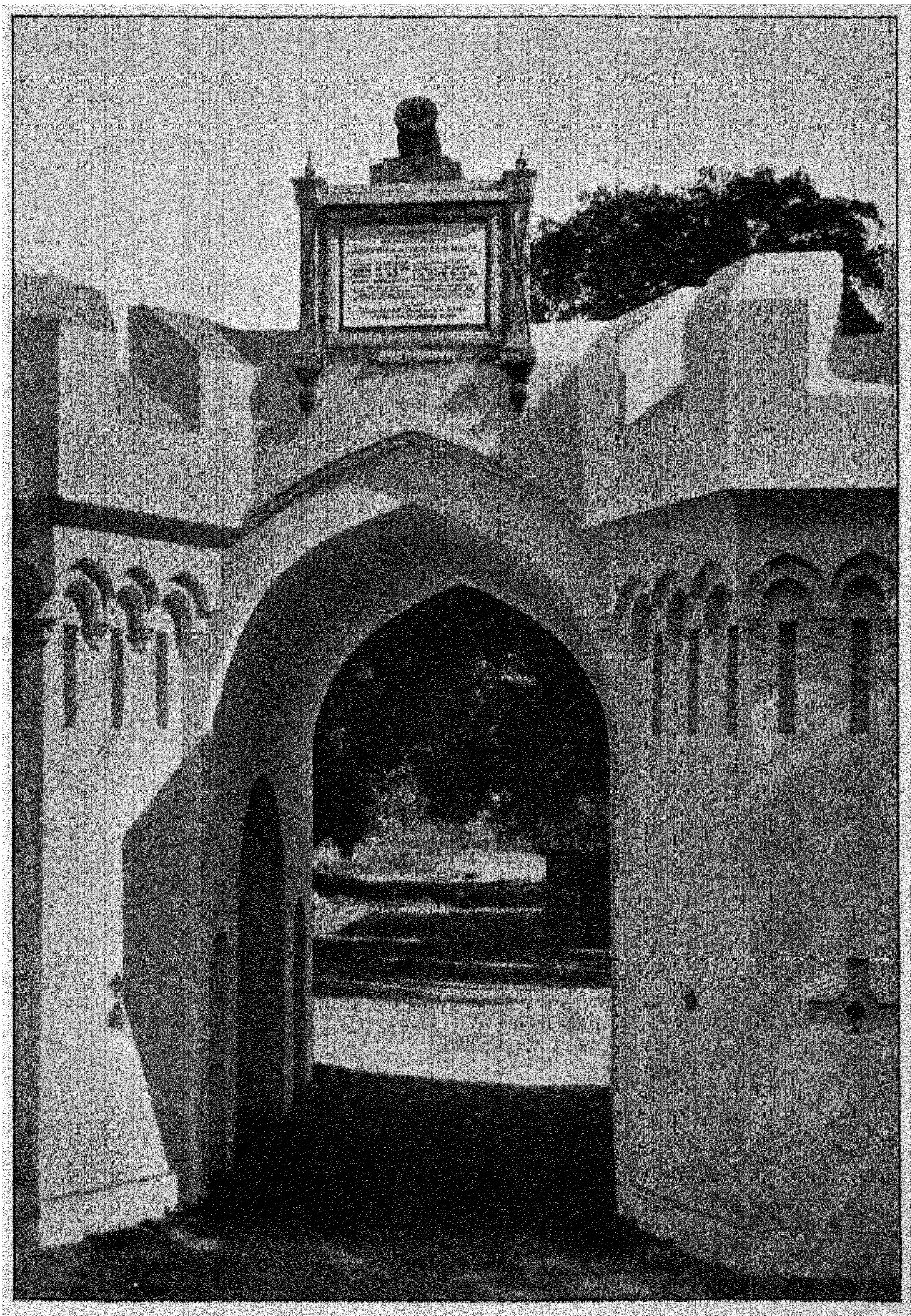
mutineers were advancing to take possession of the main-guard at the Cashmere Gate, when their progress was checked by the two guns which, escorted by the Grenadier companies, had arrived at this critical moment.

The tumult flowed back to the city, and an officer proceeded in hot haste to the cantonment to bring down the 74th Native Infantry and two more guns. Major Abbott, who commanded the regiment, hearing what had taken place, rode to the lines and addressed the men. He pointed out that the time had come for them to show their loyalty, and he called for volunteers. "Every man present stepped to the front, and being ordered to load they obeyed promptly, and marched down in a spirited manner." On arrival at the Cashmere Gate they took possession of the main-guard, and were drawn up in readiness to receive an attack. No enemy, however, appeared, and no information could be gained as to their movements. The continued rattle of musketry and the booming of heavy guns told that a hot fight was raging in the city. Then the earth rocked, the air was rent with a loud noise, and a magnificent coronal of red dust rose into the sky. The magazine in the city had exploded.

Explosion of the Delhi Magazine.

Not far from the palace was situated the magazine, fully furnished with munitions of war to supply an army in the field. On the first news of the approach of the insurgents, Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, the Magistrate at Delhi, accompanied by Lieutenant Forrest,[1] drove there to procure two guns to be

[1] The name recalls a dear memory and a great sorrow.



GATE OF OLD MAGAZINE, DELHI.

placed on the bridge in order to prevent the passage of the mutineers. But it was too late. When, accompanied by Lieutenant Willoughby, who was in charge of the magazine, they mounted the bastion on the river face, they saw that the Delhi side of the bridge was already in possession of a body of cavalry, and the mutineers, marching in open column, were about to cross over. "On Sir Theophilus Metcalfe observing this, he proceeded with Lieutenant Willoughby to see if the city gate was closed against the mutineers. However, this step was needless, as the mutineers were admitted directly to the palace, through which they passed cheering." All hope of saving the city was at an end, but Willoughby, returning to the arsenal, instantly made preparations to defend it. His garrison consisted of eight Europeans,[1] trained and disciplined soldiers, all belonging to that famous corps, the Bengal artillery, and the native artisans not accustomed to the use of fire-arms. The gates were closed and barricaded. Inside the gate leading to the park were placed two 6-pounders doubly charged with grape. Two sergeants stood by with lighted matches, with orders, if that gate should be attacked, to fire both at once and fall back on the body of the magazine. "The principal gate of the magazine was similarly defended by two guns with the *chevaux de frise* laid down on the inside. For the further defence of this gate and the magazine in its vicinity, there were two 6-pounders so placed as either to

[1] Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, Conductors Buckley, Shaw, and Scully, Sub-conductor Crowe, Sergeants Edwards and Stewart.

wounded. But Forrest and Buckley, regardless of the fall of their comrades, careless of the storm of musketry which was rattling upon them, continued to load and fire the guns in rapid succession, with the same steadiness as if on parade. When four rounds had been fired they were struck as they were loading, Forrest in the arm and Buckley on the hand. The guns could no longer be worked. A shout of triumph rose from the walls. Willoughby, seeing that it was past hope, gave the signal, and Scully lighted the train. A crash of thunder followed, and the exulting assailants were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder barrels. Four of the heroic nine, wounded, shattered, and bruised, made good their retreat from the ruins. And the three hundred Spartans who in the summer morning sat "combing their long hair for death" in the passes of Thermopylæ have not earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than those nine modern Englishmen.[1]

At the main guard.

Shortly after the sound of the explosion had been heard at the main-guard, Major Abbott received an order to send back the two guns to the cantonments, and, soon after, another order to return with his regiment. He was about to march out when the two guns returned to the main-guard with some men of the 38th Native Infantry. He asked why they had returned, and was told by the drivers that the gunners had deserted the guns, and they therefore could not go on. He then ordered the men to form

[1] "Short Studies on Great Subjects," by James Anthony Froude. Third edition, page 328.

sections. "A jemadar said, 'Never mind sections. Pray go on, sir.' My orderly-havildar then came up to me and said, 'Pray, sir, for God's sake leave this place; pray be quick.'" Major Abbott then gave the order to march, and had scarcely got a hundred paces beyond the gate when he heard a brisk firing in the main-guard. He inquired what it meant, and some of the men replied, "the 38th men are shooting the European officers." "I then ordered the men with me, about a hundred, to return to their assistance. The men said, 'Sir, it is useless. They are all killed by this time, and we shall not save any one. We have saved you and are happy. We will not allow you to go back and be murdered.'"[1]

The men of the 74th were correct in their surmise. All the officers of Major Abbott's regiment had not passed the gate when some men of the 38th seized and shut it, and then commenced firing at the officers near them, and a group of ladies who had escaped from their burning houses. Captain Smith of the 24th was shot dead, and Captain Gordon of the 74th threw up his arms, fell from the saddle, and died without a groan. Reveley, a brother officer, was mortally wounded, but, as he had a loaded gun in his hand, raising himself with a dying effort, he fired both barrels into a knot of sepoys and fell dead. Then some rushed up the ramp to the guard-room on the bastion, and, as they fled, the sepoys sent a volley after them which laid many low. Two in their haste rushed through an embrasure in the bastion and jumped down to the ditch thirty feet

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 265.

below. "Others were going to follow when they heard the cries of ladies in the guard-room. Regardless of the storm of bullets the officers went back and brought them away, and, tying handkerchiefs together, let them down one by one into the ditch; and then, having got them up on the other side, the whole proceeded to the river, expecting at every step to be followed and shot down." Fording the stream they escaped to Meerut after undergoing incredible dangers and hardships.

Abandonment of the cantonment.

Major Abbott was escorted safely to the quarter-guard, and then was told by his men, "We have protected you so far; it will be impossible for us to do so much longer. Pray, fly for your life." Reluctantly he yielded to their wishes. The men of the 38th who had not deserted also asked their Colonel and Adjutant to leave, for they would serve the Company no longer. An officer who had escaped from the city arrived at the Flag-Staff Tower where the European residents of the cantonments had assembled, and told them that their comrades had been shot down by their men and the main-guard abandoned. The sun was sinking, and there was no sign of succour from Meerut. To remain was to court death. The Brigadier made one more attempt to rally his men and sounded "the assembly," but only one sepoy responded to the call. Then the retreat began, and the cantonments were abandoned. Night had now fallen. The massacre had been completed, and the soldiers made their way to the palace and bivouacked in the great hall of audience, where ambassadors from all quarters of the globe in the days of old had

admired the magnificence of the Moghul Cæsars. A descendant of the immortal Timur[1] once more reigned in the Imperial city, and the mutiny of a few sepoy regiments had developed into a great political convulsion.

Massacre of prisoners.

But the massacre had been completed only for the day. On the evening of the 11th fifty Christian people—men, women, and children—had been brought to the palace and confined in an underground apartment without a window, and only one door, so that little of light and air entered the dreary dwelling. After being confined for five days in this gloomy, pestilential dungeon, starved and insulted, but defying their tormentors to the last, they were led into a courtyard and hewn in pieces. The whole dark truth of what took place can never be told. In the great city there was not a single Christian left.

General Anson.

The sudden blaze of insurrection found General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, at Simla, whither he had gone a few weeks previously to recruit his health. The man who was now, without a moment's warning, called upon to subdue a military revolt and

[1] Baber, the founder of the Moghul Empire, was descended by the father's side from Timur the Tartar; but his mother was a Moghul connected with the tribe of Genghez Khan.

"The race of Timur would have been extinct if an hero, his descendant in the fifth, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindustan. His successors (the great Moghuls) extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurangzeb their empire had been dissolved; their treasures of Delhi had been rifled by a Persian robber; and the richest of these kingdoms is now governed by a company of Christian merchants of a remote island in the Northern Ocean." —"The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, vol. iv., page 60.

to take the command of an army in the field, had seen but little of war. He had served with his regiment at Waterloo, but, entering the House of Commons at an early age, he had for many years administered the current business of military offices. In 1853, when he had attained the rank of Major-General in the army, he was appointed to command a division in Bengal, and in the following year succeeded to the command of the Madras Army. Early in 1856 he was advanced to the responsible charge of Commander-in-Chief in India, and brought to it considerable ability and knowledge of affairs. When in the last week of April 1857 General Anson reached Umballa on his way to Simla, and learnt how deep-rooted was the objection to the greased cartridge, he at once realised the grave danger of the situation. He inspected the men who from different regiments were attached to a depôt to learn the use of the new rifle, and made them a manly, sensible speech. He told them that the introduction of a better arm had rendered it necessary to adopt an improved description of cartridge; and the rumour that it was the instrument by which Government meant to subvert their caste was false and absurd. He assured them, "on the honour of a soldier like themselves, that it has never been, and never would be, the policy of the Government of this great country to coerce either those serving in the army, or the natives of India, in their religious feelings, or to interfere with the customs of their castes." He trusted that the native officers would make this known to their men, and exert themselves to allay

Discontent at Umballa.

their fears. He was satisfied "that they will do everything in their power to prevent the shame which must fall upon all who are faithless to the colours under which they have sworn allegiance to the Government; and that they will prove themselves deserving of the high character which they have always hitherto maintained in this army."

The native officers listened respectfully, and when the parade was over expressed their high sense of the goodness of the Commander-in-Chief and the honour he had done them. He had removed their own objections, but the story was believed by their relatives and by their countrymen all over the land, and if they used the cartridges, they would become social outcasts. They begged that this fear should be stated to the Commander-in-Chief. General Anson, on being informed of the doubts and anxieties of the men, and feeling the force of their objection to the new cartridges, suspended their issue until a special report had been prepared of the composition of the paper with which they were wrapped.[1] The Commander-in-Chief trusted

[1] "I am not so much surprised," wrote General Anson to Lord Canning on the 23rd of March, "at their objections to the cartridges, having seen them. I had no idea they contained, or rather are smeared with, such a quantity of grease, which looks exactly like fat. After ramming down the ball, the muzzle of the musket is covered with it. This, however, will, I imagine, not be the case with those prepared according to the late instructions. But there are now misgivings about the paper, and I think it so desirable that they should be assured that no animal grease is used in its manufacture, that a special report shall be made to me on that head from Meerut, and until I receive an answer, and am satisfied that no objectionable material is used, no firing at the depôts by the sepoys will take place. It would be easy to dismiss the detachments to their regiments without any practice, on the ground that the

that the disbandment of the 19th Native Infantry would check the spread of insubordination, but the report of the refusal of the troopers at Meerut to receive the cartridges, proved to him that the leaven of discontent was still at work. He ordered the men to be tried by a court composed of their countrymen, and he hoped that if they were found guilty a severe punishment would preserve the bonds of discipline. He had no reason to anticipate a dangerous outbreak, but when news reached him of the capture of Delhi by the mutineers, he at once recognised the grave character of the crisis, and acted with decision.

At the time, he had three English regiments near him on the slopes of the Himalayas. Forty miles from Umballa rises abruptly from the plains the mountain ridge of Kasauli, and in the valley below is the station of Sabáthu. On the right, about ten miles distant, is another range, on the summit of which is the cantonment of Dagshai. In May 1857, at Kasauli was stationed the 75th Foot, and at Sabáthu and Dagshai the 2nd and the 1st Fusiliers, two distinguished regiments belonging to the European army of the East Indian Company. Thirty miles north of Dagshai rises Simla, and on the same spur is Jatogh, where a Gurkha regiment

hot weather is so advanced, and that very little progress could be made, but I do not think that would be advisable. The question having been raised, must be settled. It would only be deferred till another year, and I trust that the measures taken by the Government when the objection was first made, and the example of the punishment of th 19th Native Infantry, and of the other delinquents of the 70th, now being tried by a general court-martial, will have the effect we desire." —Sir J. W. Kaye, "History of the Sepoy War," vol. i., page 558.

was cantoned. Two lines of communication linked Simla to the plains—one was a bridle path forty-one miles in length which passed under Sabáthu, the other was a road ten miles longer, which ran near Dagshai. At that time only slow bullock-carts ran on the latter, and they were few in number. On the 12th of May Captain Barnard, aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Barnard, commanding the Sirhind Division, arrived at Simla with the news of the massacre at Delhi. That very day, the Commander-in-Chief despatched an aide-de-camp to Kasauli to order the 75th Foot to move down forthwith, and expresses were sent to warn the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers at Dagshai to follow the 75th Foot as soon as possible, and for the 2nd Bengal European Fusiliers at Sabáthu to be ready to march.

News of the massacre at Delhi reaches General Anson.

Expresses were sent also to Ferozepore to desire that the magazine should be placed under charge of a European guard, and to Jullundur for a European detachment to be at once thrown into the fort of Phillour. The next day a note arrived from Meerut giving details of what had taken place at that station, and some of the particulars of what had occurred at Delhi were also received. Thereupon "the 2nd Fusiliers were ordered to Umballa at once; an artillery officer was sent express to Phillour with instructions for a third-class siege-train to be immediately got ready, and also for the spare waggons of the troops of horse artillery at Umballa, and a quantity of small-arms ammunition to be despatched to the latter place." The Nasiri battalion of Gurkhas at Jatogh were ordered to march with all expedition

to Phillour, and thence, accompanied by a detachment of the 9th Irregular Cavalry, to escort the siege-train to Umballa. The native company of artillery at Nurpur and Kangra was also ordered to come down with the train. The Sirmur Battalion of Gurkhas from Dehra and the headquarters of the Sappers and Miners at Roorkee were ordered to Meerut. The Commander-in-Chief also drafted a circular to the native army, which he trusted would allay the excitement. Then having in the brief space of forty-eight hours pressed forward the urgent measures which he considered necessary for the meeting of the revolt, General Anson left Simla on the 14th of May, and reached Umballa, a distance of about eighty miles, early the following morning.[1]

All the troops from the hills did not reach Umballa till the 16th of May, the day after the Chief's arrival. On the very next day, General Anson, having gathered in some stores and transport, despatched two horse-artillery guns, a squadron

[1] The biographer of Lord Lawrence writes :—" And what was happening at Headquarters meanwhile? The news had reached Umballa on the 11th, and a son of General Barnard had been despatched with it post-haste to Simla. He reached his destination on the 12th, and, had the Commander-in-Chief been able to realise its vast importance, that night, we may feel sure, would have seen him far down the road to Umballa in front of his troops; and once there, he would have been straining every nerve in that great city, the military and civil centre of the district, for an immediate advance." A Commander-in-Chief who shares with the Viceroy the responsibility of the safety of the Empire had first to consider the arrangements necessary for the protection of every station in India and for the pressing forward of troops to Delhi from different quarters. He could not have done any good by going in front of the troops. They had first to be collected and made ready to move.

of the 9th Lancers, and four companies of the 1st Fusiliers to Karnál, on the high road to Delhi.

General Anson's letter to Sir John Lawrence.

He then wrote to Sir John Lawrence, who had sent him a letter of advice, and stated the causes which had compelled him to delay advancing against Delhi for forty hours. General Anson wrote: "But it was, and is, impossible to move for want of tents, &c. The second European regiment only arrived this morning, and all of them having been brought in such a hurry and so quickly, they have nothing with them. We hear that many regiments have joined the mutineers in Delhi, the gates of which are closed, and guns mounted on them. The walls would be nothing against guns of heavy calibre. But we have none nearer than Phillour, and only two troops with 6-pounders. At Meerut there is a light field battery of 9-pounders. My intelligence from Meerut is very scanty. I instructed General Hewitt to be prepared to join me with all the force he could spare, after providing for the protection of the cantonments. I have not heard from him what this would be." After stating that the mutiny of the Nasiri battalion of Gurkhas at Simla was a most serious misfortune, and that he had been obliged to send one hundred men of the 75th Regiment to Kasauli, to afford protection to that place and Simla, the Commander-in-Chief added: "It becomes now a matter for your consideration whether it would be prudent to send the small European force we have here in an enterprise upon Delhi. I think not. It is wholly, in my opinion, insufficient for the purpose. The walls could of course be battered down with

heavy guns when we got them up. The entrance might be opened and little resistance offered; but so few men in a large city, with such narrow streets, and an immense armed population who know every turn and corner of them, would, it appears to me, be in a very dangerous position. And if six or seven hundred were disabled, what would remain? Could we hold it with the whole country armed against us? Could we either stay in or out of it? My own view of the state of things now is, by carefully collecting our resources, having got rid of the bad materials which we cannot trust, and having supplied their places with others of a better sort, it would not be very long before we could proceed, without a chance of failure, in whatever direction we might please."[1]

This letter cannot be taken to imply that General Anson had made up his mind not to advance against Delhi, but it expresses the doubt and difficulties that beset his mind as to the wisdom of attacking it with a small and inefficient force. In reply, Sir John Lawrence urged on the Commander-in-Chief that "Delhi would open its gates on the approach of our troops," that he did not think the country anywhere against us; and he protested against European troops being "cooped up in their cantonments, tamely awaiting the progress of events." He implored the Chief to reflect on the whole history of India. "Where have we failed when we acted vigorously? Where have we succeeded where guided by timid counsels? Clive with twelve hundred men fought at Plassey in opposition to the advice of his leading

[1] R. Bosworth Smith, "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. ii., page 28.

officers, beat forty thousand men, and conquered Bengal." Clive not with twelve hundred men but three thousand disciplined troops beat a large rabble, but General Anson had to attack a strong fortress manned by disciplined troops, who were bound to fight to the death, because they were mutineers, and had shed innocent blood. It was easy for John Lawrence, who knew nothing about the huge and multifarious business of war, to write "make short work of Delhi," but before Delhi was captured more men perished than General Anson could muster at Umballa. The advice to march on Delhi was sound; but, if it had been acted on rashly it must have led to disaster.[1] If General Anson had advanced on Delhi without spare ammunition, without heavy guns and mortars, and with an inefficient force, there is little doubt that he would have been annihilated by the disciplined and overwhelming masses of the insurgents. The force which afterwards stoutly opposed the advance of General Barnard at Badli-ki-Serai would, in all probability, have utterly defeated a smaller body of men.

While General Anson was discussing with Sir John Lawrence the obstacles which he might encounter in an attack on Delhi, he was with much diligence and forethought making preparations for the defence of Umballa and the advance on the imperial city. Forty-eight hours after reaching the station, he had pushed forward the first body of his troops towards Delhi, and the rest of the force followed as soon as they could get equipment.

[1] Sir Henry Norman in the *Fortnightly Review*, April 1883.

When fresh troops reached Karnál, the first detachment marched to Pániput, a large Mahomedan city, where the Raja of Jhind, who had thrown in his lot with us, had already taken the field with eight hundred men. For the safety of Umballa, a trench was thrown round the church as a place of refuge, and four companies of Europeans were left to guard it, and some of the troops of the Patiala Raja were brought in to assist in the task.

Maharaja of Patiala.

The Patiala State is the largest and most important of the Cis-Sutlej States that occupy the rude tract of country between the Sutlej and the Jumna. Through it runs the Grand Trunk Road, which links the remainder of India to the Punjab. The Maharaja of Patiala could have cut off our communication with the land of the five rivers, and, as the head of one of the most powerful houses of the Khalsa Confederacy, he could have raised the Sikhs against us. It was therefore only natural that, when the news reached Umballa of the massacre at Meerut and Delhi, great anxiety should have been felt at the course the Maharaja would follow. Douglas Forsyth, one of those men whose intellect and strength enabled them to grapple with the duties and perils of imperial sovereignty, was at the time Deputy Commissioner of Umballa, and he at once sought an interview with the Maharaja, who was a personal friend of his. The moment they were alone, Forsyth asked the momentous question, "Maharaja Sahib, are you for us or against us?" He got the hearty reply, "As long as I live, I am yours," and he proved himself true to his word.

Lieutenant Hodson.

All the difficulties of General Anson would have been greatly augmented if Patiala and Jhind had not afforded him their loyal support, and liberally supplied him with carriage and provision of every kind. The Commander-in-Chief now urged on his preparations with indefatigable activity. But before he could advance on Delhi, it was absolutely essential to the success of his plans that he should convey his instructions to the General commanding at Meerut. He had already sent Lieutenant Hodson, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, to Karnál, and charged him to raise an irregular regiment, and "ordered him to keep open the communication between Karnál and Meerut with the Jhind sowars."[1] To raise a new regiment at a time of mutiny and desertion was an undertaking almost impossible, and to open the road to Meerut was a work of great fatigue and great peril. But no man was by temperament and training better fitted for the work than Hodson. As second in command of the Corps of Guides, which was organised after the first Sikh war to protect the Northern Marches, he gained great credit as a daring partisan leader. The fertility of resource, and the signal and splendid courage he displayed in many a border raid, obtained for him[2] from the Governor-General, when he had completed only seven years' service, the coveted post of commandant.

1 Anson's "Diary," page 1.

2 "The Governor-General has given me the command which I have coveted so long. It is immense good fortune in every way, both as regards income and distinction. It is accounted the most honourable and arduous command on the frontier. . . . It is no small thing for a subaltern to be raised to the command of a battalion of infantry and a

In some respects he was not well fitted for this important office. It must be acknowledged that Hodson, with many fine qualities and with great claims on the gratitude of his country, had great faults. His temper was hot, arrogant, and impatient of opposition. His distant and supercilious manner created for him many enemies. Above all, he was careless of money and careless of justice. The confusion in the regimental accounts led to accusations of dishonesty being brought against him, and he was charged with personal violence towards his men. A competent judge, after protracted and patient consideration, acquitted him of any breach of trust.[1] But the allegations with respect to his

squadron and half of cavalry with four English officers under him. I am supposed to be the luckiest man of my time!"—"Hodson of Hodson's Horse," pages 102–103.

"Lieutenant Hodson, who has succeeded to the command of the Guides, is an accomplished soldier, cool in council, daring in action, with great natural ability improved by education. There are few abler men in any service."—Sir Henry Lawrence in the *Calcutta Review*.

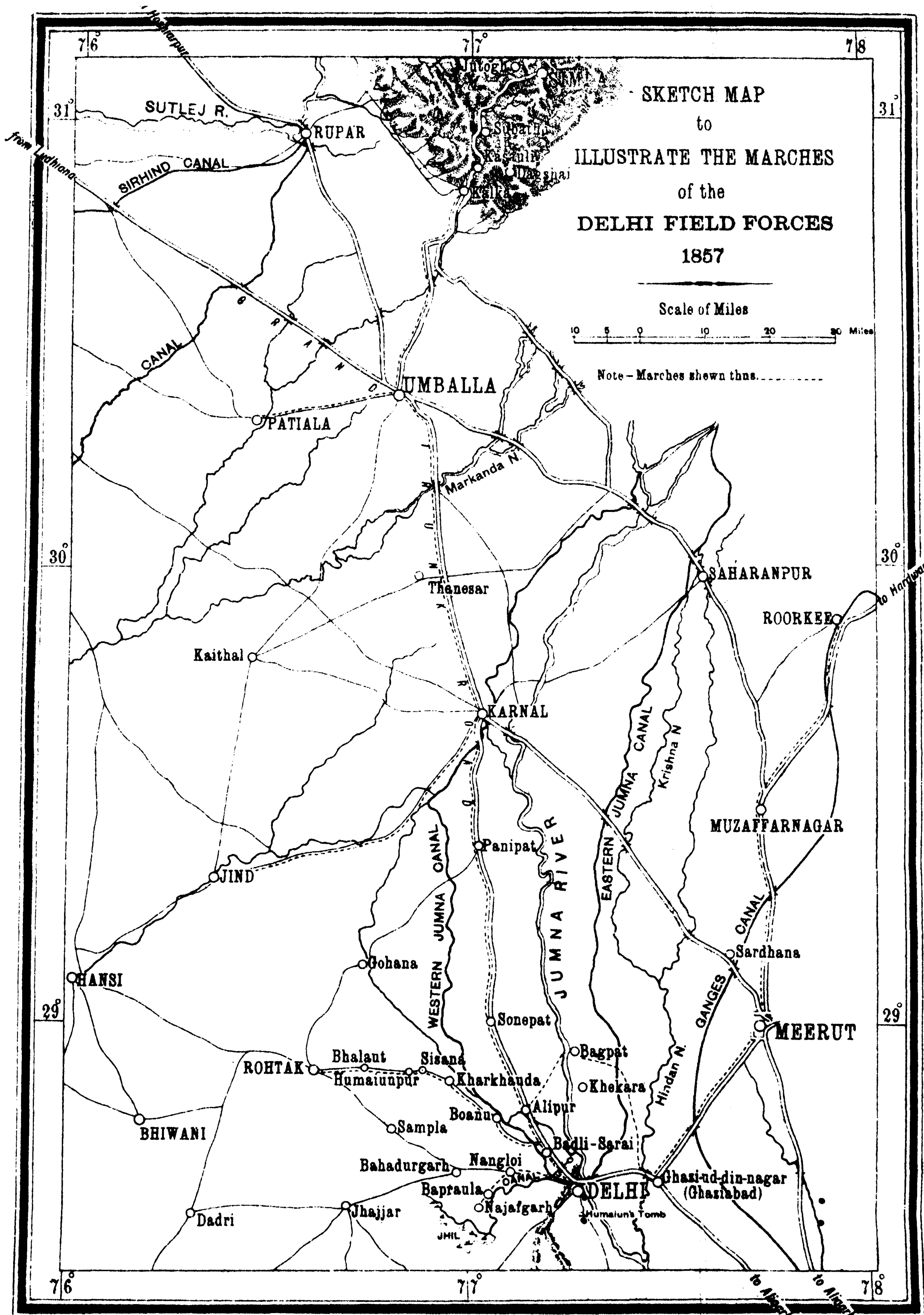
[1] General Reynell Taylor, after a most minute investigation of the accounts, fully acquitted Hodson of any breach of trust. He wrote: "The work was to examine every item in the accounts during two years' transactions, audit of nearly a year's pay having been withheld for months, and to test each entry by the trustworthy records which I had to assist me. This was done with laborious and conscientious care, the result being that the whole account was worked out to an intelligible conclusion, showing, indeed, numerous irregularities, but no actual improprieties in the management. The trustworthiness of the result hinges on the examination. Man is fallible, but I never had any misgiving or self-reproach for want of care in the matter." General Taylor subsequently wrote: "There had truly been great irregularities in keeping the accounts, but your brother had made strenuous efforts at times to get all into form, and had accomplished a good deal. The great difficulty had been caused by the audit of ten months' pay of the whole regiment having been withheld. This had resulted from the fact of the transfer of the regiment from the Civil to the Military Department. Through the whole of these ten months the regiment

violence towards his men were proved to be true, and the Governor-General removed him from the command of the Guides.

The opening of the mutiny found him a subaltern doing duty with his old regiment, the 1st Fusiliers, with whom he had served at Múdki, Ferozshah, and Sobraon. When his regiment reached Umballa, General Anson, who knew the ability and daring of the man, first appointed him as the head of the Intelligence Department, and then, as we have stated, sent him to Karnál to raise a regiment and keep open communication with Meerut. Two days after he reached Karnál, Hodson offered to take a few sowars and make an attempt to reach Meerut. The offer was accepted by the Commander-in-Chief, and the moment Hodson received General Anson's telegram he started at nine at night with a led horse and a few sowars, and reached Meerut at break of dawn. "Hodson rode straight to Wilson, had his interview, a bath, breakfast, and two hours' sleep, and then rode back the seventy-six miles, and had to fight his way for about thirty miles of the distance."[1] On his return to Karnál he telegraphed to General Anson that he had forced his way to Meerut,

had been living on advances, and that, with a regiment like the Guides, having detachments all over the country, was calculated to cause very great confusion in the accounts." Lord Napier of Magdala wrote: "It may be asked why was Reynell Taylor's report to be discounted! No more competent, honourable, or conscientious officer could have been found in the service, and I fully accept his decision."

[1] Letter from an officer quoted in Hodson's "Life," page 150. It will be seen from the next note that Hodson had not to fight his way. Sir Henry Norman states that he believes the story about his fighting "his way for thirty miles" is fiction.



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Photo. S. I. O., Calcutta.

and obtained all the papers he wanted from the General there. "These I gave him four hours later in Umballa."[1]

General Anson's plan of operations.

The day before Hodson returned from Meerut (23rd May), General Anson had sketched a plan of operations which, as the communication between them was opened, he now forwarded to General Hewitt. It was as follows: the Chief was to advance with the attacking army, which consisted of three brigades, two from Umballa and one from Meerut, thus organised :—

1st Umballa Brigade — Brigadier Halifax, 75th Queen's Regiment.	75th Queen's. 1st Bengal Europeans. 2 Squadrons 9th Lancers. 1 Troop Horse Artillery.
2nd Umballa Brigade — Brigadier Jones, 60th Royal Rifles.	2nd Bengal Europeans. 60th Native Infantry. 2 Squadrons 9th Lancers. 1 Squadron 4th Bengal Lancers. 1 Troop Horse Artillery.
Meerut Brigade — Brigadier A. Wilson, Royal Artillery.	Wing, 60th Royal Rifles. 2 Squadrons Carabineers. 1 Field Artillery. 1 Troop Horse Artillery. Native Sappers. 120 Artillerymen (siege).

[1] Colonel A. R. D. Mackenzie in his interesting work, "Mutiny Memoirs," states that Major Sanford, then a lieutenant in his regiment, the 3rd Light Cavalry, volunteered to carry despatches from General Hewitt to the Commander-in-Chief at Umballa *viâ* Karnál, and that he escorted him on the journey with a small party of his men who had remained faithful. On the second day they met Hodson, who had started on his ride to Meerut. Colonel Mackenzie writes: "Hodson was naturally much relieved to find that the road in front of him was

Death of General Anson.

The strength of the force consisted of 3000 Europeans, 1000 native troops, and 22 field guns. The Umballa brigades were to march so that they might be concentrated at Karnál on the 30th of May, and effect a junction at Baghput with the Meerut force, from which point the united brigades would advance against Delhi. Having conveyed his instructions to General Hewitt, the Commander-in-Chief left Umballa on the 24th of May and reached Karnál the following morning. The next day he was stricken with cholera, and after a few hours there came to him rest. His last words were to express a hope that his countrymen would do him justice. Full justice has not been done him, but the publication of his diary must dispel the charge of vacillation and want of promptitude that has been brought against him. The impartial historian who studies the State papers must endorse the opinion of the men who served on his staff and had every opportunity of forming a right judgment. "Suddenly

open, though doubtless disappointed that his errand was forestalled. The reader who has read of Hodson's famous ride to Meerut, and who has not to this moment ever heard that it was anticipated by others, will probably be surprised by this narration, but nevertheless it is simply true. The credit of carrying the first despatches from Meerut to Umballa is due to the late Major Sanford, who, to me and to all who knew him, was a type of all that is most noble and brave and modest; but alas! his memory is buried in our hearts. The world has heard little of him.

"In the evening we arrived at Karnál, having traversed in less than thirty-six hours more than ninety miles: for the straight road between Meerut and Karnál is seventy-six, and our fruitless détour after the camels took us many more miles. Sanford at once went on by dâk to Umballa and delivered his despatches to General Anson. He eventually got command of the Cavalry of the Guides Corps before Delhi, and retained it till the close of the siege."—Col. A. R. D. Mackenzie, "Mutiny Memoirs," page 54.

placed in a more difficult position than has probably ever fallen to the lot of a British commander,"[1] writes Sir Henry Norman, who belonged to the General's staff, "General Anson met the crisis with fortitude, and with a calm endeavour to restore our rule where it had disappeared, and to maintain it where it still existed."

On the death of General Anson, the command of the Field Force devolved on Major-General Sir Henry Barnard. The new chief had filled various staff appointments at home, and had commanded a brigade in the Crimea during the winter of 1854–55. When General Simpson succeeded to the chief command, on the death of Lord Raglan, General Barnard became his Chief of Staff, and held that responsible office till the capture of Sebastopol. After holding commands at Corfu, Dover, and Shorncliffe, he was appointed to the Sirhind Division, and reached Umballa towards the end of April, 1857. The discontent of the native army had already led to mutinous excesses, and if men who had spent all their lives in India were unable to cope with the danger, no severe criticism can be passed on a General who had been only a few weeks in the country. On assuming the command, he determined to push forward without waiting for the siege guns. As it was the hottest season of the year, the men rested in their tents during the day, and the marches were made by night. "The nights were delicious," writes one who took part in the campaign,

General Sir Henry Barnard.

[1] Sir Hope Grant, "The Sepoy War," page 52, and "State Papers," vol. i., page 275.

"the stars bright in the dark, deep sky, the fire-flies flashing from bush to bush, and the air, which in Europe would have been called warm and close, was cool and refreshing to the cheek that had felt the hot wind during the day. Along the road came the heavy roll of the guns, mixed with the jingling of bits, and the clanking of the steel scabbards of the cavalry. The infantry marched on behind with a dull, deep tread; long lines of baggage camels and bullock-carts, with the innumerable sutlers and camp servants, toiled along for miles in the rear, while the gigantic elephants stalked over bush and stone by the side of the road." On the 5th of June, the headquarters of the force marched to Alipur within ten miles of Delhi, where it waited for the Meerut brigade and the siege-train.

The Meerut Brigade.

On the night of the 27th of May the Meerut troops had, according to their orders, marched out of cantonments. The column consisted of two squadrons of the Carabineers, a wing of the 60th Rifles, Scott's light field battery, Tombs' troop of horse artillery, two 18-pounder guns, all manned by Europeans, with some native sappers and irregular horse. Brigadier Archdale Wilson commanded the brigade, and Mr. Hervey Greathed accompanied it as civil officer.[1] After three nights' marching the column reached, at dawn on the 30th of May, the village of Ghazi-ud-din Nagar,[2] situate near the

[1] Sir J. W. Kaye, "Sepoy War," vol. ii., page 182.

[2] "This town of respectable size, and with some ancient traces of walls, stands on the left bank of the Hindun about a mile from the river. A long causeway carries the Grand Trunk Road across the broad valley, within which the stream shrunk during the scorching heats of

river Hindun, about ten miles from Delhi. The presence of the insurgents so near to the Imperial city was not suspected. "I think," wrote Mr. Greathed, "we seem to have Delhi by the nose. I expect that a reconnaissance will be made to-morrow up to the banks of the Jumna." He had hardly despatched the letter, when a vidette came in and announced that the enemy were posted on a high ridge on the opposite bank of the river and were about to attack. The bugler had barely time to call to arms when the rebels opened fire from heavy guns which they had placed on the ridge and a long causeway to the right of it. The Brigadier immediately sent off a company of her Majesty's 60th Royal Rifles, with another in support, to hold the iron bridge which spanned the river on the right of the enemy's position and which was the key of our own. He also detached the four guns of Major Tombs' troop, supported by a squadron of Carabineers, to the right, along the bank of the river. The insurgents opened upon these advancing parties with heavy guns, and the General ordered two more companies of the

Battle of Ghazi-ud-din Nagar.

May to a mere rivulet, wanders in a channel of extreme tortuosity fordable both by infantry and artillery, though from the prevalence of quicksands the process is not altogether free from risk of mishap. A suspension bridge spans the stream, and on the right bank the causeway is covered by a toll-house capable, if need were, of some defences. Villages, furnishing considerable means of resistance in their mud-walled houses and narrow lanes, are scattered at intervals along the road and the ground in ridges of sensible magnitude on both banks, but especially on the right."—Baird Smith, quoted in Colonel Mackenzie's "Mutiny Memoirs," vol. ii., page 183.

The town has risen greatly in importance of late years owing to the junction of the East Indian Railway with the Sind-Punjab and Delhi line at this point, and the name has been shortened to Ghaziábád.

60th Regiment to support this advance, and brought up four guns of Major Scott's battery, the sappers, and a troop of Carabineers to their support. The rebels' guns were admirably served, but they were ably replied to by our two 18-pounders. Then Mackenzie and Tombs crossed the Hindun, and raking the enemy in flank with their 6-pounders, made their fire unsteady, and silenced the heavy guns.[1] The General now called on the Rifles to attack, who responded in the most spirited manner.[2] They drove the enemy from the guns, but in the act of taking possession of two heavy pieces on the causeway close to the toll-house, Captain Andrews and four of his men were blown up by the explosion of an ammunition waggon fired by one of the mutineers. The enemy were now in full retreat, pursued by the Carabineers, and they left in our hands, ordnance,

[1] "The first few rounds from the insurgents' guns were admirably aimed, plunging through our camp; but they were ably replied to by our two 18-pounders, in position under Lieutenant Light, and Major Tombs' troop, most admirably led by Lieutenant-Colonel M. Mackenzie, who, raking them in the flank with his 6-pounders, first made their fire unsteady, and in a short time silenced the heavy guns."—J. Cave-Browne, "The Punjab and Delhi in 1857," vol. i., page 312.

[2] "The charge was made in a most gallant manner; the enemy were now seen deserting their guns. This result was partly attributable to an admirable flank movement of our artillery, under the able direction of that excellent officer (now, alas! no more), Lieutenant-Colonel Murray Mackenzie, and partly to very effective fire of the Enfield rifle."—J. E. W. Rotton, "The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi."

"I cannot cease talking of the splendid behaviour of Tombs' troops: the gun-carriages are pitted with grape and shot marks, and Tombs continues the same gentle modest fellow. He has lost, killed and wounded, thirteen men out of fifty, but the action of the troop never ceased for a moment. Colonel Mackenzie, too, has proved himself a splendid officer."—H. H. Greathed, "Letters written during the Siege of Delhi," page 14.

ammunition, stores, and five pieces of artillery. The loss, considering the smallness of the force, was great. That night the officers drank in solemn silence to the memory of the brave departed. At break of dawn they were buried. A babool tree, a little in the rear, and a milestone a little above and situated on the main road between Meerut and Delhi, mark the spot.

It was Whitsunday, but no church parade was held, because every hour another attack was expected; and about noon the enemy opened fire from the ridge, where they had again taken up their position. The guns of the Horse Artillery, supported by a squadron of Carabineers, immediately moved forward to reply to their fire, and the two 18-pounders, under Lieutenant Light, moved to the bank of the river for the same purpose. The Rifles, leaving one company in camp, moved forward to the support of the picquet at the bridge, supported by two guns of Major Scott's battery and a troop of Carabineers. Perceiving that the Horse Artillery was exposed to a very hot fire, the General advanced two more guns to support them. Then, for nearly two hours, the action was an artillery duel. "But the Rifles, clearing the village and the left of the toll-bar, and the fire of the enemy's guns slackening, I ordered a general advance—the insurgents retiring, continuing their fire, until we drove them from their position and crowned the ridge, from which we could see them in full retreat to Delhi."[1] The English, exhausted by the intense heat of the sun and the parching thirst,

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 287.

could not pursue, and the rebels were able to carry off their guns. But the moral effect of the two victories was great. It had checked the rising pride of the sepoy, for they found the white men who had conquered the land, and who had trained them, could beat them, though vastly inferior in number. The loss of the enemy was considerable. Twenty-three of them lay together in one ditch, and the road for three miles was strewn with dead bodies. The English lost four officers and fifty men. Among the wounded was Napier, an Ensign of the Rifles, who was young of days. He was, however, so active, so full of life, so brave, that he had not only won the love of his men, but had attracted their admiration and confidence. A bullet struck his leg, and the moment he was brought into camp it had to be amputated. During the operation no sigh betrayed a sensation of pain. When it was finished there came from him the bitter cry: "I shall never lead the Rifles again, I shall never lead the Rifles again!" A few days after death came to him, and they laid the brave and generous lad in his grave.

Meerut Brigade join General Barnard's force.

The Meerut Brigade halted for orders. On the 1st of June it was reinforced by the arrival of the Sirmur Battalion of Gurkhas, commanded by Major Charles Reid. Their arrival was opportune, because it was doubtful whether our small force, exhausted by two days' hard fighting and by the heat, could sustain another attack if the enemy appeared in greater numbers. On the 3rd of June, the videttes brought in news that the enemy was nigh, and the force got under arms. "The Gurkhas were so delighted at

the chance of getting a fight that they threw somersaults and cut capers."[1] But much to their sorrow the enemy never appeared. On the following day orders were received from General Barnard, and the force crossing the Jumna at Baghput reached, on the 7th of June, the headquarters at Alipur. The men were loudly cheered as they marched in with the captured guns. The day before, the siege guns had arrived after many hairbreadth escapes.

Having been joined by the force under Brigadier Wilson, General Barnard resolved to break up the camp at Alipur and proceed forward without delay. This determination was welcome news to the soldiers, who were longing to revenge the evil deeds done at Meerut and Delhi. When it became known to them that a battle was to be fought on the morrow, the sick in hospital declared they would remain there no longer. "Many, hardly able to walk, suffered on in silence, or lay in the corners of the tents imploring their comrades not to tell they were ill, in case they should be kept in hospital on the day of battle. Every man whose strength was not hopelessly gone was let out, and few returned for days after.[2]

General Barnard was aware that the enemy intended to oppose his advance, and had occupied a strongly fortified position at Badli-ki-Serai, because Hodson[3] had the night before gallantly sallied forth

[1] H. H. Greathed, "Letters written during the Siege of Delhi," page 16.

[2] "Siege of Delhi, by an Officer who served there," page 72.

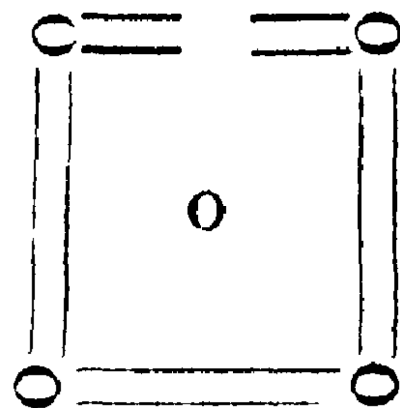
[3] On the morning of the 7th occurred an incident which furnished another illustration of the value of Lieutenant Hodson in the force. The evening before there had been grave doubts and differences among

with a few sowars and made a very careful reconnaissance of this position.

The position which the rebels had chosen was admirably formed by nature for withstanding the march of an attacking force, and was capable of being made strong. They held a large enclosed building with a strong gate, called the *serai*[1] (or resting-place for travellers) of Badli. It stood on the left of the road, and the camp was grouped about it. About a hundred and fifty yards in front of the serai, on a small natural elevation, the enemy had made a sand-bag battery of four heavy guns and an 8-inch howitzer.[2] To the right of the serai was a small

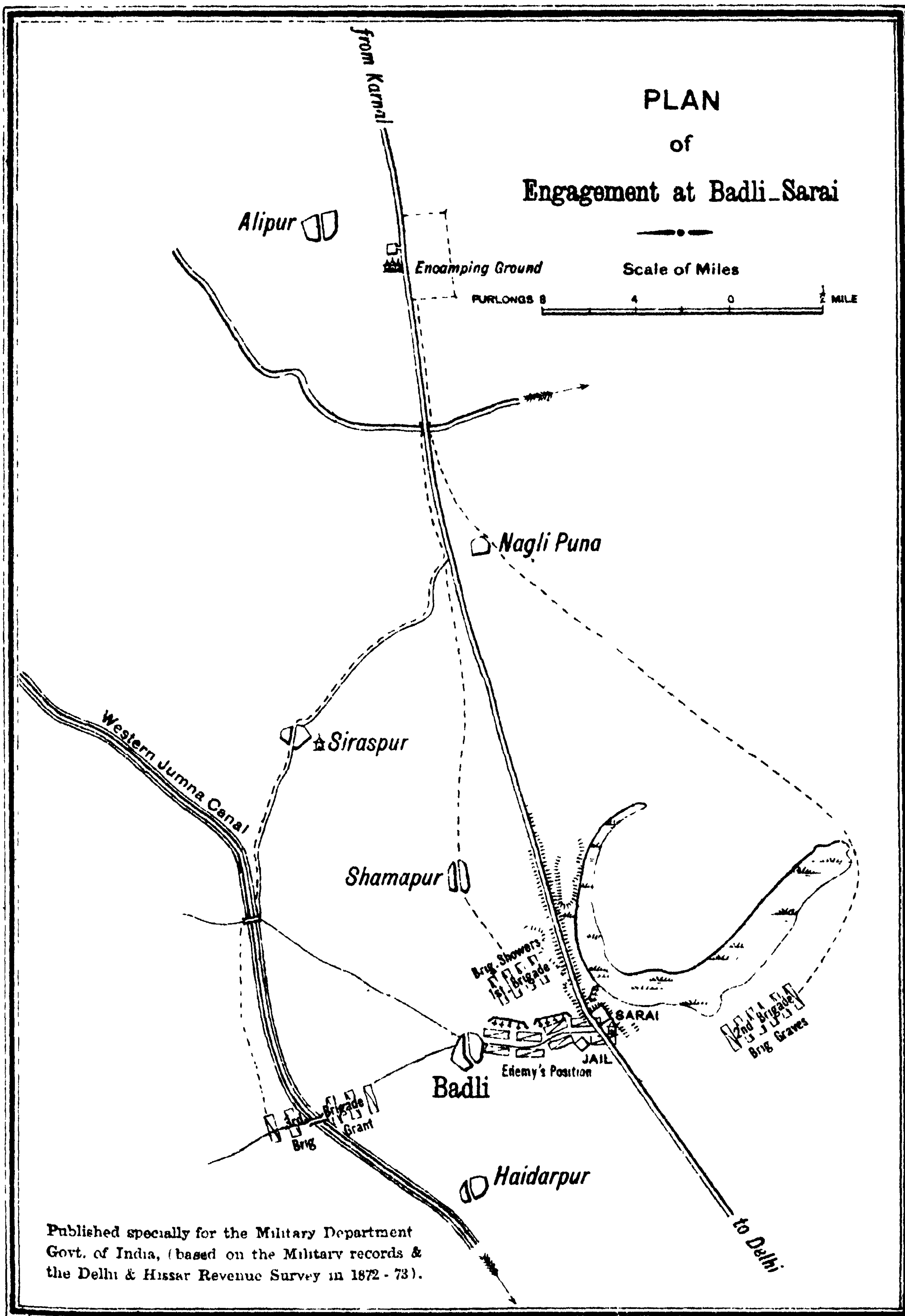
the staff as to the real position which the rebels had taken up to dispute our advance on Delhi. The camp was then at Alipur, covered by a strong advance-guard of all arms, with a breastwork thrown up across the road, and a couple of guns loaded with grape, and portfires burning. As the day dawned, a small cloud of dust was noticed ahead on the road from Delhi · all were on the alert; on it came, nearer and nearer; it was evidently cavalry. It was within three hundred yards, a few yards more and the guns would have opened upon them, when the foremost of the party turned off sharp to the right, followed by about a dozen sowars. It was an Englishman—it was Hodson! He had been out to examine for himself the position of the rebels, and solve the doubts of the evening before; had he had a few of his old trusty "Guides," he would (he said) have gone up to the very walls of Delhi; having only a few of the Jhind Rajah's sowars for his escort, he was obliged to content himself with a reconnaissance—a very careful one—of their advanced position, and a gallop through the old cantonments; and on his report was the attack for the following morning planned.—J. Cave-Browne, "The Punjab and Delhi in 1857," vol. i., page 316.

[1] *Serai.*—A square building, generally with four towers, enclosing a courtyard, with a well in the middle. It has numerous little chambers for the use of travellers, with loopholes opening to the outside.



[2] "State Papers," page 434. "Siege of Delhi, by an Officer who served there," page 75.

"About one hundred and fifty yards in front of the serai stood, on high ground, two ruined summer houses, one on either side. Here they



Photo, S I O, Calcutta.
Reg No 211 Records—June 92—1,000
No 264, Mil—May 03.—80 + 32.

village, whose mud walls and enclosures and gardens offered a strong cover for infantry. The ground on either side of the road was intersected with water-cuts and generally swampy, while nearly parallel to the road on the right, at the distance of about a mile, ran the canal, spanned by numerous bridges.

At midnight Brigadier Grant set out with ten Horse Artillery guns, and three squadrons of the 9th Lancers, guided by Lieutenant Hodson, with a few native horse. They passed the canal at a neighbouring bridge, and proceeded down its right bank with intent to cross on the enemy's left rear, and to attack simultaneously with the main body under Sir Henry Barnard. Shortly after the cavalry column had started, the main column marched down the road. It consisted of Captain Money's troop of Horse Artillery, four guns of Major Scott's Horse Battery, four heavy guns hastily formed into a battery for field purposes and principally manned by recruits, a squadron each of the Carabineers and 9th Lancers, and five weak infantry regiments. General Barnard proposed that "in the main attack, our four heavy guns should open on the enemy from the road itself, with a light battery on either flank; that Brigadier Showers, with the 75th Foot and the 1st European

8th June. Battle of Badli-ki-serai.

had established a couple of batteries and mounted some light field pieces, while in support, along the front of the serai, they had planted several heavy pieces to sweep the whole of the open ground, and to give full effect to their guns, they had placed at intervals large gumlahs (earthen jars) painted white to enable them more accurately to mark the distances, and to regulate the elevation of their guns. To such an extent had they turned to good account the time which our delay in advancing had given them."—J. Cave-Browne, "The Punjab and Delhi in 1857," vol. i., page 318.

Fusiliers, should operate on the right; and Brigadier Graves with the 60th Rifles, 2nd Bengal European Fusiliers, and Sirmoor Battalion, to the left of the road."[1]

At daybreak the lights in the enemy's camp were visible, and our guns advanced to open fire. But before they were in position the enemy began the contest with a burst of artillery. Quickly our guns advanced and returned the fire. The leading infantry brigade moved off the road to the right and deployed, the 75th Regiment on the left, the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers partly in support and partly on the right of the 75th Regiment. In this order the brigade advanced in line towards the enemy, under the play of their powerful artillery. To the destructive fire no adequate answer could be made, for the English guns were few and of small calibre. Men and officers began to fall quickly. The second brigade had fallen behind, and there was no sign of any flank attack by our cavalry. The situation was now critical in the extreme, when the General, upon whose intrepidity the fate of the day depended, gave the order to charge the heavy guns. The 75th, with a ringing English cheer, sprang forward upon them, and at the point of the bayonet drove the defenders away with a terrible carnage. Then, supported by the 1st Fusiliers, the 75th

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 435.

"The 1st Brigade, under Brigadier Showers, was to act on the right side of the main Trunk Road, along which the column was to advance, and the 2nd Brigade, under Brigadier Graves, was to take the left; the heavy guns were to remain in position on the road, the rest of the artillery to act on either side."—*Ibid.*, pages 290 and 291.

rushed upon the *serai* and burst open the gates. The combat was fierce and short. The sepoys fought desperately, and the English soldiers with their bayonets destroyed them.

The battery and the *serai* were hardly taken ere Brigadier Graves appeared on the enemy's right, and Brigadier Hope Grant, with the cavalry, took them in rear on the left. The Lancers charged the enemy and completed the defeat. The rebels fled on all sides, leaving several guns in our possession besides the camp.

Although the men were much exhausted, General Barnard determined to push on, for he was afraid that next morning he might find the rebels, rallied and reorganised, occupying another strong position. Clearing the gardens and houses, the troops reached two cross-roads, one of which led to the city, and the other, the left road, to the cantonment. From this point could be seen the ridge occupied by the rebels, and after a short halt two columns were formed. Sir Henry Barnard, with Brigadier Graves's brigade of infantry, Captain Money's troop of horse artillery, and a squadron of the 9th Lancers took the left or the cantonment road; while Brigadier Wilson, with the rest of the artillery and cavalry, and Brigadier Showers's brigade of infantry, took the road to the city through a large suburban village called the Sabzi Mandi. The Sirmur Battalion was ordered to extend between the columns, but the distance was too great for the communication to be complete. It was intended thus simultaneously to attack both flanks of Hindu Rao's Ridge, the Sirmur

Battalion skirmishers threatening it at the same time in front.[1]

At the Flag-staff Tower on the ridge the enemy had posted three guns, from which they opened a heavy cannonade on Sir Henry Barnard's advancing column. At a distance of about twelve hundred yards from the ridge ran a wide and deep canal spanned by a masonry bridge. This was partially destroyed, but, fortunately, enough was left of a sufficient width for the guns to pass and no more. The insurgents had the range of the bridge, and kept up an accurate fire on it as the columns and guns crossed over. Proceeding onwards through the parade ground, the blackened shells of the officers' bungalows and through the deserted huts of the sepoys, the column came within a few hundred yards of the Flag-staff Battery. Captain Money's troop having moved to the front, wheeled up to its right and commenced a fire which almost immediately silenced the cannon of the insurgents. The 60th Rifles and 2nd Bengal Fusiliers then advanced and captured the guns. The Sirmur Battalion having then ascended the front of the hill, the whole column swept along its crest.

The other column under General Wilson pushed their way through the suburbs of Sabzi Mandi in the face of a harassing fire, which the enemy poured upon them from the houses and walls which lined the road. After capturing an 18-pounder gun, they mounted the ridge at the extreme right, and under a sharp cannonade pushed along until they reached

1 "State Papers," vol. i., page 436.

a large stone building called Hindu Rao's House. "The object of the day having been then effected, the force was at once placed in position before Delhi."[1]

In these few simple words the General announced that he had won a victory against a foe strong in numbers, strong in artillery, and who had fought with the courage of despair, because, guilty of murder, they expected no quarter. But the victory had not been won without a tolerably severe loss. Fifty-three men were killed, and one hundred and thirty wounded. Among those who fell that day was Colonel Chester, the Adjutant-General of the Army, who, to use the words of General Barnard, was esteemed by all for every qualification that can adorn the soldier. Of the troops opposed to us it was said that a thousand of those who came out never returned to Delhi. Thirteen guns were captured, two of them 24-pounders.

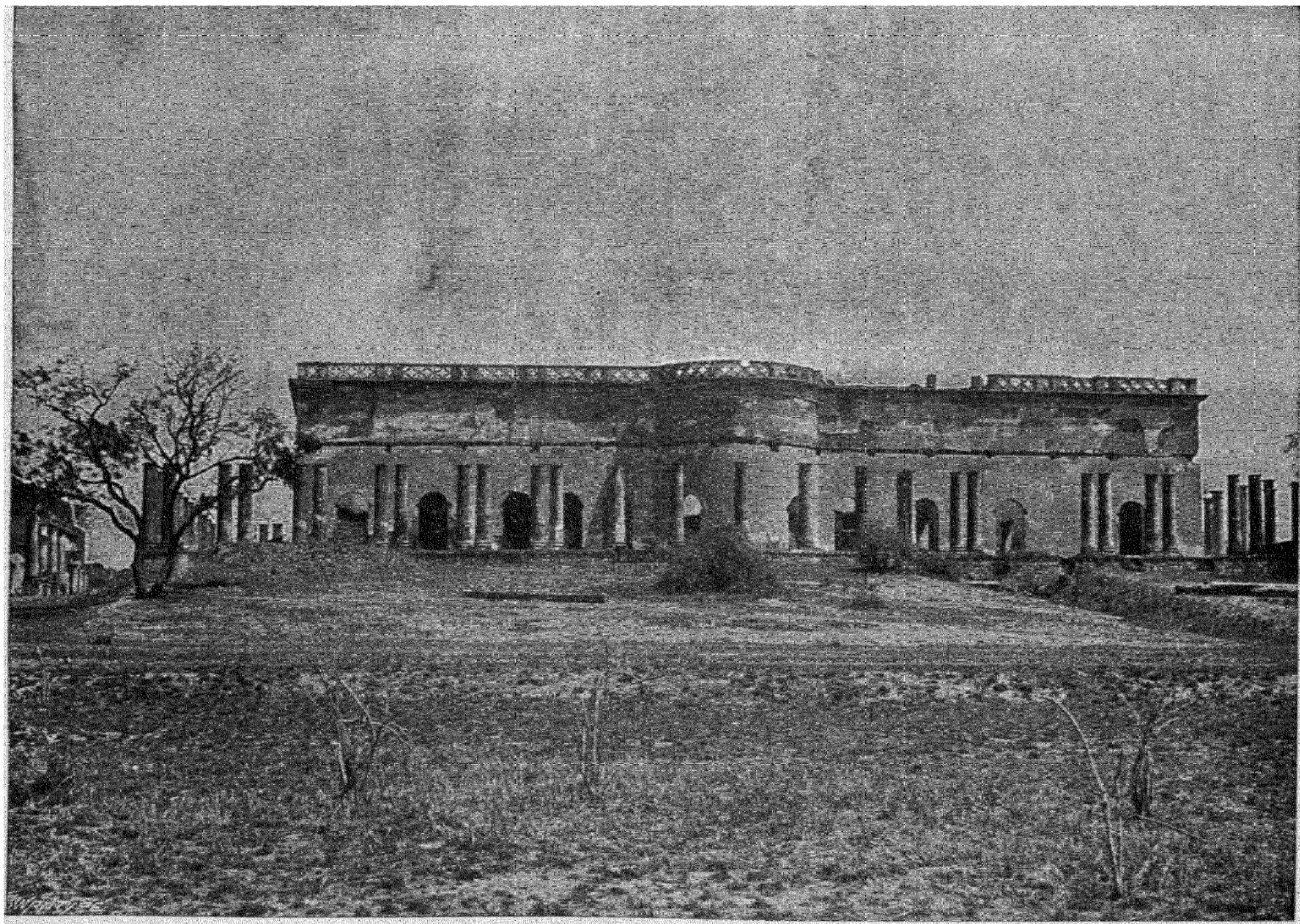
[1] "State Papers," page 291.

CHAPTER IV.

The British position at Delhi.

HINDU RAO'S house, where the two victorious columns met, was a large stone building with walls and gates, and had been in former days the country mansion of a Mahratta chieftain. It crowned at the extreme south-west a long rocky ridge which, rising in broken ground on the banks of the Jumna, about two and a half miles above Delhi, extended for about two miles, till it abruptly terminated a little below Hindu Rao's house, where ran the Grand Trunk Road.[1] This rocky ridge, sixty feet above the city, was not only a coign of vantage for attack, but a rampart of defence. Below the centre and extending to the left, the British camp was pitched in and around the old cantonments. In order to assure our hold of the rocky height, Sir Henry Barnard threw upon its extreme right point, where the lofty memorial of the siege now stands, a heavy gun battery, known as the Right Battery, which was twelve hundred yards from the city wall. A short distance to the north a heavy mortar battery was sunk in a hollow of the slope, and beyond it was

[1] Earl Roberts writes: "The distance of the ridge from the wall of the city varies considerably—on our right, where the memorial is erected, and just above the 'Sammy House,' it is about 1200 yards. At the Flag-staff Tower it is about one and a half miles, and at the very end near the river about two and a half miles."



HINDU RAO'S HOUSE.

Hindu Rao's house, where was established our main picquet. In front of it was the centre half-moon battery. Three hundred yards further to the north was the Observatory, a strong old building near which our heavy gun battery was erected. Beyond the Observatory was an old Pathan mosque, whose stout walls afforded shelter to a picquet. Further north was the Flag-staff Tower,[1] which was held by a strong infantry picquet and two guns.

Our position was of considerable strength at all points except one. Beyond the Right Battery, and somewhat to the rear, was the suburb of Sabzi Mandi,[2] a cluster of houses and walled gardens, from which the rebels could turn our right and cut off our road to Umballa or the Punjab, upon which we rested. Not far from the Right Battery the rocky ridge ends, but it rises again at a hill on which was built an Eedgah or enclosed mosque, and on the level space between were the suburbs of Kissengunge and Paharipur. The ground between the ridge and city was full of old buildings, with clumps of trees and gardens which afforded convenient cover and shelter to the enemy up to the walls of the city. The walls which surrounded Delhi were about seven miles in circumference and some twenty-four feet in height, with bastions in good order, each holding ten, twelve, or fourteen pieces of artillery. They were covered for a full third of their height by an

[1] It was about fifty feet high, with two terraces, and ascended by an inside winding stair. A cartload of dead bodies was found there, no doubt those of the murdered officers of the 74th Native Infantry.

[2] Sabzi Mandi, the vegetable market.

admirable glacis,[1] and had in front a ditch of considerable width and about twenty-four feet deep. The eastern face of the city rests on the Jumna River, and at the season of the year when our operations were being carried on, the waters washed the base of the walls. All access to the besieged on the river front was therefore impracticable, and there could be no real investment of Delhi. And while thus altogether unable to invest Delhi, the besiegers were for some weeks the besieged. Their exertions were addressed not to capturing the city, but to the more pressing task of defence. The batteries of the enemy and their marksmen posted in the buildings around never ceased harrying the besiegers, who, day after day, had constantly to be under arms beneath a burning sun to repel the frequent and powerful sorties.

9th June. First sortie.

The first sortie took place the very day after we had established ourselves on the ridge. In the afternoon the mutineers, who had cannonaded at intervals, came out in force from Delhi and made a sharp attack on Hindu Rao's house. But happily that morning the besiegers had been strongly reinforced. The Guides, consisting of three troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry, had come into camp under the command of Captain Daly. They had marched at the hottest season of the year from Mardan, on the Yusafzai frontier, to Delhi, a distance of 580 miles, in twenty-two days; and though the infantry portion were occasion-

1 "State Papers," vol. i., pages 390 and 482.

ally assisted with camels or ponies, the march was a surprising feat even for cavalry. They entered as fresh and firm as if they had returned from a day's manœuvres, and Sir Henry Barnard pronounced them to be in perfect order and fitted for immediate service in the field. A few hours after their arrival they were sent to support the picquets, and were engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with the enemy. They drove the rebels back with considerable loss, and chased them to the city walls.[1] On our side Lieutenant Quintin Battye, Commandant of the Guides Cavalry, fell mortally wounded by a bullet from the ramparts. "Now I have a chance of seeing service," was his joyous exclamation, as he set forth with his regiment. A keen soldier, good swordsman, and fine rider, there was every prospect of a splendid career for the intrepid lad. But he fell at his first fight, and as life ebbed away he murmured with his failing voice the old Roman saying that it is well and proper for a man to die for his country.

On the 10th of June the mutineers, about five hundred strong, with two light guns and a party of cavalry, came out of the Ajmere Gate, apparently with the intention of turning our right flank and threatening our rear. "I immediately," wrote Major Reid, "proceeded out with two guns of Major Scott's Battery, seven companies of the Sirmur Battalion, 10th June.

[1] "The Guides distinguished themselves very much. A subadar sabred a man of the 3rd Cavalry, jerked him off his horse, and sprang from his own saddle into that of his late enemy, as he thought he could profit by the change of horses."—"The Siege of Delhi," by H. H. Greathed, page 30.

two companies of the 60th Rifles, and a hundred and fifty of the Guides. The latter I threw out in skirmishing order with directions to encourage the enemy to approach. The Rifles I extended on my left flank, guns in the centre, with Gurkhas in line on my right. About six o'clock the mutineers approached in force. The guns they had with them opened with grape on the right line of skirmishers. I then threw out another company of my own regiment in skirmishing order, in continuation of the first line. They advanced steadily, with orders to spare ammunition as much as possible. Whilst the Gurkhas were advancing, the mutineers called out to them saying they would not fire, as they (the mutineers) wished to speak to them. Others called out, 'We expect the Gurkhas to join us, we won't fire.' The Gurkhas replied, 'Oh yes, we are now coming to join you.' They closed upon their centre, and went up to within twenty paces of the mutineers, when they gave a well-directed volley, killing between twenty and thirty, and followed them up until fired on by the batteries of the Ajmere Gate."[1] The next day the mutineers made another attack on Hindu Rao's house, and were repulsed with considerable loss. The enemy knew it was the key of our position, and all through the siege made the most desperate attempts to capture it. But the post of honour and of danger was confided to Major Reid and his gallant Gurkhas, and all attempts to dislodge them were made in vain. At first Major Reid had only his own battalion and two companies of the

Attack on Hindu Rao's house.

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 294.

60th Rifles, but after a time the Guides Infantry was added, and on an alarm he was reinforced by two more companies of the 60th Rifles. "The house in which he resided with his corps was within perfect range of nearly all the enemy's heavy guns, and was riddled through and through with shot and shell. He never quitted the ridge save to attack the enemy below it, and never once visited the camp until carried to it wounded on the day of the final assault."[1]

Not deterred by their unsuccessful attacks of the 10th and 11th of June, the enemy made a more serious and determined attack on the 12th of June on our left. A short distance from the Flag-staff Tower, where two light guns and a detachment of the 75th were posted, lay on the bank of the river in the midst of an extensive park the country-seat of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe. A large body of mutineers concealed themselves among the trees, and, taking advantage of the undulating ground, gained the brow of the ridge unperceived and made a sudden and vigorous onset on the picquet at the Tower. Captain Knox of the 75th, commanding the detachment, was killed,[2] with several men. Several of the gunners

12th June. Attack on the Flag-staff Tower.

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 443.

[2] "Upon this occasion Captain Knox of Her Majesty's 75th Foot and several men of the same regiment were killed. That officer had only a moment before shot with his own hand one of the enemy, when his eye caught sight of a sepoy levelling his musket at him. "See," said he to one of his men, "that man pointing at me; take him down." The words had hardly escaped his lips when the fatal shot took effect upon his person. He was on one knee when singled out as a mark by the mutineer; and I am told as soon as he received the shot he rose regularly to 'attention,' and then fell and expired without a word or groan."—"Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi," page 68.

fell, and the guns would have been lost had not the 75th rushed forward and attacked the rebels. "The musketry fire was sharp and heavy, and the bullets fell into the camp; some of the enemy even descended to the camp side of the ridge, and three were killed in the Sepoy lines within a short distance of the tents." Reinforcements moved rapidly up in support of the picquet; and the insurgents were driven off and pursued some way. To avoid a recurrence of anything of the kind a large picquet was sent to occupy Sir Theophilus Metcalfe's ruined house close to the river, thus throwing up, as it were, the left flank of our defences, and rendering it almost impossible for the enemy to pass round on that side. This picquet eventually was thrown in advance of the house and divided into three portions —one of 150 men on a mound on the right of the compound, close to the road leading from the Cashmere Gate to the Cantonment Suddar Bazar, and from which a few men were detached to a house on and commanding the road; 50 men in a cow-house midway between this mound and the river bank; 150 men in the stables close upon the river.

Occupation of Metcalfe's House.

"All these posts were gradually strengthened by the engineers and were of much use. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe's house would have been previously occupied had it not been for the difficulty of providing one relief for the picquets, and after this it sometimes was impossible to carry out the daily reliefs. The Flagstaff continued to be held by a hundred men with two guns, and at night the sentries from this picquet

and the mound picquet in the Metcalfe compound communicated."[1]

The attack on the Flag-staff had hardly been repulsed when other bodies of insurgents advanced upon the Hindu Rao's picquet and through the Sabzi Mandi into the gardens on the right flank of the camp. "The 1st Bengal European Fusiliers were sent against them under the command of Major Jacob, and succeeded most gallantly in not only driving the enemy back, but pursued them skirmishing all through the thickly-wooded gardens of the Subzee Mundee."[2] There is little doubt that the attacks on the Flag-staff Tower and Hindu Rao's house were meant to be simultaneous, but, fortunately for us, they took place at different hours of the day.

Proposal to take the city by a *coup de main*.

It now seemed plain that we had not sufficient means to besiege the place. Instead of having the preponderance of numbers which science had declared to be needed for the reduction of a fortress, we were outnumbered by thousands. It was only on the north side that we could invest the place, and on the river face and the south the enemy were free to come in and go out as they chose. A few days had proved that in an artillery conflict the enemy had the balance of advantage. All day the richly supplied besieged went on with their cannonade, and only at intervals could our batteries reply, while for our heavy guns we had no ammunition, and the shots fired by the enemy had to be picked up and sent back again. To make regular approaches was im-

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 441. [2] *Ibid.*, page 297.

possible owing to the lack of sappers, and no men could be spared for working parties, for the majority of our effective force had to be on picquet duty. When the alarm sounded, and all the picquets had been reinforced, there remained merely a few companies of infantry, besides some cavalry and guns in reserve, to succour any point seriously attacked or to make a forward move against the enemy. Under the stress of those perils and troubles the idea seized the minds of some men that it would be better to attempt to take the city by a *coup de main.* After much hesitation General Barnard, who was urged from all quarters "to take Delhi" by those who did not understand that a city containing disciplined troops and a vast population actuated by violent passions cannot be easily overcome, gave his assent to the following plan. Two gates were to be blown up, by which our infantry, not more than eighteen hundred in number, guards and picquets included, were to effect an entrance in two columns. The safety of the camp was to be entirely entrusted to the native infantry and cavalry. About eleven o'clock Brigadier Graves, who was the field officer of the day, received verbal orders to remove the Europeans from the picquets along the height. As the order was not in writing he refused to obey it, and rode to General Barnard's tent for further instruction. Being asked by General Barnard his opinion as to the chance of success, he replied, "You may certainly take the city by surprise, but whether you are strong enough to hold it is another matter." The remark caused General Barnard once more to weigh the danger of

the undertaking, and as dawn had begun to break, and success depended on blowing in the gates by surprise, he determined to abandon the enterprise. The columns which had been actually formed were withdrawn. The abandonment of the enterprise has been severely criticised. But, judging from the resistance we afterwards experienced in the actual assault, when we had been greatly reinforced in men and guns, and judging from the stout resistance we experienced in the streets, it is certain that even if the gates had been captured the scanty force could never have held Delhi. Defeat, or even a partial success, would have been ruin.

17th June. Attack on the Eedgah.

Three days after the abandonment of the assault the enemy made another attack on the Metcalfe picquet, and were driven away after a fierce struggle. Looking out in the early morning of the 17th of June from the ridge the English descried some men busy on the knoll called the Eedgah, on the right of Hindu Rao's house. A tremendous fire from their heavy artillery, meant to distract notice, only revealed the full import of the work. A battery erected there would enfilade our whole position, and Sir Henry Barnard determined to prevent its construction. He ordered a small force in two columns to proceed to the spot and destroy the works. The right column under Major Tombs, consisting of his own troop of artillery, about 400 men of the 1st Fusiliers and 60th Rifles, 30 horsemen of the Guides, and 20 Sappers and Miners, moved towards the enemy's left, Major Reid descending from Hindu Rao's house with four companies of the 60th Rifles, while the

Gurkhas advanced towards Kissengunge and the enemy's right. Tombs, driving the enemy through a succession of gardens reached the Eedgah itself, a mosque surrounded by strong loopholed walls, where the enemy was posted in considerable force.[1] "Here a hot musketry fire was sustained for some time, until I sent orders for two of the Horse Artillery guns to be brought from the outside of the suburbs to our support. On these guns opening fire the enemy appeared to loosen their hold of the position. Seeing this, I ordered the advance, which was made with a rush, and the position was ours. We captured a 9-pounder gun and its limber here in position, and the object of the attack having been effected, I, agreeably to orders received, brought the column back into camp about 7 P.M."[2] The loss of the column was small. Major Tombs himself was slightly wounded, and had two horses killed under him, making five horses that from the commencement of the campaign up to that date had been shot under him.

The column under Major Reid was equally successful. He wrote: "I proceeded to the end of the wall, and then entered a *serai* to the right. After battering down the gates of two different

[1] "Some threw themselves into a mosque. The walls of its courtyard were loopholed and they began to fire at our men. Tombs had two horses killed under him. His bold bearing and loud voice made him the awe of the enemy. He ordered the riflemen to go up and fire into the loopholes till the doors could be forced. A train of gunpowder was got ready, a bag was attached to the gates, they were blown open, and thirty-nine sepoys were killed in the mosque."—"Siege of Delhi, by an Officer who served there," page 105.

[2] "State Papers," vol. i., page 299.

serais I succeeded in entering Kissengunge, which I found full of mutineers. Many rushed madly on, but were at once shot down by our troops. I counted thirty-one bodies in one place near one of the batteries, and nine were counted close to the battery erected on the right of a building in the centre of Kissengunge. The enemy must have lost between fifty and sixty killed, and a very great number wounded. I completely destroyed the batteries, which were not quite finished, burnt the village, the timber used in constructing batteries, the magazine (which had evidently been made by Sappers), and the gates of the *serai*, three in number." Major Reid adds: "This report would have been forwarded earlier, but my time is fully occupied at this picquet."[1] The enemy certainly afforded the commander of the Hindu Rao picquet little leisure for composition.

On the 19th, secret notice of a sortie having been received, the picquets were reinforced, and in the afternoon a large body of mutineers came out by the Lahore Gate and threatened the whole of our position, whilst a large body filed unobserved through the gardens and suburbs to our right. About sunrise some flying sowars announced that the enemy were about to attack our rear. The infantry were employed guarding the picquets from the attack in front, and only some few troops were in camp. Twelve guns and some four or five hundred cavalry under Brigadier Grant were, however, quickly collected and sent forward to meet them.

19th June. Attack on our rear.

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 301.

They found the enemy strongly supported by infantry posted in wall gardens, against which our artillery could make but little impression. Their guns poured forth a quick and well-directed fire, and the infantry from the gardens shot down our artillerymen and horses. Tombs' guns were in imminent danger when a portion of the Guides cavalry rode up. "Daly, if you do not charge," said Tombs to their leader, "my guns are taken." Daly spurred into the bushes, scarcely a dozen of his men followed him. He returned with a bullet in his shoulder, but the momentary diversion saved the guns.[1] As long as it was light, the steady fire of our guns and the dashing charges of the cavalry succeeded in keeping the rebels in check. But in the dusk of the evening their superior numbers began to tell, and "they very nearly succeeded in turning our flank, and for some time two guns were in great jeopardy." The Lancers and Guides, bent on saving the guns at all hazards, charged the enemy, but with a ditch and houses on each side their action was paralysed and their loss was severe. All was now in confusion, and the darkness of night began to increase the disorder, when the infantry came up, dashed forward, and, cutting a lane through the rebels, rescued the guns. "The firing on both sides gradually ceased, and our infantry being much too weak in numbers to attack the enemy's extended line, our troops returned to camp about 8.30 P.M., the insurgents' fire totally ceasing."[2] Our loss in this affair amounted to three

[1] "Siege of Delhi, by an Officer who served there," page 111.
[2] "State Papers," vol. I., page 444.

officers and seventeen men killed, and seven officers and seventy men wounded. Among the killed was Lieutenant-Colonel Yule of the 9th Lancers, "as fine and gallant a soldier as ever lived." Among the wounded was Brigadier J. Hope Grant, who had his horse shot under him in a charge and was saved by the devotion of two men of his own regiment and a native sowar of the 4th Irregulars. "The two men, Handcock and Purcell, stuck to me during the fight without consulting their own safety; the latter had his horse killed under him about the same time that I lost my own; and Handcock, seeing me dismounted in the midst of our foes, earnestly besought me to take his charger."[1] At this moment Rooper Khan, the orderly sowar, rode up to the Brigadier and said, "Take my horse, it is your only chance of safety." "I could not but admire his fine conduct," wrote Brigadier Grant. "He was a Hindustani Mussulman belonging to a regiment the greater part of which had mutinied; and it would have been easy for him to have killed me and gone over to the enemy; but he behaved nobly, and was ready to save my life at the risk of his own. I refused his offer; but, taking a firm grasp of his horse's tail, I told Rooper Khan to drag me out of the crowd. This he performed successfully and with great courage." Next morning the Brigadier summoned Rooper Khan to his tent, and after praising him for his gallantry offered him some little money.

[1] Handcock was the same night wounded and lost his arm. He was afterwards appointed by Her Majesty one of the gate-keepers in Windsor Park. Purcell was killed before Delhi at a later period.

guns, and opened fire. Our troops promptly turned out in force, and the enemy quickly dispersed. "To render it less easy to make attacks in the rear, which might have led to a stoppage of our communications with the Punjab, a battery for two 18-pounders was constructed behind the camp, and armed, and the rear picquets of cavalry and infantry were posted at it. Prior to this, three 18-pounders had been placed in the battery on the mound to the right of camp to check any attack from the side of the Subzee Mundee suburbs. An infantry picquet had been there all along and a cavalry picquet on the ground below, together with two horse artillery guns."[1]

23rd June. The centenary of Plassey.

After the action in rear of their camp, our troops had three days' cessation from fighting. The welcome intelligence also reached them that a reinforcement under Major Olpherts had arrived within twenty miles of Delhi. The enemy had, however, also been reinforced by the arrival of the mutineers from Jullundur and Phillour, consisting of three regiments of Infantry and the 6th Light Cavalry, and the spies reported that another attack was to be made on our rear. The day chosen was the 23rd of June, the centenary of Plassey. For many weeks a prophecy had spread throughout the land that the English rule would expire with the hundredth year, and as Clive had laid the foundation of it in the mango groves of Plassey, it must end on the centenary of that victory. The 23rd of June was also the first day of the new moon, a day of good omen with the followers of the Man of Mecca, and the

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., pages 445 and 446.

Jattra, a solemn festival of the worshippers of Vishnu, and astrologers declared that the stars in their courses would fight for the mutineers. On hearing that the rebels intended to make another attack in force on the rear, Sir Henry Barnard on the 22nd of June sent an order to Major Olpherts to march at once for camp, and the rear of his troops had not reached it when a furious cannonade was opened from the city walls. "At the same moment they opened on our right, and kept up a heavy enfilading fire on Hindu Rao's ridge which the few guns we had in position were unable to silence." On advancing through the Sabzi Mandi to the rear of Hindu Rao's house, they made a desperate attack on the Mound Battery and Major Reid's position. "No men could have fought better," wrote the gallant Reid. "They charged the Rifles, the Guides, and my own men again and again, and at one time I thought I must have lost the day. The cannonade from the city, and the heavy guns which they had brought out, raged fast and furious, and completely enfiladed the whole of my position. Thousands were brought against my mere handful of men, but I knew the importance of my position, and was determined to do my utmost to hold it till reinforcements arrived." After a while the reinforcements came, and an attempt was made from the Mound Battery to drive the rebels from the Sabzi Mandi, which with its narrow lanes, mud walls, enclosures, and flat-roofed houses, offered good cover to infantry; and from wall and roof the enemy poured forth a stream of fire on the advancing troops. The men fell fast, stricken by the bullets of the foe

and the fierce rays of the sun. Thrice were the streets cleared, but when the soldiers tried to force the houses, with their strong doors built to stand a dacoit raid, the enemy returned from every lane and renewed their murderous fire.[1] But at all hazards they must be driven back. The service of every man was required. The Fusiliers and Sikhs, who had marched twenty miles that morning, were called out and sent forward to support the attack. Through the whole of the hot tropical day did the battle rage, and it was not until evening closed that the enemy returned into the city, having lost over a thousand men. In one enclosure about one hundred and fifty men were bayoneted after a desperate struggle.

The Sabzi Mandi was now in our possession, and "from that moment we kept an advanced picquet in it of one hundred and eighty Europeans divided between a *serai* on one side and a Hindu temple on the other side of the Grand Trunk Road, and both of which were immediately strengthened and rendered defensible by the engineers. These posts were only between two hundred and three hundred yards from the right battery at Hindu Rao's ridge, the picquets from which communicated with them, and eventually a line of breastworks running up the ridge connected these picquets with the right battery. Our position was thus rendered much more secure, and the enemy

[1] "The mass then got into the Subzee Mundee and gardens on our right and made repeated attacks on the rear of Hindu Rao's house and on the mound. Our fellows followed them three times into the Subzeh-Mundee, but they got into houses and closed the doors on themselves, and when our troops withdrew came out again and fired away."—"The Siege of Delhi," by H. H. Greathed, page 68.

of the spectators from our camp posted on the ridge. They consisted of four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, a horse battery, and two post guns, and were commanded by one Bakht Khan, an old subadar of artillery. He was well known to many officers of that arm in camp. They described him as a big fat man, obsequious, fond of the society of Europeans, and very intelligent." He soon gained a great influence over the old King of Delhi, was made Commander-in-Chief, and was promised the office of Governor-General if he would drive the English from the batteries. The rebel force now amounted to about thirty thousand men. Their guns were numerous, and their ammunition appeared inexhaustible.

Proposal for a *coup de main* revived.

The arrival of reinforcements within the camp again raised the question whether the city should not be taken by a *coup de main*. A project was drawn out by which one column was to effect an entrance by blowing in the iron grating of the canal near the Cabul Gate, another column to enter the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown in, a third column to escalade the side and to endeavour to effect an entrance in that direction. At the last moment the plan was abandoned, because the General received information that on the 3rd of July, the day fixed for the assault, the rebels who had arrived from Rohilcund intended to make a serious attack on our camp. The success of the assault depended on the surprise being complete; "and we had no reason to reckon upon any want of vigilance on the part of the insurgents, who were not by any means *shut up* or

unable to send out patrols and picquets. As, moreover, for the four assaulting parties and the reserve not more than 3000 infantry (if so many) could be used, it does not seem matter for regret that this attack never took place." [1]

Colonel Baird Smith.

To one man at the time it was a matter of deep regret. Lieutenant-Colonel Baird Smith had been summoned to take the place of the Chief Engineer, whose health had completely broken down. He was bringing with him a small detachment of Pioneers from Roorkee, and had arrived within sixty miles of Delhi, on the 2nd of July, when news of the intended assault reached him. Starting at once, he arrived by hard riding on the morning of the 3rd to find that the assault had been postponed. A skilled and accomplished engineer, a man of great ability, resource, and courage, Baird Smith became, from the day of his arrival, one of the most trusted counsellors in all matters relating to the siege.

4th July. Defeat of the rebels by Major Coke.

On the afternoon of the 3rd of July large bodies of the insurgents moved into the gardens and suburbs on our right, and all our troops were turned out to meet the expected attack. But instead of attacking our picquets, the rebels moved rapidly upon Alipur, one march in our rear, and compelled a squadron of the Punjab Cavalry to fall back. The fire of their guns was heard in camp, and soon after 2 A.M. a force marched to overtake or to intercept them. It was commanded by Major Coke, and consisted of about three hundred horse, eight hundred foot, and twelve guns. At first it was impossible to determine whether

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., pages 448 and 449.

the rebels were pushing forward to Karnál or returning to Delhi. About sunrise, however, Major Coke "found the enemy were retiring to the city, but spread all over the country. On crossing the canal, a considerable body with guns were seen at a village about a mile from the bridge, where I at once proceeded to attack them. After a few rounds from their guns, they carried them off in the direction of the city before we could get up to them, which they were enabled to do as they were on a road; whereas we had to advance over the open country, which was in many places a swamp, through which the guns and troops could make their way with difficulty." A number of the enemy sought refuge in a village, where they were killed. The rest fled in all directions, followed by the Guides Cavalry, who sabred many. "It was, however, useless to attempt any further pursuit, for the heat was great, and the European soldiers exhausted." Major Coke therefore returned to the banks of the canal, and rested his men under the shade of the trees. By some misconception his artillery returned to camp. While his men were resting a fresh force from Delhi attacked them, and "we beat them back and pursued them for a considerable distance; but seeing that there was a large force collecting behind them, I withdrew the infantry and took up a position that commanded the bridge; and as I expected they were bringing up guns, I sent into camp for artillery. Before the guns arrived, however, the enemy made a second attack, and were beaten back with considerable loss. Soon after the artillery and cavalry came up and

followed the enemy, who again dispersed and fled in all directions."[1] Our men returned completely exhausted by the heat; indeed many of the 61st sank down beneath the trees, and elephants had to be sent from camp to carry them in.[2] The enemy took off their guns and returned to camp, having lost about a hundred men. Major Coke was at the time severely criticised for the comparative failure of the action. "I am dissatisfied," wrote Hodson, "with the day's work, inasmuch as more might have been done, and what was done is only satisfactory as a proof of the ease with which Anglo-Saxons can thrash Asiatics at any odds. Yesterday they were at least from ten to fifteen to one against us."[3]

Death of Sir Henry Barnard.

On the following morning Sir Henry Barnard, worn out in body and mind, fell an easy victim to cholera. He had gained the admiration and respect of his soldiers by his heroic courage, for under fire his bravery made him conspicuous even among the brave men he commanded; and he had won their love by his gracious and easy manners and his unremitting zeal for their welfare. A severe fate had placed him in a most difficult and trying position. A stranger in the land, and ignorant of oriental warfare, he was called, on the death of General Anson, to lead a weak force against an enemy formidable in numbers and resources. At the battle of Badli-ki-serai the plan of operations was bold and comprehensive, and it was owing to the courage

[1] "State Papers," vol. i., page 314.
[2] "Siege of Delhi, by an Officer who served there," page 152.
[3] "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," page 174.

and judgment he displayed in following the defeated enemy that the English gained an important base of operations before Delhi. For weeks he not only held that base against repeated attacks made by overwhelming masses, but by often acting vigorously on the offensive he restored our prestige, which was trembling in the balance. His ignorance of the land and of Indian warfare lessened his confidence in himself, and led him to depend upon others for advice and instruction. This caused him cruel anxiety, and gave an appearance of indecision to his measures. A man of years when he reached India, a campaign at the hottest season told heavily on him. Tormented by bodily pain, mentally ill at ease, harassed with ceaseless importunities from all sides to capture Delhi, pestered by impossible projects for taking it insolently thrust on him, he was allowed no peace of body or mind. His last words were full of anxious care. Thinking in his delirium that the enemy were attacking the ridge he had so long gallantly held, he exclaimed, "Strengthen the right!" Then his words and his voice failed him, and he breathed his last. The burial was fixed for the next day. The body was placed in a rude coffin of wood and conveyed to the churchyard on a gun-carriage. His Lancer escort laid him in his grave, and the guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours.

On the death of General Barnard the immediate command was assumed by General Reed. He had joined the field force on the morning of the action of Badli-ki-serai, but, unwell and greatly fatigued by a long and rapid journey during intense heat, **General Reed.**

he took no part in the action, and did not interfere with General Barnard. His first proceeding on assuming the immediate command was wise. All the bridges crossing the canal were blown up except one which we retained for our own use, and watched with videttes of cavalry. The Phoolchudder aqueduct, a work of great solidity through which the canal water flowed into the city, was also blown up. A large escort was also sent on the 8th of July to destroy the bridge over the Najafgarh jheel cut, which was effected without opposition.

9th July. Rebels surprise the mound picquet.

On the following morning the enemy showed outside the city in great force; our main picquets were reinforced, and the troops remained accoutred in their tents ready to turn out, while an unceasing cannonade was kept up from the city walls and from field artillery outside. Behind Hindu Rao's house, on our right, as we have mentioned, there was placed a battery of three 18-pounders, with an infantry picquet, all facing the Sabzi Mandi suburb. To the right of the mound on the low ground was a picquet of two Horse Artillery guns and a troop of Dragoons, the guns being this day furnished by Major Tombs' troop, commanded by Lieutenant Hills, and the cavalry from the Carabineers, commanded by Lieutenant Stillman. Still further to the right, at a fakir's enclosure, was a native officers' picquet of the 9th Irregulars, from which two videttes were thrown forward some two hundred yards on the Trunk Road. On the other side of the road were rather dense gardens. The place at which the videttes were posted was not visible

from camp, and the advance of some horsemen in white attracted but little notice, their dress being the same as that of the 9th Irregulars, from which corps the fakir's picquet was taken.[1] In a moment the leading cavalry insurgents dashed forward at speed upon the picquet.[2] A troop of Carabineers, all very young, most of them untrained soldiers, and only thirty-two in number of all ranks, turned and broke, save the officer and two other men, who nobly stood. Lieutenant Hills ordered his guns to be unlimbered, and in order to give his men time he boldly charged single-handed the head of the enemy's column, cut down the first man, struck the second, and was then ridden down, horse and all. On getting up and searching for his sword, three more men came at him (two mounted); the first man he wounded with his pistol, he caught the lance of the second in his left hand, and wounded him with his sword. The first man then came on

Lieutenant Hills and Major Tombs

1 "To show how little we were able to distinguish between these horsemen of the enemy and our own native sowars, I may briefly narrate a conversation I had with one of our wounded. 'Well, Conolly, I see you have got a bad cut, but I hope you gave as good as you received.' 'No, sir, I am sorry I did not, for the villain came up to me dressed like a respectable native, and the first thing he did, without saying a word, was to cut me over the fingers, and before I could put my bayonet into him he gave me the other cut over the head, and I fell.'"—"The First Bengal European Fusiliers in the Delhi Campaign," *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1858.

2 "State Papers," page 452.

"A large body of horse had made friends with the outlying picquets of the 9th Irregulars on our right flank, who showed them the road into camp at about half-past nine this morning. . . . The mistake of leaving an inlet into camp to be guarded by Hindustanis will not again be committed. Brigadier Wilson had in vain protested against it."—H. H. Greathed, "The Siege of Delhi," pages 104 and 105.

again, and was cut down; the third man (on foot) then came up and wrenched the sword from the hand of Lieutenant Hills (who fell in the struggle), and the enemy was about to cut him down, when Major Tombs (who had gone up to visit his two guns) saw what was going on, rushed in and shot the man, and saved Lieutenant Hills.

"By this time the enemy's cavalry had passed by, and Major Tombs and Lieutenant Hills went to look after the wounded men, when Lieutenant Hills observed one of the enemy passing with his (Lieutenant Hills') pistol. They walked towards him, and the man began flourishing his sword and dancing about. He first cut at Lieutenant Hills, who parried the blow, and he then turned on Major Tombs, who received the blow in the same manner. His second attack on Lieutenant Hills was, I regret to say, more successful, as he was cut down with a bad sword-cut on the head, and would have been no doubt killed had not Major Tombs rushed in and put his sword through the man. I feel convinced that such gallant conduct on the part of these two officers has only to be brought properly forward to meet with an appropriate reward."[1] Hills and Tombs received the soldier's most coveted prize, the Cross for Valour.

Meanwhile the sowars dashed into camp and

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel M. Mackenzie, commanding the 1st Brigade Horse Artillery, 10th July 1857.—"State Papers," vol. i., page 318.

"Tombs' account of the affair of the 9th, when the enemy's horse rode through our camp, was torn up by Mackenzie. He had omitted to say a word about himself to Mackenzie, so Mackenzie gave the General the true version. Hills is getting on very well; he behaved most gallantly."—H. H. Greathed, "The Siege of Delhi," page 119.

rode up to the native troop of horse artillery. "Get your guns ready," cried they, "and come away with us to Delhi." The artillerymen answered, "Who are you that give us orders? We obey only our own officers." They then called out to Major Olpherts' European troop, which was unlimbered close by, to fire through them at the mutineers. "A party of foot artillery now advanced, led by Captain Fagan, who had been writing in his tent close by, and had only time to relinquish his pen for a tulwar (sword), and, supported by a company of the 1st Fusiliers, drove one portion of the sowars out of camp, having killed some fifteen of them, and the guns at the mound battery on our right being brought round to bear opened on them." In the meantime, the remainder of the sowars were driven out at the rear by some cavalry. About thirty-five of the sowars were killed, including the man who led them in this daring exploit.

All this time the cannonade from the city and from many field guns outside raged fast and furious. A large body of sepoys who had posted themselves in the houses and gardens of the suburbs kept up a heavy fire on our batteries and the picquets of the Sabzi Mandi, who found it difficult to hold their own. A column under Brigadier-General Chamberlain was therefore formed to dislodge them. As this column swept up through the Sabzi Mandi, Major Reid was instructed to move down and co-operate with such infantry as could be spared from the main picquets. The insurgents were cleared out of the gardens without difficulty, but in the *serais* and houses some

Action at the Sabzi Mandi.

desperate conflicts took place. The narrow staircases leading to the roofs rang with the crash of musketry, yells and curses, as the rebels were driven, step by step, to the roof, where they were bayoneted by our soldiers. By sunset all were driven out, and the rebels suffered severely from the fire of our batteries as they returned to the city. Our loss was one officer and forty men killed, eight officers and one hundred and sixty men wounded, and eleven men missing. The loss of the enemy was about five hundred men, most of whom were killed on the spot.

Action of the 14th July 1857.

Five days later there was another hard-fought encounter. In the morning the mutineers, supported by a heavy fire of artillery from the walls, came out in great force to storm the picquets under Hindu Rao's Ridge and at the Sabzi Mandi. Our troops remained on the defensive till the afternoon, when a column was formed under Brigadier Showers to drive the enemy out of the suburbs.[1] It consisted of six horse artillery guns under Major Turner and Captain Money, the 1st Fusiliers under Major Jacob, and Major Coke's Corps of Punjab Rifles,[2] with a few of the Guides Cavalry and Hodson's Horse and the Kohat Risala.[3] Brigadier-General Chamberlain accompanied the column, and on passing the front of Hindu Rao's ridge it was joined by Major Reid with

[1] Major-General T. Reed, dated Camp before Delhi, 14th July, 1857.

[2] The 1st Regiment, Punjab Infantry.

[3] Risala, *Hind.*, from *Ar.* risāla. A troop in one of our regiments of native (so-called) Irregular Cavalry. The Kohat Risala were a body of eighty horse raised at Kohat by a chief, a personal friend of Major Coke. At the action near Alipur the troop behaved well and gallantly, but the Mir, its leader, was unfortunately killed while pursuing some of the fugitive insurgent infantry.

all the available men from his position. Under a shower of grape the troops moved on till they came to a wall lined with the enemy, and they stopped short instead of pushing up to it. "Then Chamberlain, seeing that the men hesitated to advance, leaped his horse clean over the wall into the midst of the enemy and dared the men to follow, which they did, but he got a ball in his shoulder." [1]

While the Fusiliers and Coke's men were driving the mass of the enemy through the gardens to the right, Hodson went with the Guides, Gurkhas and part of the Fusiliers along the Grand Trunk Road leading right into the gates of Delhi. "We were exposed to a heavy fire of grape from the walls, and musketry from behind trees and rocks; but pushing on, we drove them right up to the very walls, and then were ordered to retire. This was done too quickly by the artillery, and some confusion ensued, the troops hurrying back too fast. The consequence was the enemy rallied, bringing up infantry, then a large body of cavalry, and behind them again two guns to bear on us." Hodson managed to get eight of his horsemen in front, and to rally some of the Guides Infantry; Greville and Major Jacob coming up at that moment brought forward a few scattered Fusiliers. A body of the enemy's horse now advanced to the charge. But at Hodson's command his scanty band opened fire, and the rebel cavalry stopped, reeled, turned, and fled in confusion. Their

[1] "There is not a braver heart or cooler head in camp; his fault is too great hardihood and exposure in the field, and a sometimes too injudicious indifference to his own life or that of his men."—"Hodson of Hodson's Horse," page 180.

guns were left deserted, and Hodson attempted to steady his men for a charge to capture them. "We were within thirty paces; twenty-five resolute men would have been enough; but the soldiers were blown, and could not push on in the face of such odds, unsupported as we were, for the whole of the rest of the troops had retired. My eight horsemen stood their ground, and the little knot of officers used every exertion to aid us, when suddenly two rascals rushed forward with lighted portfires in their hands and fired the guns, loaded with grape, in our faces; and when the smoke cleared away we found to our infinite disgust and chagrin that they had limbered up the guns and were off at a gallop. We had then, to effect our retreat, to rejoin the column under a heavy fire of grape and musketry, and many men and officers were hit in doing it. I managed to get the Guides to retire quietly, fighting as they went, and fairly checking the enemy, on which I galloped back and brought up two guns, when we soon stopped all opposition, and drove the last Pandy into Delhi." Our loss was fifteen men killed, sixteen officers and one hundred and seventy-seven men wounded. Among the wounded were "Chamberlain shot through the arm, and little Roberts."[1] The loss of the enemy was

[1] Lord Roberts of Candahar and Waterford.

"Hodson of Hodson's Horse," page 176.

Hodson writes: "Only to say I am again mercifully preserved, safe and unhurt, after one of the sharpest encounters we have yet had. Shebbeare got wounded early in the fight, so I led the Guide Infantry myself in the skirmish of the villages and suburbs. I charged the guns with some eight horsemen, a party of the Guide Infantry and 1st Fusiliers. We got within thirty yards, but the enemy's grape was too much for our small party. Three of my officers, Shebbeare, Hawes, and

estimated at a thousand. "For hours carts were seen taking the corpses into the city." "An old temple called by the European soldiers 'The Sammy House,' situated some way down the slope of the ridge towards the city, and within nine hundred yards of the Moree Bastion, which had been for some time held by us, was the scene of hard fighting. Occupied by a party of Guides Infantry, it defied all efforts to take it, and next morning eighty dead bodies of mutineers were counted round it." [1]

Brigadier Wilson assumes the command.

On the 17th of July, Major-General Reed, whose health, from the first most feeble, had now entirely failed him, proceeded on sick leave to Simla. He made over command of the force to Brigadier Archdale Wilson of the Artillery, conferring on him the rank of Brigadier-General in anticipation of the sanction of Government, for, as a Colonel, Brigadier Wilson was not the senior officer with the troops at Delhi. He had, however, greatly distinguished himself, especially at the actions of Ghazi-ud-din-Nagar; and he was known to be a skilled artillery officer and a man of nerve and determination of character.[2]

18th July. Rebels attack the ridge batteries and Sabzi Mandi.

On the 18th July the insurgents again made a sharp and prolonged attack upon the ridge batteries

De Brett, slightly wounded, and several men; but though well to the front, my party suffered proportionately least."—"Hodson of Hodson's Horse," page 177.

[1] Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," vol. i., page 456.

Sammy House or Swamy-house. An idol temple or pagoda. "The Sammy House of the Delhi ridge in 1857 will not soon be forgotten."—Yule's "Hobson Jobson," page 672.

[2] "Wilson was an energetic officer, had a sound head and knew his work."—"The Sepoy War," by Sir Hope Grant.

"Brigadier Wilson's appointment is a subject of general congratulation."—"The Siege of Delhi," by H. H. Greathed, page 125.

and Sabzi Mandi. Towards the afternoon a column was sent to dislodge them from their position. From the numerous enclosures and broken ground occupied by the insurgents, they were enabled to offer a continued and determined resistance, which was successfully overcome by the troops under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, the mutineers being driven with severe loss into the town. This was the last real contest in the Sabzi Mandi, for by this time the incessant exertions of the engineers had cleared away the old *serais*, walls, and gardens for some distance round the posts held by our picquets in that suburb, while the breastworks[1] connecting these picquets with the crest of Hindu Rao's ridge were completed and perfected.

While the engineers were engaged in this work, the ridge defences were not neglected and gradually became most formidable. In favourable positions field guns from the captured ordnance were placed, and though the duty on the Foot Artillery was very hard, it was found possible to man all the guns with the aid of the newly-raised Sikh Artillery sent from the Punjab. The "Sammy House" was greatly strengthened, and cover provided for the men occupying it—a very necessary measure, exposed as it was to the fire of the Burn[2] and Moree Bastions, and within grape-shot of the latter, while infantry could

[1] "A rifleman said he did not like the new breastworks, as men now only get hit on the head."—"Siege of Delhi," by H. H. Greathed, page 150.

[2] Named after Colonel William Burn, who in conjunction with Colonel (afterwards General Sir David) Ochterlony defended Delhi when besieged by Holkar in 1804.

come up unperceived to within a short distance of it.[1]

At daybreak on the 23rd of July the enemy again came out in force from the Cashmere Gate, and occupying Ludlow Castle and its neighbourhood opened a fire both on the Metcalfe picquet and the ridge. Fire was opened in reply from the two field guns at the latter picquet and from two more that came up in support, and from such of the guns at Hindu Rao's house as could be brought to bear. But owing to the cover of walls and trees our guns could not silence the fire of the enemy, and a column was sent out under Brigadier Showers to attack them. "Brigadier Showers ably performed the service entrusted to him, and the result was, as anticipated, the speedy retirement of the insurgents into the city." [2] Rebels occupy Ludlow Castle.

For several days nothing occurred save the usual artillery fire on both sides and the skirmishing at our advanced breastwork. "It appears quite strange," wrote one of the besiegers, "to have had no fighting for five full days; and our fellows will begin to think they are badly used." On the 28th of July, however, a force of several thousand men with ten field guns and mortars moved out of the city, prepared to throw a bridge over the canal and attack us in the rear. A movable column was held in readiness to act against them; and was sent out at night to form an escort during the last march for

[1] Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," vol. i., page 458.

[2] Brigadier-General A. Wilson, commanding the Field Force, 12th August 1857, "State Papers," vol. i., page 334.

the convoy with five hundred Gurkhas that were expected. The convoy reached camp in the morning, and the column was again held in readiness to move at an instant's notice.[1] But the bridge, which the mutineers had nearly completed, was swept away by a flood, and in the afternoon they returned towards Delhi, a large body of infantry moving from the city at the same time to join them.

1st August 1857.

It was the 1st of August, the great Mahomedan festival of the Bukra Eed which, according to the history of Islam, commemorates the day when Abraham intended to sacrifice Ishmael.[2] It was the custom for a gorgeous procession to come forth on that day from the city and to proceed to the Eedgah, where the Moghul Emperor sacrificed a camel. This year it was determined that a far greater sacrifice should be offered up. The unbelievers were to be exterminated. A royal salute announced the day. The Jumma Musjid rang with the prayers of the

[1] Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," page 460.

[2] The following is the account given by Mahomedan writers:—

"When Ibrahim (the peace of God be upon him) founded Makkah, the Lord desired him to prepare a feast for Him. Upon Ibrahim's (the friend of God) requesting to know what He would have on the occasion, the Lord replied, 'Offer up thy son Ismail.' Agreeably to God's command he took Ismail to the Kábah to sacrifice him, and having laid him down, he made several ineffectual strokes on his throat with a knife, on which Ismail observed, 'Your eyes being uncovered, it is through pity and compassion for me you allow the knife to miss: it would be better if you blindfolded yourself with the end of your turban and then sacrificed me.' Ibrahim acted upon his son's suggestion, and having repeated the words 'Bi-smi'llahi, Allahu Akbar' (*i.e.*, 'In the name of God! God is great!'), he drew the knife across his son's neck. In the meanwhile, however, Gabriel had substituted a broad-tailed sheep for the youth Ismail, and Ibrahim unfolding his eyes observed, to his surprise, the sheep slain, and his son standing behind him."—See Qisasu'l-Ambyia.

faithful, and Brahmin priests stimulated the fanaticism of the followers of Vishnu. In the afternoon, wild with religious enthusiasm, the rebels poured forth from the city gates, which were closed behind them. Their zeal rekindled by the loud cries which rang from the minarets of the city mosques, the intrepid fanatics, shouting the old Moslem battle-cry which had struck dismay in the ranks of the Roman legion, threw themselves upon our works. A deadly fire from our breastworks checked their advance and broke their ranks. Again and again the assailants rallied and rushed upon the breastworks, but the steady volleys stopped their charge. All that August night the battle raged, the batteries from four bastions poured forth without ceasing their shot and shell, and the ridge was lighted by the flashes of our guns as they sent forth their reply; the air rang with the wild cries of the fanatics and the rolling of musketry. The day dawned and the fight still continued, and it was past noon when the enemy, who had fought manfully, retired baffled. Their loss was great. In front of a breastwork at the right of the "Sammy House," where the fiercest struggle took place, one hundred and ninety-seven dead bodies were counted.

The enemy returned to the city, their hearts sick with deferred hope. By no art and no bravery could they drive us from the ridge. They had made a well-planned and desperate assault on our rear and had failed; they had for six weeks, day after day, cannonaded our batteries and attacked our breastworks, and had been driven back to the walls. The time

they knew was nigh at hand when reinforcements would reach our camp, and they trembled for their fate. The tide had already begun to turn, and we were fast becoming the besiegers and not the besieged. To add to their anxiety, their powder manufactory was on the 7th of August accidentally blown up. Large bribes were offered by the Royal Family to the rebels to make another attack, but the majority valued their lives more than gold. A few brave men, however, volunteered to go out and fight the Feringees for a week. They brought some guns out of the Cashmere Gate, and posting them a few hundred yards in advance of the city walls at Ludlow Castle, they plied the Metcalfe picquet with shot and shell. At the same time a number of infantry skirmishers kept up a nearly constant fire from the brushwood in front of our position. They sometimes advanced with shouts, but were rapidly driven back by our fire. As the desultory fighting caused us some loss and much annoyance, it was determined to surprise them and to capture their guns. To effect this a strong body of infantry, composed of Europeans, Sikhs, and Gurkhas, with a troop of horse artillery, and a squadron of the Lancers and the Guides Cavalry, were assembled and placed under the command of Brigadier Showers. The orders were concise and distinct—"Move up silently and take the guns at Ludlow Castle." As ordered, the column, with infantry on either side and the artillery on the road, advanced in profound silence on the enemy's position. The first word heard was the challenge of the enemy's sentry, "Ho

7th August.

Brigadier Showers attacks the rebels at Ludlow Castle.

come dere?" "Take that!" was the reply as the shot entered his body. Then a volley of musketry awoke the surprised foe, who attempted to return it. "Only two guns had been fired when our men closed on the battery. Private Reegan, rushing forward, prevented the discharge of the third—a howitzer loaded with grape—which, primed and ready, was pointed on our men. The artilleryman was in the act of applying the lighted portfire when Private Reegan bayoneted him, but at the same time received a severe wound." The gunners stood to their guns, and putting their backs to the waggons fought till they were killed. Four guns were captured, and our troops, after attacking the rebels who had taken shelter in the adjoining houses and killing many of them, returned to camp. "The return to camp," wrote Hodson, "was a scene worth witnessing, the soldiers bringing home in triumph the guns they had captured, a soldier with musket and bayonet fixed riding each horse, and brave young Owen astride one gun, and dozens clinging to and pushing it, or rather them, along with might and main and cheering like mad things." Our loss was serious. An officer was killed, eight wounded, and one hundred and nine men *hors de combat.* Among the wounded officers were Brigadier Showers and Major Coke, "while in the act of capturing a gun with his own hand." "Showers was a great loss to us. Unpopular as the Brigadier of a station owing to the sternness of his character, he had gained the admiration and good will of every one before Delhi by his coolness and gallantry, and by the presence of mind and

intelligence which never deserted him under the hottest fire."[1]

[1] "This was a most brilliant affair, satisfactory in every way; and, considering the proximity of the enemy's force to Delhi, and that the action was fought under the guns of a heavy battery of theirs, the result must be considered as most felicitous and happy."—"The 1st Bengal European Fusiliers."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1858.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN NICHOLSON.

CHAPTER V.

THE same day Brigadier-General Nicholson arrived in camp, having ridden in before his column. Of all the heroes who have made the Indian Mutiny an epic, none strike the imagination like John Nicholson. He was a knight belonging to the time of King Arthur rather than to the nineteenth century. Tall of person and of majestic presence, he well justified the title of "Lion of the Punjab." Strong and brave, he had the high moral grace which makes bravery and strength beautiful. He was but a lad when at Ghazni he heard the order given for British soldiers to surrender their arms. Three times, in contempt of it, he led his men to the attack, and drove the enemy from the walls at the point of the bayonet; and when at last he was forced to give up his sword, he burst into tears in an agony of shame and grief.[1] Daring and resolute, when the Punjab became a British province, he was called on to curb the wild and lawless tribes of the frontier. He not only tamed them, but he inspired them with such awe and respect that they regarded him as a divine being and worshipped him.[2] He was engaged in introducing peace and order in the Peshawar Valley

7th August. General Nicholson.

[1] "Lives of Indian Officers," by John W. Kaye, vol. ii., page 423.

[2] Literally deified, according to Colonel Herbert Edwardes. A brotherhood of Fakirs in Hazara abandoned all other forms of religion and took to the worship of Nykkul Seyne when Nicholson went among them.

when the mutiny occurred, and it was at a council of war held at Peshawar that Nicholson suggested the idea of organising a movable column to suppress mutiny wherever it might appear in the Punjab. The formation of the column was heartily approved by Sir John Lawrence, and carried into execution without delay. Brigadier Neville Chamberlain was appointed to command it. When he relinquished the command on proceeding to Delhi as Adjutant-General, Nicholson was appointed to succeed him with the rank of Brigadier-General. He was at the time only thirty-five years of age, and a regimental captain in civil employ, but he quickly justified the confidence which all who knew him placed in him. On the 22nd of June he assumed command; two days later he proceeded to Phillour, and disarmed the native troops at that station, thus preserving the only arsenal in India which could supply the army before Delhi. His next exploit was the pursuit and annihilation of the mutineers who had murdered many of the Europeans at Sialkot. On receiving the welcome orders to march for Delhi, he pushed forward with all speed, and, on reaching Umballa, he hurried on in advance of his men to consult with General Wilson. After taking counsel with the Chief, he returned to the column, and on the 14th of August he marched into camp at the head of it. It consisted of—

Arrival of the movable column.

Captain Bourchier's European Horse Battery,
Her Majesty's 52nd Regiment Light Infantry,
The remaining wing of Her Majesty's 61st Regiment,
The 2nd Regiment Punjab Infantry, and

two hundred Mooltanee horse. The reinforcement met with a joyful welcome. After six weeks' incessant fighting the British troops had held their own and now succour had come, and the hearts of all were gladdened at the prospect of assaulting Delhi. But before that could be done with success they must wait for the siege-train which, with a large quantity of ammunition, was slowly wending its way from the Punjab.

The day the column marched into camp it was ascertained that a body of the enemy, principally cavalry, had left Delhi in order to cut off our communication with the Punjab, and Hodson was sent out to watch them. He took with him a hundred of the Guides Cavalry, twenty-five Jhind horsemen, and his own newly-raised corps of two hundred and thirty-three sabres.[1] Many of the latter had not yet learnt to handle their arms on horseback, and many of the horses were half-broken, but they were wild, brave men from the border, ready to die for one who knew how to command and lead them. As they marched forth out of camp they presented a warlike appearance, dressed in their dust-coloured tunics,[2] with scarlet sash and scarlet turbans. The first day they managed to surprise a number of the enemy's irregular cavalry, and slew a large number. The flooded state of the country

Hodson's march to Rohtuck.

[1] "At present it is merely an aggregation of untutored horsemen, ill-equipped, half-clothed, badly provided with everything, quite unfit for service in the usual sense of the term, and only forced into the field because I have willed that it shall be so."—"Hodson of Hodson's Horse," page 108.

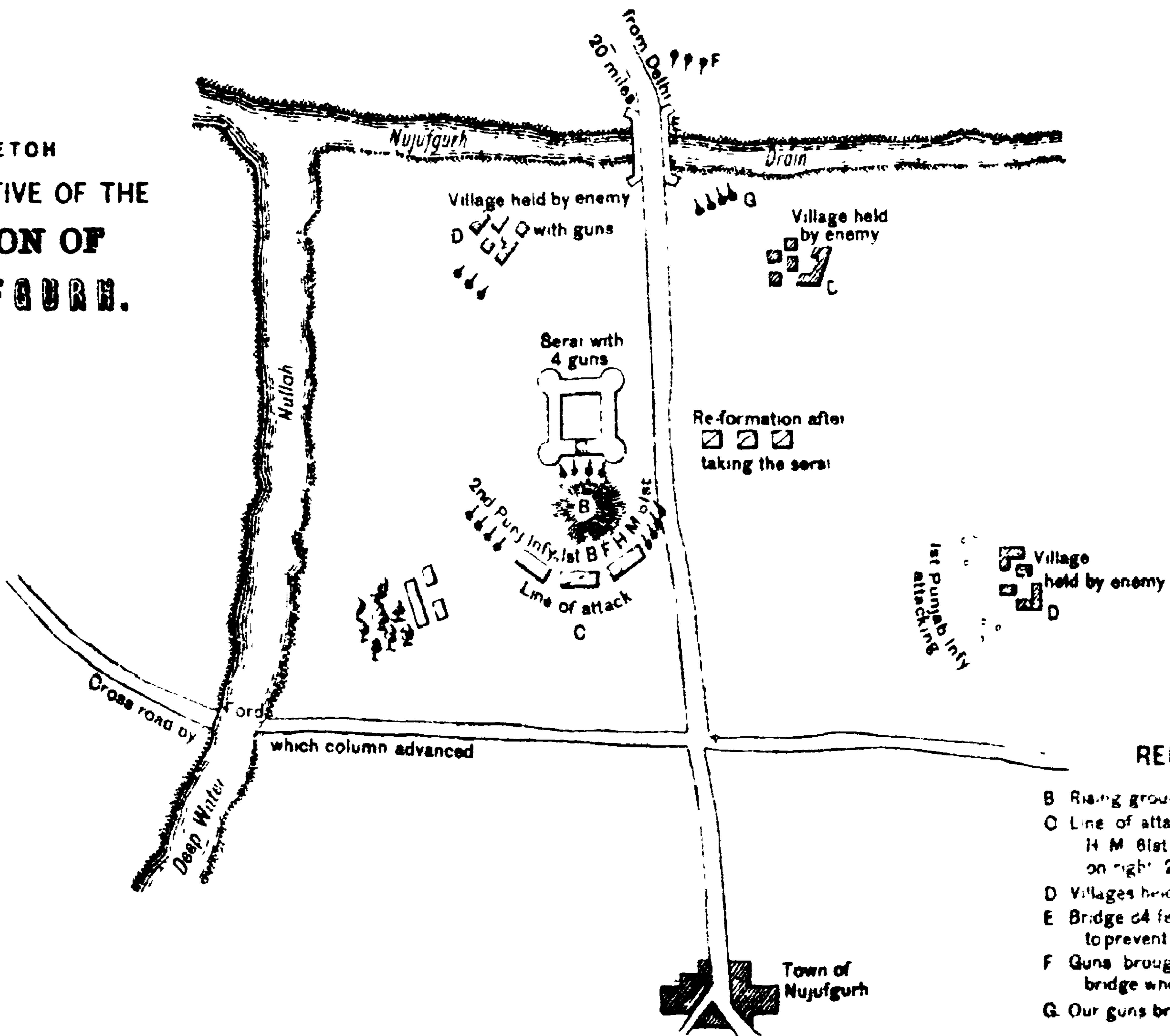
[2] Their dress gained them the name of the Flamingos.

rendered movement extremely difficult, but Hodson pushed on to Rohtuck, on approaching which he had a skirmish with a body of footmen and a few sowars, and defeated them. He then encamped for the night on the outskirts of the town. Next morning he was again attacked by about three hundred irregular horse and nine hundred matchlock-men. The assailants were immediately charged and driven back, but as a fire was kept up from the enclosures near the town, Hodson determined to retire and to draw them out into the open country. "Everything turned out as I expected; my men withdrew slowly and deliberately by alternate troops (the troop nearest the enemy by alternate ranks) along the line of the Bohur road, by which we had reached Rohtuck, our left extending towards the main road to Delhi. The Jhind horsemen protected our right, and a troop of my own regiment the left. The enemy moved out the instant we withdrew, following us in great numbers, yelling and shouting and keeping up a heavy fire of matchlocks.

"Their horsemen were principally on their right, and a party galloping up the main road threatened our left flank. I continued to retire until we got into open and comparatively dry ground, and then turned and charged the mass who had come to within from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards of us.

"The Guides, who were nearest to them, were upon them in an instant, closely followed by and soon intermixed with my own men.

"The enemy stood for a few seconds, turned, and



No. 264, Mil.—May 08.—60. + 32.
Photo. S I O Calcutta.

then were driven back in utter confusion to the very walls of the town, it being with some difficulty that the officers could prevent their men entering the town with the fugitives. Fifty of the enemy, all horsemen, were killed on the ground, and many must have been wounded."[1] Hodson brought his men safe back to camp with only thirteen wounded.

On the 24th of August a large body of the enemy with eighteen guns left Delhi with the avowed intention of intercepting the siege-train. At daybreak on the following morning a column under Brigadier-General Nicholson was despatched to follow them and bring them to action. It consisted of about two thousand infantry and cavalry, with sixteen horse artillery guns. The march was wearisome and fatiguing to the men. The rain was falling in torrents, and the roads were mere quagmires. It was only by putting their shoulders to the wheels that the artillerymen got the guns through two wide swamps. At noon a halt was sounded, but the General, hearing that the rebels were about twelve miles in front at a place called Najafgarh, determined if possible to overtake and rout them before nightfall. The men were worn by the morning's march, but their discipline was good, and, eager to meet the foe, they cheerfully responded to their General's call and pushed forward. At sunset they reached a branch of the Najafgarh Canal, which the rains had flooded into the depth and dimensions of a river, and found the enemy posted on the other side to the left of the line

24th August 1857.

Battle of Najafgarh.

[1] From Lieutenant W. S. R. Hodson, commanding the Irregular Horse, 24th August 1857.—"State Papers," vol. i., page 352.

of advance. Their position extended from a bridge over the main canal to the town of Najafgarh, a distance of a mile and three-quarters or two miles. "Their strongest point was an old *serai* on their left centre, in which they had four guns; nine more guns were between this and the bridge." The stream was full and rapid and the ford difficult and deep, and with much difficulty and some delay the passage was effected under a heavy fire from the enemy. The evening was far advanced before all the troops had crossed, and Nicholson had only time to make a very hasty reconnaissance. He quickly determined to attack the *serai* and force the left centre, and then, changing front to the left, to sweep down their line of guns towards the bridge. One hundred men of each corps were left in reserve, and the 61st Foot, the 1st Fusiliers, and the 2nd Regiment Punjab Infantry were formed up, with four guns on the right and ten on the left flank, supported by the squadrons of the 9th Lancers and the Guides Cavalry. General Nicholson rode down the line, and speaking to the men in his clear, commanding voice, warned them to hold their fire till within close quarters, and ordered them to lie down below the low ridge on which the guns were posted, but he himself kept his saddle, and remained in the centre until the moment came when he could lead them forward. The English batteries now began to play with astonishing activity and accuracy, and after a few rounds Nicholson gave the word, and the men rose alert from the ground and rushed over the hillock. Then, amidst a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, they worked their way

forward through the deep morass. They gained ground only by degrees, and many fell beneath the storm of grape, canister, and musketry. But they fired not a shot, they went forward. Nicholson, riding in front, cheered them on till they came within thirty yards of the enemy's batteries, and then he gave the word "Charge," and with a volley and a loud English shout they rushed the guns. Close and desperate then was the fight, but the British soldiers won their way, and carried the *serai* at the point of the bayonet. Then, changing front, they swept down the enemy's line towards the bridge. The rebels, finding the whole position of their guns had been turned, made little resistance, and were soon in full retreat across the bridge, with our guns playing upon them. Our troops followed hard, and thirteen of the rebel guns were captured. The General supposed the conflict was at an end, when it was reported to him that a strong village in the rear was still occupied by the enemy. "I immediately sent orders to Lieutenant Lumsden, who was then nearly abreast of the village, to drive them out; but, though few in number, they had remained so long that our troops were on all sides of them, and seeing no line of retreat they fought with extreme desperation."[1] The 1st Punjab Rifles were driven back and their commander killed, and the 61st Foot had to be sent in support before the place was taken. "Indeed, more properly speaking, it was not taken, but evacuated by the enemy

[1] From Brigadier-General J. Nicholson, commanding the 4th Infantry Brigade, dated Camp before Delhi, the 28th August 1857.—"State Papers," vol. i., page 362.

during the night."[1] It was dark before the battle was over, and after fourteen hours' marching and fighting, the troops had to bivouac in the field without food or covering of any kind. The bridge was blown up during the night by our sappers, and the enemy having retreated to Delhi, the force returned to camp next morning. Our loss was about one hundred men *hors de combat;* three officers were dangerously wounded, two of whom died. "To Brigadier-General Nicholson's judgment, energy, and determination," wrote General Wilson, "I attribute mainly the glorious results of the expedition, and next to the steadiness and gallantry in action, and the cheerfulness under great privation and fatigue, exhibited by the officers and men placed under his command."

3rd Sept. Arrival of siege-train.

No further attempt was made to molest the siege-train, and on the 3rd of September over thirty pieces of heavy ordnance, with ample supplies of ammunition, arrived in camp. The engineers had in the meanwhile been busy making preparations for the commencement of active operations for the capture of the city. The first step taken was to dig a trench to the left of the Sammy House, at the end of which a battery was constructed for four 9-pounders and two 24-pounder howitzers. The object of this battery was to prevent sorties from the Lahore or Kabul Gate passing round the city wall to annoy our breaching batteries, and also to assist in keeping down the fire of the Moree Bastion. It, moreover,

Preparations for the assault.

[1] Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," vol. i., page 464.

led the enemy to believe that we would attack them from this side. But, contrary to their expectation, it was resolved to push the main attack on the left, because the river would completely protect our flank as we advanced, and there was better cover on that side. The front to be attacked consisted of the Moree, Cashmere, and Water Bastions with the curtain walls connecting them. The bastions were the only part on which guns could be mounted, as the connecting curtains were merely parapets made strong enough only for a musketry fire, and therefore if we could silence the bastions we could break the wall without difficulty. By the 6th of September all the reinforcements had arrived, and it was determined that the siege should be at once commenced and prosecuted with the utmost vigour. Our available force amounted in round numbers to 6500 infantry, 1000 cavalry, and 600 artillery, and of these only 3317 were British troops.[1] As we had too few artillerymen, volunteers were called upon from the Lancers and 6th Dragoon Guards to work the batteries, and all the gunners of the horse artillery were ordered into the trenches. In the trenches the old Sikh artillerymen, who had dealt death into our ranks at Ferozeshah and Sobraon, and whom John Lawrence had persuaded to leave their ploughs and come to Delhi, also did good service for us. Some

[1] "The European corps were mere skeletons, the strongest only having 409 effective rank and file, while the 52nd Regiment Light Infantry, which three weeks before had arrived with fully 600 rank and file out of hospital, had now only 242."—Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," vol. i., page 466.

companies of Muzbee Sikhs[1] were partially trained to remedy the scarcity of sappers, and a body of coolies bravely lent their aid to erect the batteries.

7th Sept. Construction of the batteries.

On the 7th of September, in the dusk of the evening, the first battery was silently traced out seven hundred yards from the Moree Bastion. The moon rose on a busy scene; a long string of camels brought the fascines and sandbags, and hundreds of men were busy in raising them up. The work had to be finished by dawn, before the enemy discovered our operations and made their completion impossible. The work went on as quietly as possible, but some sound attracted the attention of the mutineers, and a flash from the Moree Bastion lit up the sky and a shower of grape ploughed up the ground amid the workmen and killed several of them. Then swiftly followed another shower and more men fell. If the fire continued the work must be relinquished, for the men were quite exposed. But fortunately the rebels, thinking the sound proceeded only from some working parties cutting brushwood, ceased firing, believing that they had succeeded in scaring them. All through the night every man worked his hardest, but when dawn broke only one gun had been mounted on its platform, and the enemy, seeing what was being done, opened fire. Round after round of shot and grape came crashing against the battery, but our men continued their work and at last it was completed. Then our guns belched forth their fire and the

[1] Muzbee—the name of a class of Sikhs originally of low caste, vulg. *mazbi*, apparently *mazhabé*, from Ar. mazhab.—"Hobson-Jobson," Col. Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., and A. C. Burnell, R.H.B., C.I.E.

masonry of the fortifications began to fall, and by the afternoon the Moree Bastion had ceased to fire and was a heap of ruins. This battery was afterwards known as Brind's Battery, being commanded by Major Brind, who worked it with great effect till the end of the siege.[1] It consisted of five 18-pounders and one howitzer to the right, with four 24-pounders to the left, under the command of Major Kaye, which were to play on the Cashmere[2] Bastion.

No. 1 Battery, or Brind's Battery.

On the evening of the 8th September we seized Ludlow Castle, within six hundred yards of the city. It had always formed an advanced picquet of the

[1] It was said of Major Brind that he "never slept," and the statement was no great exaggeration. I am told that he more than once addressed his men, saying, as he shouldered a musket, "Now you lie and rest. Your commandant will defend the battery." The same informant, himself an officer of the highest gallantry, often mentioned in preceding pages of this narrative, said to me: "We talk about Victoria Crosses—Brind is a man who should be covered with them from head to foot." See also letters of Major Reid, now (1875) Sir Charles Reid, one of the foremost of the Delhi heroes: "Battery No. 1 was commanded by my dear old friend Major Brind, who had been constantly on duty with me on the Ridge, and who had given me most able assistance on the night of the Eed attack. Indeed, on all occasions the exertions of this noble officer were indefatigable. He was always to be found where his presence was most required; and the example he set to his officers and men was beyond all praise. A finer soldier I never met."—Kaye's "Sepoy War," vol. iii., page 560.

[2] A miniature embrasure erected in the north-west corner of the courtyard of the new police barracks marks the spot where the right section of the battery, under the immediate command of Major Brind, was situated. Another miniature embrasure behind the bungalow on the opposite side of the road marks the site of the left section. On the 10th this section caught fire, but Lieutenant Lockhart and six or seven Gurkhas, gallantly mounting under a heavy fire the top of the parapet, succeeded by pouring sand on the blazing battery in extinguishing the flames. The section, however, was destroyed.

enemy,[1] and it was a matter of surprise that they should have let it be taken without a fight. But there is little doubt the enemy still thought the attack was to be on the right, where all the fighting had hitherto been, and where all our old batteries were located. To the left of Ludlow Castle and a little in advance stood an enclosed garden called the Kudsia Bagh, and both places were now occupied by strong detachments, and formed our chief support to the left attack. During the night of the 9th and

No. 2 Battery.

10th, No. 2 Battery was completed and partially armed, but not yet unmasked. It was constructed immediately in front of Ludlow Castle, five hundred yards from the Cashmere Bastion. It was made in two portions,[2] the right half for seven heavy howitzers and two 18-pounders; the left half, about two hundred yards distant, was for nine 24-pounders. The whole of the eighteen guns were destined to silence the fire of the Cashmere Bastion, to knock away the parapet right and left that gave cover to the defenders, and to open the main breach by which the town was to be stormed.[3] The right portion was under the command of Major Kaye[4] and the left under Major J. H. Campbell, until he was compelled from a severe

[1] "They were driven out of it on the 23rd of July and 12th of August, when the four guns were taken, but it was no advantage for us to hold it until we were prepared to adopt the offensive in earnest." —"The Siege of Delhi," by H. H. Greathed, page 230.

[2] Two miniature embrasures mark the spot. Lord Roberts served in this battery during the bombardment.

[3] "A Year's Campaigning in India," by Captain J. G. Medley, Bengal Engineers, page 80.

[4] He was transferred from the left section of Battery No. 1 after it had been destroyed.

grape shot wound to make over the command to Captain E. B. Johnson.

On the night of the 10th September No. 4 Battery was also made in the Kudsia Bagh. It consisted of ten heavy mortars, and was under the command of Major Tombs.[1] No. 4 Battery.

The first site chosen for the left breaching battery was discovered to be bad, and on the night of the 10th of September Captain Taylor, in searching for a better place, found a large building, an old custom house, about a hundred and sixty yards from the Water Bastion, which the enemy, with the most unaccountable negligence, had neither destroyed nor occupied. It was seized, and a battery that night commenced behind it. The rebels, discovering that our men were working in that direction, poured in an incessant shower of shot and shell. Thirty-nine men were killed and wounded that night. But with rare courage did the workmen continue their task. "They were merely the unarmed native pioneers, and not meant to be fighting men. With the passive courage so common to natives, as man after man was knocked over, they would stop a moment, weep a little over their fallen friend, pop his body in a row along with the rest, and then work on as before." At dawn, the working party was withdrawn, or every man would have been destroyed. No. 3 Battery.

[1] When at Delhi, Major Cunliffe, of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and myself tried one morning to discover the spot where this battery was situated, but we were unable to find it. In the evening, Lord Roberts kindly drove Major Cunliffe to the Kudsia Bagh, and spent an hour in searching for the spot, but the actual position of the battery has escaped his most accurate memory.

On the 11th the heavy guns were drawn into position under a sharp and constant fire of musketry which severely galled the men. When finished the battery mounted six 18-pounders. It was commanded by Major Scott.[1]

[1] "The establishment of Major Scott's battery within one hundred and eighty yards of the wall, to arm which heavy guns had to be dragged from the rear under a constant fire of musketry, was an operation that could rarely have been equalled in war." — Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," vol. i., page 481.

A miniature embrasure in the Kudsia Bagh marks the spot where this battery was situated.

CHAPTER VI.

AT eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of September, the great breaching battery opened fire, and as the shot told and the stones began to fly a loud cheer burst forth from the artillerymen. The Cashmere Bastion attempted to reply, but was quickly silenced, and the bastion and curtain came rushing down on all sides. On the 12th of September, No. 3 Battery was unmasked, and fifty guns and mortars from the four batteries poured their storm of shot and shell upon the city. Night and day was the overwhelming fire continued. But the garrison did not allow the bombardment to proceed without interruption. Unable to work a gun from any of the bastions, they brought them into the open and enfiladed our batteries. They got a gun to bear upon our front from a hole in the curtain wall. They sent rockets from one of their Martello towers, and they maintained a perfect storm of musketry from their advanced trench and from the city walls. No part of the batteries was left unsearched by their fire. Though three months' incessant work in them had made our men skilful in using the cover they had, many were laid low by the deadly fire of muskets and enfilading artillery. Our loss during the six days the trenches were open was three hundred and twenty-seven.

The breaching battery opens fire, 11th Sept.

Engineer officers examine the breaches.

On the night of the 13th of September, four engineer officers were sent down to examine each of the two breaches near the Cashmere and Water Bastions. Medley and Lang stole through the enemy's skirmishers, reached the edge of the ditch undiscovered, descended it, and soon would have been at the top of the breach, when they heard footsteps coming towards it. They climbed back to their own side, and, throwing themselves down on the grass, waited in silence. "A number of figures immediately appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky, and not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not apparently see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping they would go away, when another attempt might be made. Meanwhile, we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope easy of ascent, and that there were no guns on the flank. We knew by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. It was, however, desirable if possible to get to the top, but the sentries would not move." After waiting a few minutes, Medley gave the signal, and the party started to their feet, and quickly retreated towards the camp. "Directly we were discovered, a volley was sent after us; the balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched."[1] Medley reported the breach to be practicable, and a similar report having been received

[1] "A Year's Campaigning in India," by Captain J. G. Medley, page 99.

from Home and Greathed, orders were at once issued for the assault to take place the coming morning.

The infantry of the storming force was organised in five columns. The first, under Brigadier-General Nicholson, consisted of— The assaulting columns.

		Men.
Her Majesty's 75th Regiment	. . .	300
The First Bengal European Fusiliers	.	250
The 2nd Punjab Infantry	. . .	450

It was to storm the breach near the Cashmere Bastion, and escalade the face of the bastion. The engineers attached to this column were Medley, Lang, and Bingham.

The second column, under Brigadier Jones of Her Majesty's 61st Regiment, consisted of—

		Men.
Her Majesty's 8th Regiment	. . .	250
The 2nd Bengal European Fusiliers	.	250
The 4th Regiment of Sikh Infantry	.	350

It was to storm the breach in the Water Bastion. The engineers with this column were Greathed, Hovenden, and Pemberton.

The third column, under Colonel Campbell of Her Majesty's 52nd Regiment of Light Infantry, consisted of—[1]

		Men.
The 52nd Regiment Light Infantry	.	200
The Kumaon Battalion of Gurkhas	.	250
The 1st Regiment Punjab Infantry	.	500

[1] "The Colonel commanded ours, consisting of the 52nd, Kumaon Battalion of Gurkhas, and Coke's regiment of Punjab Irregulars. We could only muster 260 of all ranks, the Gurkhas 200, and Coke's regiment 500 men."—"Historical Record of the 52nd Regiment (Oxfordshire Light Infantry), 1755–1858," by W. S. Moorsom.

It was to assault by the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown up. The engineers were Home, Salkeld, and Tandy.

The fourth column, under Major C. Reid, commanding the Sirmur Battalion, consisted of the Sirmur Battalion of Gurkhas and Guides and such of the picquets (European and native) as could be spared from Hindu Rao's house, altogether 860 men, and 1200 men of the Cashmere Contingent. It was to attack the suburbs of Kissengunge and Paharipore, and support "the main attack by effecting an entrance at the Cabul Gate after it should be taken." The engineers attached to this column were Maunsell and Tennant.

The fifth or reserve column, under Brigadier Longfield, Her Majesty's 8th Regiment, consisted of—

	Men.
Her Majesty's 61st Regiment . .	250
The 4th Punjab Infantry . . .	450
The Beluch Battalion	300
The Jhind Contingent	300

and 200 of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles, who joined after the assault had been made. It was to await the result of the attack, and, on the columns entering the city, to take possession of the posts which the General had previously assigned to it. The engineers were Ward and Thackeray.

Long before dawn broke the assaulting columns had taken their appointed places. The first column was marched silently down to the Kudsia Bagh; the second a little to the right; and the third waited on the high road which leads to the Cashmere Gate.

There were some six thousand five hundred men, who were going to take that strong city defended by thirty thousand desperate and disciplined rebels. About seventeen hundred of that force were British soldiers. A handful of men, but terrible in their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their hearts. Toil and hardship, and the memory of their slaughtered women and children, had made them savage and determined to wreak vengeance on the guilty city.[1] An incessant play of artillery was kept up on the walls, in order to drive the enemy from the breaches and protect the columns as they formed. It was intended that the assault should be delivered at the break of day; but many of the men belonging to the different regiments of the storming force had been on picquet duty all night, and it took some time for them to join their respective corps. The sun had risen high over the horizon,[2] when the loud roar of the guns suddenly ceased, and each soldier during the brief moment of silence braced himself for the conflict. Then Nicholson gave the signal. The Rifles, with a loud cheer, dashed to the front in skirmishing order, and at the same moment the heads of the first two columns appeared from the Kudsia Bagh and moved silently and steadily against the breach.

[1] The news of the foul massacre at Cawnpore had reached the soldiers.

[2] "Some unavoidable delay took place which detained the advance, and it was already day-dawn when the columns got fairly in motion."—"A Year's Campaigning in India," by Captain J. G. Medley, page 104.

"It was broad daylight when we assaulted."—"Historical Record of the 52nd Regiment (Oxfordshire Light Infantry), 1755–1858," by W. S. Moorsom.

The first column.

No sooner were the front ranks of the first column seen by the rebels than a storm of bullets met them from every side, and officers and men fell fast on the crest of the glacis. Then for many minutes, amidst a blaze of musketry, the soldiers stood at the edge of the ditch, for it was found impossible to lower the ladders. Dark figures crowding in the breach hurled stones at their heads and dared them to come on. The ladders were thrown into the ditch, and the men leaped into it and raised them against the escarp. The heroic Nicholson, at the head of his part of the column, was the first to ascend and reach the breach, and the soldiers pressed after him.[1] The

[1] "To that most brilliant officer, Brigadier-General J. Nicholson, whose professional character and qualifications are so well known and appreciated, I am under the greatest obligations for the daring manner in which he led his column to the assault."—From Major-General A. Wilson, commanding the Delhi Field Force, to the Adjutant-General of the Army.—"State Papers," vol. i., page 379.

"The 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, led by Brigadier-General Nicholson in person, escaled the left face of the Cashmere Bastion."—From Captain W. Brookes, 75th Regiment, to the Assistant Adjutant-General, Delhi Field Force.—"State Papers," vol. i., page 399.

"Ever foremost in daring, Nicholson, in advance of his men, was the first on the wall, at the head of his part of the column. Major Jacob, Captain Greville, and other officers of the Fusiliers were the next moment by his side."—"The Punjab and Delhi in 1857," by the Rev. J. Cave Browne, M.A., vol. ii., page 175.

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman writes: "As to Nicholson being the first to assault the breach, I have personally no doubt that he was *not* in this position. It would be contrary to all usage for a General to lead the stormers. Had he done so, he would certainly have been killed or wounded, and my own vision, with the aid of glasses, convinced me that he did not lead the assault."

"The column under Nicholson was unfortunate in having no one to record its formation for the attack. Nicholson of course was too seriously wounded to send in a report. The next senior officer of his column (Colonel Herbert of the 75th) was also wounded. The next senior officer, Major Jacob of the 1st Fusiliers, died of his wounds, and

other section diverged a little to the right to escalade the adjoining bastion. Lieutenant FitzGerald of the 75th was the first to mount, and fell mortally wounded. But many took his place. The breaches were filled with the dead and dying, and for a few seconds along the battlements the conflict raged fiercely, but the rebels were hurled back, and the ramparts which had so long defied us were our own.

The second column had also carried the breach at the Water Bastion. Led by Greathed and Hovenden of the Engineers, who marched ahead with the ladder party, they emerged from the cover of No. 3 Battery. No sooner were they seen than they were met by so terrible a discharge of musketry that both the Engineer officers fell severely wounded, and of the thirty-nine ladder men twenty-nine were wounded in a few minutes. Their comrades swiftly seized the ladders, and, after one or two vain attempts, reared them against the escarp. Then amidst showers of stones and bullets the soldiers ascended, rushed the breach, and, slaying all before them, drove the rebels from the walls. The second column.

The third column had in the meantime advanced The third column.

the officer who drew up the report of the column was Captain Brookes of the 75th, who probably hardly knew the exact formation."

"If you will look at the report of the officer in command of the 2nd column (from Brigadier William Jones, C.B., commanding the 2nd column, 'State Papers,' vol. i., page 400), you will see that that column had a storming party, reserves, and support, and doubtless Nicholson told off his column in such sort of way."

"There is nothing in this to show that Nicholson may not have placed himself at the head of the 1st Fusiliers, as alleged by Captain Brookes, but this is very different from being the first to ascend the breach."

"Sir A. Wilson says that Nicholson led his column to the assault, but this does not mean that he headed the stormers."

Explosion of the Cashmere Gate.

towards the Cashmere Gate, and halted while the party who were to blow in the gates went forward. "Covered by the fire of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles this party advanced at the double towards the Cashmere Gate; Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants John Smith and Carmichael and Havildar Madhoo, all of them Sappers, leading, and carrying the powder bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and a section of the remainder of the party. The advanced party reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed, but passing across the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder, Havildar Madhoo being at the same time wounded. The powder being laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to perform its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge, Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the slow match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully performed his duty. Havildar Tiluk Sing, of the Sappers and Miners, was wounded, and Ram Nath, sepoy of the same corps, was killed during this part of the operation.

"The demolition having been successful, Lieutenant Home, happily unwounded, caused the bugler to sound the regimental call of the 52nd Regiment as the signal for the advance of the column. Fear-

ing that amid the noise of the assault the sound might not be heard, he had the call repeated three times, when the troops advanced and carried the gateway with entire success."[1] Salkeld, mortally wounded, handing over the portfire and bidding his comrade light the train, is one of those incidents which will remain till the end of time conspicuous on the page of history.

The fourth column under Major Reid advanced from the Sabzi Mandi towards Kissengunge, the Cashmere Contingent co-operating in two divisions; the main body under Major R. C. Lawrence acting as a reserve, and a detachment under Captain Dwyer attacking the Eedgah upon the right. The latter was so sharply attacked by the insurgents, who were in great force, that, after losing a great number of men and four guns, it was completely routed. Major Reid finding the Jummoo Contingent engaged, moved down the road towards Kissengunge to their support. "The enemy opened fire from the bridge

The fourth column.

[1] From Lieutenant-Colonel R. Baird Smith, Chief Engineer, Delhi Field Force, 17th September 1857, pages 394 and 395.

"The storming party and supports were almost mixed. There was such a row we could not distinguish the bugle, nor did we hear the explosion. We then saw the Colonel, Synge, who was acting Brigade-Major, and the head of the reserve, coming round the corner, so, seeing something was wrong, Crosse ran on, meeting, as he started, Bayley shot through the left arm, and after a little check at the mantlet—a door-like affair in the causeway (which, by the way, at the bridge, was only two or three beams)—Crosse got in first through the gate, closely followed by Corporal Taylor, who behaved very well in this affair. The small, spare door that all these large gates have was the portion blown in, but the large gates were also partly displaced. . . . The Colonel and Synge were among the first six inside."—"Historical Record of the 52nd Regiment (Oxfordshire Light Infantry), 1755-1858," by W. S. Moorsom.

over the canal, and from behind walls and the loop-holed *serai* of Kissengunge. Major Reid fell wounded in the head. The fall of their gallant leader checked the advance of the Gurkhas. The Fusiliers came to the front at the double, led by Captain Wriford.

"The rush of the Rifles and Fusiliers placed them for the moment in possession of the breastwork at the end of the *serai*; but those men, unsupported, were unable to maintain the position under the heavy flanking fire to which they were exposed.

"The native troops lined a garden to the right of the road, and Lieutenant R. H. Shebbeare, whose gallantry in this trying affair was the admiration of every one, with a few of the Guides and some Europeans, took possession of a mosque. Every effort was made here to re-form the troops and charge the enemy's position, but without success, though many officers sacrificed themselves in the attempt." [1]

Captain Muter, 60th Rifles, who succeeded to the command of the advance after Major Reid's fall, the next senior officer to Major Reid, Major Lawrence, being in command of the reserve, and therefore some way in the rear, fearing that the enemy's great strength might encourage him to attack our batteries on the hill, judiciously withdrew the advanced troops to the Sabzi Mandi. When Major Lawrence became aware of Major Reid's fall, he assumed command of the whole column, made all subsequent

[1] From Captain D. D. Muter, Her Majesty's 1st Battalion 60th Royal Rifles.—"State Papers," vol. i., page 413.

dispositions, and maintained the defence of the ground in the neighbourhood of the canal.[1]

The enemy, elated with their success, attacked them vigorously in great numbers from the Lahore Gate. There was grave danger of their breaking into our unguarded camp or turning the flank of our storming parties. The guns from Hindu Rao's house, however, checked their advance by pouring shrapnel amongst them, and at the critical moment Brigadier Hope Grant brought up the cavalry brigade which had been covering the assaulting columns. "In an instant," wrote a gallant officer of Hodson's Horse, "horse artillery and cavalry were ordered to the front, and we went there at the gallop, bang through our own batteries, the gunners cheering us as we leapt over the sandbags, &c., and halted under the Moree Bastion under as heavy a fire of round shot, grape, and canister as I have ever been under in my life."[2] The artillery dashed to the front, unlimbered, and opened upon the enemy. From the gardens and houses of Kissengunge, only two or three hundred yards off, the enemy poured upon them a deadly fire of musketry, and showers of grape came from the Lahore Bastion. Owing to the nature of the ground our troopers could not charge, and "had we retired, they would at once have taken our guns. Had the guns retired with us, we should have lost the position." For two hours the troopers, drawn up in battle array, sat

[1] Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," vol. i., page 478.

[2] Letter from Lieutenant MacDowell, second in command of Hodson's Horse.—"Hodson of Hodson's Horse," page 216.

still, while their ranks were every minute cruelly rent by musket-ball and grape. "Not a man flinched from his post, though under this galling fire for two hours." The Brigadier and four officers composing his staff had their horses killed under them; two of them were wounded. The Brigadier himself was hit by a spent shot. Of Tombs' troop alone, twenty-five men out of fifty, and seventeen horses, were hit. The 9th Lancers had thirty-eight men wounded, sixty-one horses killed, wounded and missing, and the officers lost ten horses. "Nothing daunted," wrote the Brigadier, "by their casualties, these gallant soldiers held their trying position with a patient endurance; and on my praising them for their good behaviour they declared their readiness to stand the fire as long as I chose."[1] He added: "The behaviour of the native cavalry was also admirable. Nothing could be steadier, nothing could be more soldierlike than their bearing." At last a party consisting of an officer and eighty of the infantry of the Guides came down to the support of the cavalry, and, though so small a number, went gallantly into the gardens and took up a position in a house close to the battery. "The officer in command, a most gallant young fellow—Lieutenant Bond—was wounded in the head, and had to be taken away; but the Guides held out most bravely, till they got surrounded in the house, and were in great danger. A detachment of the Beluch Battalion under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel

[1] "Incidents in the Sepoy War," by General Sir Hope Grant, page 126.

Farquhar, however, came to their assistance, and brought them away in safety. The fire now slackened, and we were enabled to retire a short distance, where we had little to fear." [1]

Meanwhile the first column had swept along the circuit of the walls, taking the Moree Bastion and the Cabul Gate. On reaching the head of the street at the Cabul Gate, the enemy again made a resolute stand, but were speedily driven forward. A portion of the first column was halted here, and proceeded to occupy the houses round the Cabul Gate, while the remainder continued the pursuit. At the end of the ramp, which led up to the Cabul Gate, the road becomes a narrow lane, bounded on the right by the wall of the city, and on the left by houses with flat roofs and parapets, which afforded convenient shelter for sharp-shooters. Sixty yards from the ramp the wall and lane suddenly bend, and on the city side there is a strong lofty house with a blank wall, broken by only two windows. At the bend the road was blocked by a brass field-gun,[2] and

The first column.

[1] Brigadier J. Hope Grant, C.B., commanding the Cavalry Brigade, Delhi Field Force, 17th September 1857.—"State Papers," vol. i., page 397.

"The Guides Cavalry, commanded by Captain Sanford—a most excellent and useful officer on outpost duty—lost one native officer killed and one non-commissioned officer and fourteen privates wounded. Lieutenant Hodson commanded a corps raised by himself, and he is a first-rate officer, brave, determined, and clear-headed."

One of the officers present wrote: "I found time, however, for the admiration of Hodson, who sat like a man carved in stone, and as calm and apparently as unconcerned as the sentries at the Horse Guards, and only by his eyes and his ready hand, whenever occasion offered, could you have told that he was in deadly peril, and the balls flying amongst us as thick as hail."—"Hodson of Hodson's Horse," page 216.

[2] The above account of Rampart Road was written after visiting the lane in the company of Lord Roberts, who discussed with me what

a hundred yards further on there was another gun which commanded it. Behind both were bullet-proof screens, and projecting from the wall was the Burn Bastion, armed with heavy field-pieces, and capable of containing a large body of men. As the troops advanced up Rampart Road, the enemy opened a heavy and destructive fire from the guns on the road and a field-piece planted on the wall. The English soldiers, raising a shout, rushed and took the first gun on the road, but were brought to a check within ten yards of the second by the grape and musketry with which the enemy plied them, and by the stones and iron shot which they rolled on them. Seeking all the scanty shelter they could find, the men retired, leaving behind the gun they had captured. After a short pause they were re-formed, and the order was given to advance. Once again the Fusiliers, scathed with fire from both sides, charged up that lane and after a sharp dispute seized and secured the gun.

They again advanced, and had gone but a few yards, when their gallant leader, Major Jacob, fell mortally wounded. As he lay writhing in agony on the ground, two or three of his men wished to carry him to the rear, but he refused their aid,

took place. The writer of the article, "The 1st Bengal European Fusiliers in the Delhi Campaign," which was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1858, and from which the historians of the Mutiny have taken their account, states that "about 160 yards up this formidable position was a brass field-gun." But we know that Nicholson was killed just after the first gun had been captured for the second time, and a tablet marks the spot where he fell, which is a few yards from where the road bends. The gun was, therefore, in all probability, posted at the bend, which is 60 yards from the ramp.

and urged them to press on against the foe. The officers bounding far ahead of their men, were swiftly struck down, and the soldiers, seeing their leaders fall, began to waver. At this moment the heroic Nicholson arrived, and springing forward, called with a stentorian voice upon the soldiers to follow him, and instantly he was shot through the chest. Near the spot grows a tall, graceful tree, and Nicholson ordered himself to be laid beneath its shade, and said he would wait there till Delhi was taken. But for once he was disobeyed, and removed to his tent on the ridge.[1] Captain Brookes, 75th Regiment, finding the men falling thickly, drew them off, and retired to the Cabul Gate. Here he was joined by the second column under Brigadier Jones, who, having taken possession of the walls, also found it necessary to hold fast by the Cabul Gate.

Brigadier Nicholson wounded.

The third column, after storming the Cashmere Gate, speedily re-formed at the main-guard. A party was detached from it to clear the Water Bastion, which was done at the point of the bayonet, "the enemy who escaped the bayonet jumping over the parapets on to the river side, where they were destroyed." The remainder, fighting every step, reached the Jumma Musjid, but they were unable to force it open without powder-bags or artillery, and fell back to the neighbourhood of the church and joined the reserve.

The third column.

[1] Lord Roberts informs me that, at the Cashmere Gate, he found a dooly deserted by its bearers. On opening the curtains, he discovered Nicholson, who said that he was in great agony, and asked him to have him removed to the hospital. Lord Roberts collected some men together and had him carried into camp.

The reserve.

The reserve had followed the third column and proceeded to occupy the Cashmere Gate, the Water Bastion, Skinner's house, and other buildings in the same quarter. When the day closed only a portion of the walls of Delhi were in our possession, and we had gained but little more. The great city with the strong palace, the fort of Selimgurh, and the defensible magazine, had still to be taken, while the camp and all it contained was weakly guarded. The little ground we had gained had been won at a heavy cost. Three out of the four officers who commanded the assaulting columns had been disabled. The 1st Bengal Fusiliers alone had lost nine officers, and of seventeen serving with the Engineers one had been killed and eight wounded severely.[1] How deadly the strife was may be gathered from this—eleven

No.[1]		Corps or Department.	Remarks.
1	2nd-Lieut. F. L. Tandy	Bengal Engineers.	Killed.
2	Lieut. W. W. H. Greathed		Wounded very severely.
3	Lieut. F. R. Maunsell		Wounded severely.
4	Lieut. J. G. Medley		Wounded severely.
5	Lieut. P. Salkeld		Wounded dangerously.
6	Lieut. G. T. Chesney		Wounded very severely.
7	Lieut. H. A. Brownlow		Wounded dangerously.
8	Lieut. J. St. J. Hovenden		Wounded severely.
9	2nd-Lieut. R. C. B. Pemberton		Wounded slightly.

"To Captain Chesney (very severely wounded), Brigade-Major of Engineers, I have also hearty acknowledgments to make for the uniform efficiency, zeal, and intelligence with which he has conducted the duty of his office."—Lieutenant-Colonel R. Baird Smith, "State Papers," vol. i., page 393.

hundred and four men and sixty-six officers, or about two men in nine, were killed or wounded.

Capture of the town.

The task of capturing the rest of the town was carried out day by day with skill and caution. From the time of entering the city an uninterrupted and vigorous fire from our guns and mortars was kept up on the Palace, Jumma Musjid, and other important posts in the possession of the rebels, and, as we took up our positions, our light guns and mortars were brought forward and used with effect on the streets and houses in their neighbourhood. At dawn on the 16th the magazine was stormed and taken, with slight loss to us. The same day the enemy left Kissengunge. "During the 17th and 18th," General Wilson wrote, "we continued to take up advanced posts in the face of considerable opposition on the part of the rebels and not without loss to ourselves, three officers being killed and a number of men killed and wounded. On the evening of the 19th the Burn Bastion was surprised and captured by a party from the Cabul Gate, and early next morning the Lahore Gate and Garstin Bastion were likewise taken and held." The same afternoon, the gates having been blown in, the palace of the Moghuls, which had witnessed the cruel murder of Englishmen, women, and children, was occupied by our troops. Next day the king, who had allowed that foul massacre to take place within the palace, was taken prisoner, and the bodies of his sons lay on the spot where four months before had lain those of their unfortunate victims.[1]

[1] "The King, the Begum Zeenut Mehal, are close prisoners, and to-day the Princes Mirza Moghal, Abulbakr, and Khair Sultan were

The news of the capture of the Moghul Palace and the complete acquisition of the city consoled the death-bed of Nicholson. When they brought him into camp the blood was flowing from his side, and he was almost fainting from agony. The surgeon dressed his wound, but there was little hope. The pain he suffered was most excruciating. "Throughout these nine days of suffering," wrote Neville Chamberlain, "he bore himself nobly; not a lament or a sigh ever passed his lips, and he conversed as calmly and clearly as if he were talking of some other person's condition and not his own." His first care was for his country, and from his bed he aided the last military operations with his counsels. Day by day he grew weaker, but his intellect remained unclouded, and when life was fast ebbing away the

brought in by Hodson from Humayun's tomb and shot at the Delhi Gate. The bodies are now lying at the Kotwali, where so many of our poor countrymen were murdered and exposed."—Demi-official from W. Muir, Esq., "State Papers," vol. i., page 369.

"The oral evidence goes far to show, that while the troops at Delhi were prepared for the outbreak, and the palace retainers were in some measure ready for mischief, yet the king himself and his councillors had not contemplated taking the lead in so serious a movement. Consequently, when the mutineers first arrived the king's conduct was most vacillating. He asked them why they had come to him, for he had no means of maintaining them. They replied that unless he joined them, they could not make head against the English. He immediately yielded, however, and by his subsequent behaviour he identified himself with the cause of the rebels, and made their acts his own. As regards the massacre of forty-nine Christians within the palace walls, it is probable that the king himself was not a prime mover in that dreadful deed, and that if left to his own devices, he would not have had the prisoners murdered. There is little doubt that he could have saved them had he been so minded. It is quite certain that he made no effort to do so, and from his own subsequent letters, it is clear that he was a consenting party to the murder."—Letter from Lord Lawrence.

stern warrior sent a message of tender humility to his oldest and dearest friend,[1] and one to his mother, counselling her to be patient for his loss.[2] The next morning the noble and fearless spirit of John Nicholson was at rest. "He looked so peaceful," wrote the comrade who had watched by his death-bed. "The Sirdars of the Mooltanee Horse and some other natives were admitted to see him after death, and their honest praise could hardly find utterance for the tears they shed as they looked on their late master."

He was buried in the old cemetery near the Cashmere Gate, not far from the breach through which he had led his soldiers. The body was brought from his tent on a gun-carriage. "But no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp; no martial music was heard. Thus, without pomp or show, we buried him." A plain substantial tomb marks his place of rest, and the inscription is answerable to the monument. It informs us that "he led the assault on Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory mortally wounded, and died 23rd September 1857, aged 35 years."

So ended this great siege, one of the most memorable in the annals of England. It had lasted for

Remarks on the siege.

[1] "Before quitting him I wrote down at his dictation the following message for you: 'Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short; give my love to them both.'"—Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain to Sir Herbert Edwardes.

[2] "Tell my mother that I do not think we shall be unhappy in the next world. God has visited her with a great affliction, but tell her she must not give way to grief."—"Lives of Indian Officers," by Sir John William Kaye, vol. ii., page 481.

more than twelve weeks, and during that time the small force of besiegers fought more than thirty well-contested combats against a vast and disciplined host. Neither heat nor rain nor pestilence destroyed their courage or crushed their spirits. In the men's tents they made merry, and, like the Greeks before Troy, they had their sports. Stricken to death, the soldier told his officer he would soon be up again and be ready for a brush with the mutineers. These warriors, worn with disease, worn with constant duty under a burning sun, reduced in numbers, stormed in the face of day a strong fortress defended by 30,000 desperate men provided with everything necessary to defy assault. The list of killed and wounded bears testimony to the intrepidity displayed by all the arms of the service. The effective force at Delhi never amounted to 10,000 men, and 992 were killed and 2845 wounded.[1] Many more died from disease and exposure. This loss recalls to memory some of the bloodiest passages in our military history. But the annals of the Peninsular and Crimean wars can hardly

[1] The casualties at Delhi were greater than those sustained by the troops engaged in the following operations:—

1. Havelock's campaign from date of leaving Allahabad to the first relief of Lucknow inclusive.
2. Outram's subsequent defence of Lucknow until relieved by Sir Colin Campbell.
3. Sir Colin Campbell's relief of Lucknow.
4. Outram's defence of Alumbagh.
5. Windham's defence of Cawnpore.
6. The whole of Sir H. Rose's campaign from first to last, including the casualties in Brigadier Smith's Brigade which joined him at the re-occupation of Gwalior.
7. The siege and capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell.
8. Whitlock's campaign from first to last.

The whole of the above do not come within 200 of those sustained by

afford a parallel to the slaughter at Delhi. In the long siege of Sebastapol the effective strength amounted to 97,134 and the casualties to 13,959.[1] The losses of the infantry regiments at the siege of Delhi best illustrates the arduous nature of the

the Delhi Field Force, namely 3837, exclusive of those of the Jhind and Cashmere contingents—

Strength of Delhi Force	9,366
Casualties	3,837
Strength in Crimea	55,530
Reinforced to	97,174
Casualties	13,959

[1] My best thanks are due to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Candahar and Waterford for the following table showing the casualties in the different arms of the service in the Crimea and Delhi :—

CRIMEA.

ENGINEERS.

Strength	95 officers
	1644 men
Total	1739 ; of whom
9 officers	32 men were killed
13 "	86 " wounded
22 "	118
118	
140 total, or 8·00 per cent.	

ARTILLERY.

Strength	388 officers
	10,723 men
Total	11,111 ; of whom
11 officers	121 men were killed
30 "	632 " wounded
41 "	753
753	
794 total, or 7·15 per cent.	

service. The Rifles began with 440 of all ranks; a few days before the storm they received a reinforcement of 200 men: their total casualties were 389. The Sirmur Battalion of Gurkhas began 450 strong, and was joined by a draft of 90 men. Its total casualties amounted to 319. The Guides commenced

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CAVALRY.

	Strength .	8,720	officers and men, of whom
9	officers .	114	men were killed
26	,,	237	,, wounded
35	,, .	351	
351			
386	total, or 4·42 per cent.		

INFANTRY.

	Strength . .	76,294	officers and men, of whom
125	officers .	2,431	men were killed
435	,, .	10,306	,, wounded
560	,, .	12,737	
12,737			
13,297	total, or 17·43 per cent.		

DELHI.

ENGINEERS.

	Effective on 11th September	722	
	Sick .	214	
	Total	936	; of whom
4	officers . .	40	men were killed
18	,, .	67	,, wounded
22		107	
107			
129	total, or 13·7 per cent.		

with about 550 (cavalry and infantry), and the casualties were 303. Of the Artillery, who had done splendid service in the heavy batteries and in numerous engagements, 365 were killed or dis-

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ARTILLERY.

	Effective on 11th September	1350	
	Sick	257	
	Total .	1607	; of whom
6	officers .	70	men were killed
21	,, . .	267	,, wounded
27		337	
337			
364	total, or 22·6 per cent.		

CAVALRY.

	Effective on 11th September	1422	
	Sick	618	
	Total . . .	2040	; of whom
2	officers .	45	men were killed
6	,, .	98	,, wounded
8		143	
143			
151	total, or 7·3 per cent.		

INFANTRY.

	Effective on 11th September	6372	
	Sick	1985	
	Total	8357	; of whom
33	officers . .	828	men were killed
83	,, . .	2224	,, wounded
116		3052	
3052			
3168	total, or 37·9 per cent.		

The effective strength of troops at Delhi on the 11th September was 7794.

Killed and wounded between the 8th and 20th September, 1674, or 21·5 per cent.

abled. Of the Engineer officers two-thirds, and of the Engineer department 293, were killed or wounded.[1] The returns bear testimony to the severe loss suffered by each regiment, and the reports which are now collected together[2] record in simple and manful terms a tale of which Englishmen can never grow weary as long as they reverence deeds of valour. "They set forth the indomitable courage and perseverance, the heroic self-devotion and fortitude, the steady discipline and stern resolve of English soldiers."[3]

"In the name of outraged humanity," wrote Lord Canning, "in memory of innocent blood ruthlessly shed, and in acknowledgment of the first signal vengeance inflicted upon the foulest treason, the Governor-General in Council records his gratitude to Major-General Wilson and the brave army of Delhi. He does so in the sure conviction that a like tribute awaits them, not in England only, but wherever, within the limits of civilisation, the news of their well-earned triumph shall reach."

[1] "There can be no brighter passage in the history of the Bengal Artillery than that which will tell of their exertions before Delhi, whether in the heavy batteries or in the various engagements in which field artillery alone took part."—Lieutenant Norman's Narrative, "State Papers," vol. i., page 482.

[2] Selections from the State Papers preserved in the military department of the Government of India, edited by George W. Forrest, C.I.E., vol. i.

[3] General Order by the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council, dated Fort William, 6th November 1857.—"State Papers," vol i., page 123.



GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM, G.C.B.

CHAPTER VII.

On the 13th of February 1856, the Province of Oudh was annexed on the righteous ground that "the British Government would be guilty in the sight of God and man if it were any longer to aid in sustaining by its countenance an administration fraught with suffering to millions."[1] The country was constituted into a Chief Commissionership, and Major-General Sir James Outram was appointed Chief Commissioner.

James Outram.

Four years after Waterloo was won James Outram arrived in India, and was appointed an Ensign in the 23rd Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry. He soon proved himself an active and daring soldier, and after six years' service he was appointed, notwithstanding his youth, to command a corps which was to be recruited from the Bhîls, the wild, marauding aboriginal tribes who formed the chief inhabitants of the Province of Khandesh. Here he reaped his first laurels and acquired considerable celebrity. He commenced his operations by attacking with a few troops the Bhîls in their mountain fortresses, and

Khandesh and the Bhîls, 1825–1838.

[1] Lord Dalhousie's words in the Proclamation issued on the 13th February 1856. "With this feeling in my mind," he wrote in his private diary, "and in humble reliance on the blessing of the Almighty (for millions of His creatures will draw freedom and happiness from the change), I approach the execution of this duty gravely, and not without solicitude, but calmly, and altogether without doubt."

after a short stubborn contest, having destroyed their strongholds and taken many prisoners, he proceeded to form his corps by enlisting the captives. A man of iron nerve, he won the confidence of the clans by living among them unarmed, and trusting to their rough sense of justice and honour. He was the leader of his wild companions in every hardy sport, and in all the country round there was no Bhîl who could throw the javelin, ride at a tent-peg, or follow a tiger to his lair, like James Outram.[1] Twelve years did he spend in reclaiming the wild tribes of Western and Central India, and teaching races the most savage and degraded to become peaceable, useful, and faithful servants of the State. He held the high and important office of Political Agent when the first Afghan War broke the long peace in which India had reposed; and he sacrificed rank and the fairest prospect of civil advancement to join, in a comparatively subordinate position, his comrades in the field. But he soon found oppor-

Afghan War, 1838.

[1] "In April or May 1825, news having been brought in by his *shikari*, Chima, that a tiger had been seen on the side of the hill under the Mussulman temple, among some prickly pear shrubs, Lieutenant Outram and another sportsman proceeded to the spot. Outram went on foot and his companion on horseback. Searching through the bushes, when close on the animal, Outram's friend fired and missed, on which the tiger sprang forward roaring, seized Outram, and they rolled down the side of the hill together. Being released from the claws of the ferocious beast for a moment, Outram, with great presence of mind, drew a pistol he had with him and shot the tiger dead. The Bhîls, on seeing that he had been injured, were one and all loud in their grief and expressions of regret; but Outram quieted them with the remark: 'What do I care for the clawing of a cat!' This speech was rife among the Bhîls for many years afterwards, and may be so until this day."—"James Outram: A Biography," by Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I., vol. i., page 98.

tunities of showing his skill and daring in war. The day before Ghazni was taken by storm he routed a large body of the enemy who had occupied a strong position on the hills commanding the camp; and when Dost Mahomed fled from his capital Outram was appointed to lead an expedition sent forth to capture him. He pursued the royal fugitive along tortuous channels and over lofty passes; but the ex-Amir of Afghanistan made good his escape across the Oxus. On his return to Kabul, Outram was employed in tranquillising the disaffected Ghilzai tribes between the capital and Kandahar, and with a small force he scoured the wild region from Kabul to Quetta, seizing forts and subduing chiefs. At the siege of Khelat he distinguished himself, and disguised as an Afghan he carried a general despatch through the enemy's country by an unknown and difficult route.

Political Agent in Lower Sind, 13th November 1839.

For the important services he had rendered with the army Outram was promoted to the rank of brevet Major, and was appointed Political Agent in Lower Sind.[1] Here again he manifested in various ways his great administrative capacity, and his power of dealing with savage races and winning their confidence. When the Amir of Haidarabad was on his deathbed he summoned Outram, and confided his brother and his son to his protection, saying: "No one has known so great truth and friendship as I have found in you." The energy, zeal, and ability he displayed in Lower Sind led

[1] That country was then divided into the Principalities, Upper, Middle, and Lower Sind, governed respectively by the Amirs, who were independent of each other.

to his being appointed Political Agent for all the States which occupied the Frontier between Sind and Afghanistan. The confidence with which he inspired wild tribes who came under his influence was of great service to General Nott in his preparations for a second advance on Kabul, and when the British troops returned to India, having revenged the murder of our Envoy, Outram, with his savage auxiliaries, protected the line of march through the Bolan Pass. For his "zeal and ability" he received the thanks of the Government of India; but owing to Sir Charles Napier being invested with full diplomatic and military power in Sind, his political office was abolished, and Outram was remanded to his regiment. His departure was lamented by men of all classes and creeds, and at a public banquet to his honour Sir Charles Napier proposed his health in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I give you the 'Bayard of India,' *sans peur et sans reproche*, Major James Outram, of the Bombay Army"; and the epithet will always remain linked with his name.

Departure from Sind, 5th November 1842.

Return to Sind, 1843.

The next year James Outram returned to Sind on being appointed, at the special request of Napier, a commisioner for the arrangement of the details of a revised treaty with the Amirs. On the 12th of February the Amirs reluctantly signed the treaty at Haidarabad, and three days afterwards the Residency House was attacked by a force of eight thousand infuriated Beluchis with six guns. Outram, with a bodyguard of one hundred men, defended it resolutely. After four hours' sharp fighting he was,

however, compelled, owing to want of ammunition, to withdraw his small band to a steamer anchored in the river; he then, under a heavy fire, proceeded some miles up the Indus. Defence of the Residency at Haidarabad.

On the 16th of February Outram joined Napier some sixteen miles above Haidarabad, and was immediately sent by him to clear the forest around the village of Meanee, where was posted the army of the Amir. Whilst he was engaged in this operation was fought the bloody battle which made us masters of Sind.

It is not within the scope of these pages to discuss the merits of the policy that culminated in the conquest and annexation of the Province, nor the bitter controversy which arose between two noble and generous souls. For his brilliant defence of the Residency Outram was made a brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, and received the honour of a Companionship of the Bath. As he did not agree in the justice of our cause he distributed his share of the prize-money, amounting to £3000, among charitable institutions in India. The succession of difficult, laborious services in Afghanistan and Sind had, however, undermined his health, and he was obliged to seek rest in England. But before he had sufficient respite from labour, the outbreak of the first Sikh war caused him to return, and he was greatly disappointed at not being allowed to join the army of the Sutlej. An outbreak in the southern Mahratta country, however, gave him a fresh opportunity of displaying his gallantry and resource in the field, and his vigour and address December 1845.

Resident at Satara, 26th May 1845.

in diplomacy. The manner in which he concluded some delicate negotiations with the Portuguese Government of Goa led to his being appointed Resident to the then quiet little Mahratta Court of Satara. From thence he was transferred to the more important Residency at Baroda. Here his generous, straightforward nature was outraged by the prevailing corruption, which he justly considered to be a scandal to our administration. His report explaining the evil was, unfortunately, not couched in diplomatic language, and being considered by the Bombay Government as lacking in respect to themselves, he was deprived of his office. Outram returned to England to fight his cause. The Court of Directors supported the decision of the Bombay Government, but at the same time they expressed a hope that on his return to India a suitable opportunity would be found of employing him. When he arrived at Calcutta, Lord Dalhousie not only appointed him honorary aide-de-camp on his staff, but the Government of India having resolved to assume the direct control of affairs at Baroda sent him back as Resident. He had only enjoyed his second tenure of the office a month when he was appointed Political Agent and Commandant at Aden. From there he was summoned by Lord Dalhousie to be Resident at Oudh, with instructions to prepare at once a report on the existing state of the country. It was a difficult and delicate task, and one most distasteful to him. The sympathies of the chivalrous defender of the Amirs of Sind had always been with the native princes of India, and he believed that it

Resident at Baroda, May 1847.

Return to Baroda, 19th March 1854.

Resident at Aden.

Resident at Oudh, 4th December 1854.

was a wise and sound policy to maintain the few remaining States which had survived the progress of our armies. But the generous sympathies of Outram could not resist the clear evidence of the misrule of Oudh and the wide misery caused by it. In his report he stated that he had no hesitation in declaring his opinion that the duty imposed on the British Government by treaty could no longer admit of our "honestly indulging the reluctance which the Government of India had felt heretofore, to have recourse to these extreme measures which alone can be of any real efficiency in remedying the evils from which the State of Oudh has suffered so long." Lord Dalhousie forwarded Outram's report, accompanied by an exhaustive minute, in which he reviewed the whole question. "The reform of the administration," Lord Dalhousie wrote, "may be wrought, and the prosperity of the people may be secured, without resorting to so extreme a measure as the annexation of the territory and the abolition of the throne. I, for my part, therefore do not recommend that the Province of Oudh should be declared to be British territory."[1] But the Court of

[1] His Lordship further stated:—"There are four modes in which the interposition of the Supreme Government may be proposed—

I.—The King may be required to abdicate the sovereign powers he has abused, and consent to the incorporation of Oudh with the territories of the British Crown.

II.—He may be permitted to retain his royal titles and position, but may be required to vest the whole civil and military administration of his kingdom in the Government of the East India Company for ever;

III.—Or for a time only.

IV.—He may be invited to place the management of the country in the hands of the Resident, to be carried on by the officers of the King aided by selected British officers."

Directors and Her Majesty's Ministry, after carefully weighing the opinion of the Governor-General and his Council, decided to assume the Government of the country.

Chief Commissioner of Oudh.

Oudh was annexed, and the first efforts of British administration were directed by the lenient and generous hands of Outram. But his health unfortunately broke down under the heavy strain of work, and in April 1856 he was obliged to resign the rule of the Province and return to England.

Mr. Coverley Jackson.

Outram's successor was Mr. Coverley Jackson, a civilian from the North-West Provinces. He had ability of a certain kind, and that sort of industry and exactness which make an expert in the technicalities of revenue administration; but he had no capacity for great affairs and the government of men. He was incapable of making his officers give effect to the benevolent intentions declared in the proclamation, which announced to the chiefs and people of Oudh the annexation of the Province. That State paper promised that "the revenue of the districts should be determined on a fair and settled base; justice shall be measured out with an equal hand; protection shall be given to life and property; and every man shall enjoy henceforth his just right without fear of molestation." In many parts of the country the assessments were made in the first instance at too high a rate, and the revenue officers, "laudably anxious to promote to the utmost the welfare of the great body of the agricultural classes, were not sufficiently regardful of the interests of the great landed proprietors," and ignored their acquired

rights, although, unquestionably, persons in possession at the time of the annexation of the country. Many of these large landholders may have obtained possession of these holdings by means of violence and fraud; but, as Lord Stanley remarked, "the British Government was not answerable for this, and to attempt to alter what arose out of a state of things antecedent to our assumption of the administration was undoubtedly an error." It created a feeling of profound discontent not only among the chiefs, but also among the clansmen who sympathised with the wrongs of their liege lords. The ungenerous treatment of the collateral members of the royal family, and the many persons holding high office connected with the Court and the public departments, also embittered the feelings of the orderly middle class against the Government. As in the case of Government servants of other descriptions, the compensation awarded to the military classes was inadequate, and a very large number of persons trained to the use of arms, and habituated to the commission of acts of lawlessness and violence, were let loose upon the country, with the means only of temporary subsistence, and with every disposition to become on the first fitting opportunity the enemies of the State which had deprived them of their employment. Thus the natural tendency of the introduction of an alien rule to embitter the feelings of the influential classes was increased by indiscreet and unwise measures. Lord Canning became to a certain degree aware that a grievous state of discontent had begun to spread through the Province, and

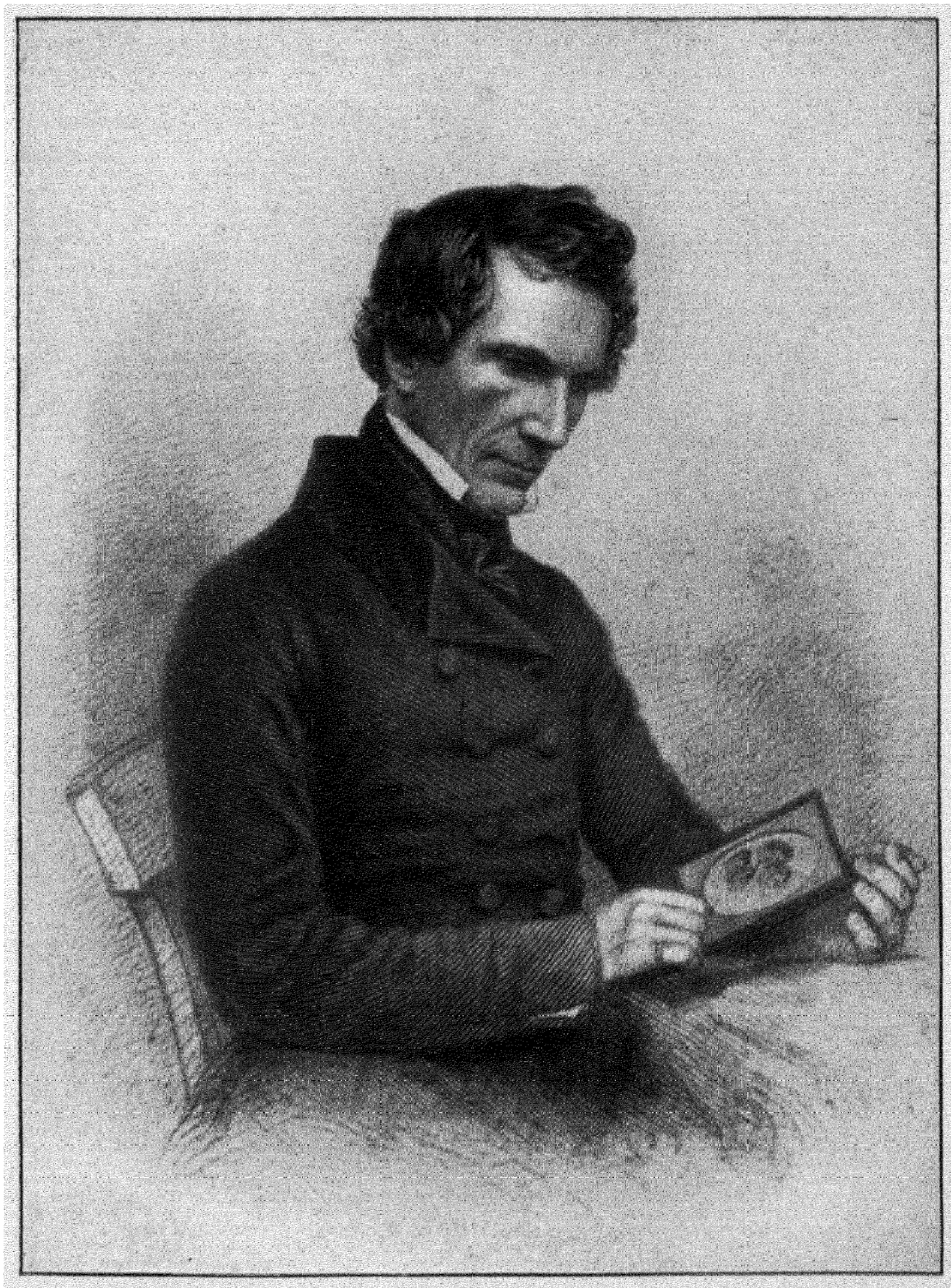
when it was known that Outram would not return to Oudh, having been appointed to command the expedition against Persia, the Governor-General determined that his permanent successor should be—not Mr. Coverley Jackson, but Sir Henry Lawrence. No man was better fitted to organise a newly annexed kingdom fallen into extremity of disorder.

Henry Lawrence

Thirty-five years previously, Henry Lawrence, having been appointed to the Bengal Artillery, had landed at Calcutta. Almost immediately after his arrival at Dum-Dum, the headquarters of that illustrious corps, he began to work diligently at his profession; but he longed impatiently for the period when the irksome routine of garrison duty should be exchanged for the substantial delights of war. The time soon came. He had been at Dum-Dum a year when war was declared with Burma, and Henry Lawrence sailed with his battery for Chittagong. He accompanied General Morrison's force in its march through the Burmese district of Arakan, and took an active part in the brilliant and successful attack on the fortified heights and capital of the province. The long and harassing march through a malarious country, however, told on his constitution, and a severe attack of malarial fever compelled him to return to England. He remained at home for two years and a half, but the active and impatient spirit of the future administrator refused to corrode in distasteful repose. He joined in the Trigonometrical Survey in the north of Ireland, and acquired an experience which was of considerable service to him in his future career.

First campaign in Burma.

Leave to England.



SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, K.C.B.

On the 9th of February 1830, Lawrence returned to Calcutta, and was posted to the Foot Artillery at Kurnaul, then a frontier station of the Empire. During the next eighteen months he sedulously devoted himself to acquiring a sound knowledge of the native language, so essential to a great and useful career in India. It was his Irish experiences, and his proficiency in the vernaculars, which led to his being appointed, in 1833, as Assistant in the Revenue Survey Department. About that time he married the peerless woman who was to him so perfect a helpmeet.

Appointed to Foot Artillery, Kurnaul, 1830.

In 1838, when preparations were being made for the First Afghan Campaign, Henry Lawrence, like Outram, placed his services at the disposal of the military authorities. He was appointed to a troop of artillery which formed part of the Army of the Indus; but when the invading forces advanced, it was left, to his sore disappointment, to guard the frontier. His eager spirit, however, found congenial work in the office of Assistant to the Frontier Agency, to which he was appointed. Living in the open air, and accessible at all hours to the people, he gained an insight into their customs and their temper, and acquired a strong influence over them. After the disastrous retreat of the British troops from Kabul in the winter of 1841–42, it was by dint of his great tact and courage and through the confidence reposed in his character, that the Sikh contingent which accompanied General Pollock's army was kept loyal, and made to render good service. As their commander he

First Afghan War, 1838.

Assistant to the Frontier Agency.

Accompanies General Pollock's Army as commander of Sikh contingent.

took part in the battles of Tezeen and Haft Khotal, and entered Kabul with the retributory force.

Resident at Nepaul, 1st December 1843.

For his services in the field Henry Lawrence was made a brevet Major, and appointed by the Governor-General to the important post of Resident at the Court of Nepaul. The office, though it demands considerable diplomatic skill, does not involve much hard work: the Embassy at Khatmandoo is a mediæval prison, from which the Resident watches the currents and eddies of Nepaulese politics. Always fond of study, the British envoy found at the Court of Nepaul more leisure than he had previously enjoyed to devote to books, and from a full mind he poured forth those papers by which he acquired a considerable literary celebrity.

His essays on the government of subject races, upon the dangers of a mercenary army, upon our relations with native states, proved him to be a far-seeing and sound statesman. His papers upon barrack life, and the hard lot of the soldier's wife and child, revealed the noble, modest, and generous spirit of the man. But Henry Lawrence and his wife were not satisfied with merely pleading the cause of the soldier's wife and child. In their home in the Himalayas they first began the noble work of founding and endowing—at considerable self-sacrifice—those asylums for the soldiers' children which are inseparably associated with their names.

The papers which Lawrence published on the Punjab appeared at an opportune moment, for war with the Sikhs seemed inevitable; and they attracted the attention of the Governor-General by the

fresh and clear information they contained, and the wisdom they displayed. When the Khalsa Army crossed the Sutlej, and death on the battlefield deprived the Governor-General of the services of his chief political officer, Major Broadfoot, he summoned the Resident at the Court of Nepaul to take the place. The summons reached him late one evening, and next day he left his mountain retreat to hasten to the tented camp of war. He arrived in time to be present at the decisive contest of Sobraon, and accompanied the victorious troops to Lahore.

First Sikh War, December 1845.

Sobraon, 10th February 1846.

The battle of Sobraon placed the Punjab at our feet; but Lord Hardinge would not annex it, and the conquerors granted to the vanquished easy terms of peace. The young sovereign made a formal submission, and it was arranged that the existing Sikh authority was to be maintained under the protection of a British subsidiary force, the use of which was to terminate absolutely at the close of the year. The Cis-Sutlej States were annexed, as well as the Jullundur Dooab, with the Alpine region between the Beas and Sutlej, and a fine was levied to meet the cost of the war. But the whole sum the Lahore Durbar could not pay, and by a questionable stroke of policy, the valley of Cashmere was handed over to Golab Sing, a Rajput Sikh Sirdar, upon his payment of the balance of the expenses of the campaign. It was also stipulated that a British Resident should be established at Lahore, and Henry Lawrence was appointed Agent to the Governor-General for the affairs of the Punjab. After the treaty had been

Agent to the Governor-General for the affairs of the Punjab.

signed the Governor of Cashmere, supported by the Prime Minister at Lahore and the Sikh Durbar, refused to hand over Cashmere to Golab Sing. Henry Lawrence displayed his promptitude and vigour. Eight months had not passed since Sobraon had been fought; but by sheer force of will he compelled the Sikh Government to adhere to their engagement. He placed himself at the head of the ten thousand Sikh troops with which they reluctantly supplied him, and, supported by Brigadier Wheeler with a small British force, he entered Cashmere. The Governor surrendered himself personally to Lawrence, and the province was transferred.[1] On returning to Lahore the Agent to the Governor-General took prompt steps to bring the Prime Minister to justice for his treachery to the British Government. Lal Sing was tried and found guilty by his peers, deposed from office, and removed to British territory. The question was now raised respecting the withdrawal of the British troops. But such a measure would have led to bloodshed and anarchy, and the question was settled by a fresh treaty being made which prolonged the independence of the Punjab, subject to the continued occupation of the capital by the British troops. Thus, in the

[1] "Properly considered, this feat of compelling the culpable Lahore Durbar (with the chief conspirator at its head) to make over, in the most marked and humiliating manner, the richest province in the Punjab to the one man most detested by the Khalsa, was the real victory of the campaign, and its achievement must continue an enigma to every one who remembers, that it was performed by 10,000 Sikh soldiers at the bidding and under the guidance of two or three British officers within eight months of the battle of Sobraon."—Sir Herbert Edwardes, in the *Calcutta Review*, vol. viii., page 251.

beginning of the year 1847, Henry Lawrence became, in all but name, the ruler of the kingdom. To aid him in the duties of administration he selected as his assistants men of the stamp of Herbert Edwardes, Nicholson, and Reynel Taylor, who, like the Puritans, endowed with a strong enthusiasm and a living faith in an overruling providence, brought coolness of judgment and immutability of purpose to civil and military affairs. "Each," he wrote, "was a good man: the most were excellent officers."[1] Men of all truth and all courtesy, the brotherhood of the Punjab which surrounded Henry Lawrence wielded power, not for love of ruling, but to curb the wild and lawless, and to protect the poor.

Long sojourn in India, incessant labour, and the anxiety caused by the harassing intrigues of the Durbar, told on the health of Henry Lawrence, and in October 1847 he proceeded on sick leave to England. He reached home in March, and soon after was appointed to the rank of K.C.B.

Leave to England, 1847.

Sir Henry spent his holidays between England and Ireland, in the society of relatives and friends; and he was enjoying his well-earned repose when tidings reached him of the new outbreak in the Punjab, which ended in the Second Sikh War. He

[1] "I was very fortunate in my assistants, all of whom were my friends, and almost every one was introduced into the Punjab through me. George Lawrence, Macgregor, James Abbot, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pollock, Bowring, Henry Coxe, and Melville, are men such as you will seldom see anywhere, but when collected under one administration, were worth double and treble the number taken at haphazard."—"Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 93.

had not regained his health, but he determined, against the advice of his physicians, to return at once to India. In November 1848 he and his wife sailed from England, and reaching Bombay the following month he proceeded at once to Multan, and was there during the last days of the siege of the town. He then pushed on to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and arrived to witness the hard fought, but disastrous, battle of Chillianwallah. When night closed the Sikhs were left upon the field to strengthen their position. We had captured twelve guns, but they had been gained at the loss of more than two thousand killed and wounded, and the colours of three regiments with four guns were in the possession of the enemy. After the battle Lord Gough proposed to withdraw his army some four or six miles from the scene of action, for the sake of obtaining better fodder for his cattle; but Sir Henry Lawrence pointed out that this might be regarded by the Sikhs as an evidence of our defeat, and it would be better to hold our ground. These arguments happily prevailed.

Return to India, 1848.

Battle of Chillianwallah, 13th January 1849.

On the 1st of February 1849, Sir Henry resumed his duties as Resident at Lahore, and twenty days after, the crowning victory of Gujarat decided the fate of the Punjab. He expressed a strong dislike to annexation; but Lord Dalhousie declared that the Sikh dominion had come to an end in the land of the Five Rivers, and would be replaced by British rule. The kingdom of Runjeet Sing was to be governed by a Board of Administration, and Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed President, and Mr.

Battle of Gujarat, 21st February 1849. Annexation of the Punjab, 28th March 1849.

Board of Administration.

Mansel and John Lawrence, Members. Peace and order were swiftly restored; and a summary and equitable settlement of the land revenue increased the content and prosperity of the ryot. A simple code for criminal offences and for civil suits was drawn up and promulgated. Barbarous customs like infanticide were suppressed; toleration was enforced; the currency was simplified. Roads were made, works of irrigation commenced, and forests and grazing tracts preserved. In five short years a wonderful change was effected; but these results were not attained without considerable friction between John Lawrence and his elder brother Henry, the President of the Board. Henry thought that the feudal nobility of the Punjab should be treated with consideration and kindness because they were down, and he regarded that policy as just in itself, and the best for securing friends to the new government. John regarded their claims as exorbitant, their tenure nominal, and thought that the necessities of the new government destroyed old customs. His sympathy with the tillers of the soil made him somewhat blind to the validity of ancient titles. Disagreeing on such a vital point, it was impossible for the two brothers to remain members of the same administration. Both simultaneously tendered their resignations: that of Sir Henry was accepted, and early in 1853 he left Lahore to assume the Governor-General's Agency in Rajputana. He did not live to see the justification of his policy of wise conciliation. The magnificent successes of John Lawrence's government of the Punjab during the Mutiny must

in a large degree be attributed to the measure carried out by Sir Henry for upholding the jaghirdars in their ancient rights. The chiefs, for whom he had interceded and sacrificed his post, cast in their lot with their retainers on our side, and enabled John Lawrence to send our troops out of the Punjab to Delhi.

Governor-General's Agent in Rajputana, 1855–57.

Sir Henry, on reaching Rajputana, was soon busy supervising the affairs of eighteen native states and settling their jealousies and quarrels. He strove hard to obtain the suppression of suttee and infanticide; but Rajput prejudice and force of caste were too strong for him. While thus occupied in Rajputana he was offered by Lord Dalhousie the blue ribbon of the Indian Foreign Office—the Residency of Haidarabad; but he declined the post, because he was afraid that on account of the state of his health he could not do justice to the work. The time was at hand when his work in life had to be done alone by Henry Lawrence, for, on the 15th of January 1854, death released the high-minded and noble-hearted woman who had shared his toils and troubles. Six months after his life's companion had been taken from him Sir Henry attained the rank of brevet Colonel, and on the 20th of June 1854 he was appointed Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. Always a strenuous labourer, he attempted to find relief from sorrow by an additional devotion to literary and official work; but the strain proved too much, and he was preparing to leave for England when Lord Canning offered him the post of Chief Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General

in Oudh. His health was in a critical state: he was worn in body and weary in spirit; but the prospect of being able to organise a newly annexed kingdom, as he had organised the Punjab, put fresh life into him, and he accepted the offer. His physician wrote that he "only consented to his going to Lucknow on his promising to go home in November 1857." By that time the chivalrous soul of Henry Lawrence had gone home to rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chief Commissioner of Oudh, 20th March 1857.

At the close of March Henry Lawrence entered on his new duties at Lucknow; and the object with which Lord Canning sent him to Oudh, that he might conciliate the hearts of the inhabitants by his justice and gracious tact, soon seemed in a fair way of accomplishment. He mingled, as was his wont in the Punjab, with all classes of the citizens, and everywhere his personal qualities and sincere manner produced their natural effect. He met the feudal barons at frequent durbars, and the Ruler, spare in figure, plain in manner, benignant but haggard of countenance, won their respect by the courtesy which he manifested towards them. Peasants and prominent nobles began to look up to him with confidence, on account of the honest endeavours he made to redress their grievances. During the month of April he laboured hard to improve every branch of the administrative machinery, and to inspire his subordinates with his own conciliatory policy; and his efforts appeared likely to be crowned with success. The revenue was collected with quick ease, and a more contented feeling seemed to pervade the province.

But events were rapidly rolling together from every quarter, and accumulating to a crisis. A shiver of impending evil, of distrust, and of fear

ran through the whole continent of India. Henry Lawrence was one of the few prominent men who gauged the state of public feeling, and had a statesman's knowledge of the forces which tended to produce it. He had for years past raised a note of warning at the dangers which must attend the growth and preponderating strength of a mercenary army, the relaxation of discipline, and the absence of generous treatment. He had warmly pleaded that the only permanent basis of our power lay, as it will always lie, in the soldiers' and peasants' absolute belief in the generosity, wisdom, and honour of the Government. He realised how that belief had begun to be undermined by a series of impolitic measures, culminating in the unfortunate distribution of the greased cartridges.

The mutinous spirit which began to manifest itself by overt acts in the Native Army was a matter of supreme importance to the ruler of the native province of some three-fourths of our Bengal sepoys. He wrote frequently and fully to the Governor-General on the subject. A letter, dated the 18th April, conveys to Lord Canning the news of the first outward manifestation of discontent. A clod had been thrown at him whilst driving. It had also been reported to him that the men of the 48th seldom, or never, saluted an officer not of their own corps. "It would, perhaps, be well if the 48th were sent to another province." The Governor-General in his reply acquiesces in the proposal: "The 48th Regiment, or any other which you may wish to get rid of, may be moved to Meerut. Let the Com-

Letter to Lord Canning, 18th April 1857, conveying news of first outward manifestation of discontent.

Reply of the Governor-General, 27th April 1857.

mander-in-Chief know if you find it necessary to send it away, but do not wait for any further authority. Should you have to dispose of a second, it can go to Cawnpore in the first instance; but I hope this will not be necessary. It is very desirable that our mistrust of a particular regiment should not be made notorious, and the removal of any corps from Oudh to a place where troops are not wanted would be understood at once of course. If you have regiments which are really untrustworthy, there must be no delicacy in the matter; but I hope that there are not two of that sort to be sent away." But though Lord Canning expressed the hope that the regiments really untrustworthy were limited in number, he had gauged the situation, for he added: "I trust to your keeping me informed of all that passes in regard to the sepoys, for we are very far from being out of the wood yet."[1] The Chief Commissioner kept the Governor-General well informed of all that passed. On the 1st of May he wrote: "I have received many letters on the state of the army; most of them attribute the present bad feeling *not* to the cartridge, or any other specific question, but to a pretty general dissatisfaction at many recent acts of Government, which have been skilfully played upon by incendiaries. This is my opinion." Among the many recent acts, he mentioned the General Service Enlistment Oath, "which is most distasteful, keeps many out of the service, and frightens the old sepoys, who imagine that the oaths of the young recruits affect the *whole* regi-

Letter to the Governor-General, 1st May 1857.

[1] Letter from the Governor-General, dated 27th April 1857.

ment." A native officer of the Oudh artillery, a Brahmin of about forty years of age, of excellent character, informed Henry Lawrence "that Europeans were expensive, and that, therefore, we wished to take Hindoos to sea, to conquer the world for us." On his remarking that the sepoy, though a good soldier on shore, is a bad one at sea by reason of his poor food—"That is just it," was his rejoinder; "you want us all to eat what you like, that we may be stronger, and go anywhere." The Post Office reforms instituted by Lord Dalhousie, which have done so much to promote the happiness of the Indian people, are cited as bitter grievances, thus conveying the lesson too often forgotten, that the best reforms in the conservative East are pregnant with danger. Regarding the reforms which had been introduced in the administration of the Post Office, Henry Lawrence wrote: "Indeed the native community generally suffer by them; but the sepoy, having here special privileges, feels the deprivation, in addition to the general uncertainty as to letters; nay, rather, the positive certainty of *not* getting them." The Chief Commissioner added: "There are many other points which might with great advantage be redressed, which, if Your Lordship will permit me, I will submit with extracts of some of the letters I have received from old regimental officers. In the words of one of them—'If the Sepoy is not speedily redressed, he will redress himself.'" "I would rather say unless some new openings to rewards are offered to the military, as have been to the native civil servants, and unless certain

matters are righted, we shall be perpetually subjected to our present condition of affairs. The sepoy feels that we cannot do without him; and yet the highest reward a sepoy can obtain, at fifty, sixty, and seventy years of age, is about one hundred pounds a year, without a prospect of a brighter career for his son. Surely this is not the inducement to offer to a foreign soldier for special fidelity and long service." In a letter written on the following day, he returns to the important and delicate problem—which still awaits solution—of the career and rewards which can be opened to the soldiers of a mercenary army. "We measure," he wrote, "too much by English rules, and expect, contrary to all experience, that the energetic and aspiring among *immense* military masses should like our dead level, and our arrogation to ourselves (even where we are notorious imbeciles), of *all* authority and *all* emolument. These sentiments of mine, freely expressed during the last fifteen years, have done me injury, but I am not the less convinced of their soundness, and that until we treat Natives, and especially Native soldiers, as having much the same feelings, the same ambition, the same perceptions of ability and imbecility as ourselves, we shall never be safe." In this letter to the Governor-General, Sir Henry Lawrence incidentally mentions the following: "Two hours ago Captain Carnegie came to tell me that there has been a strong demonstration against cartridges in the 7th Oudh Irregulars this morning. I hope and expect the report he hears is exaggerated; but I tell it for his commentary. He also told of an intended

meeting of traitors to-morrow night, and asked whether he might put prisoners taken at such a meeting into jail, as the kotwali[1] is not safe." The report did not prove to be exaggerated. On the following day Henry Lawrence wrote: "I am sorry that the report I mentioned in my letter of yesterday is too true: the 7th Oudh Infantry positively refuse to use the cartridge. I enclose a note of yesterday evening from the Brigadier, and I have now been for several hours investigating the circumstances of a letter sent from the 7th to the 48th, saying they had acted for the Faith, and waited the 48th's orders."

Refusal of 7th Oudh Infantry to use the cartridge.

On the 4th of May an official letter from the Chief Commissioner of Oudh informed the Governor-General "that on the 2nd instant the 7th Oudh Regiment, stationed seven miles from the Lucknow Cantonments, refused to bite the cartridge when ordered by its own officers, and again by the Brigadier. It was ordered to parade on the 4th. On the 3rd several symptoms of disaffection appeared. At 4 P.M. the Brigadier reported it in a very mutinous state. Instantly a field battery, a wing of Her Majesty's 32nd, one of the 48th and 71st Native Infantry, and [a squadron] of the 7th Cavalry, the 2nd Oudh Cavalry, and 4th Oudh Infantry marched against it. The regiment was found perfectly quiet, formed line from column at the order, and expressed contrition. But when the men saw guns drawn up against them, half their body broke and fled, throwing down their arms. The cavalry pursued and brought up some of them, the arms were collected and brought away,

Letter from the Chief Commissioner to the Governor-General, 4th May 1857.

[1] Kotwali—a lock-up.

and the Regulars were withdrawn. The disarmed 7th were directed to return to their lines, and recall the runaways. They were informed by Sir Henry Lawrence that Government would be asked to disband the corps, but those found guiltless might be re-enlisted."

Minute by the Governor-General of India in Council, 10th May 1857.

On receipt of this letter the Governor-General circulated a minute among his colleagues, in which he stated: "Sir Henry Lawrence has acted with promptitude, and should be supported in the course which he has taken. His report of the first part of the transaction is meagre; but I have no doubt whatever that his measures of precaution and coercion taken in concert with Brigadier Grey were fully necessary; and I see no reason in the tardy contrition of the regiment, for hesitating to confirm the punishment of all who are guilty. I would therefore support the Chief Commissioner at once. I think it better, however, that the disbandment, to whatever length it may be carried, should be real; and that the men whose innocence can be *shown*, and whose general character is irreproachable, or those by whom offenders have been denounced and mutinous designs disclosed, should be retained in the ranks; the others being dismissed absolutely and finally. There is a fiction in discharging soldiers one day to take them back the next, whatever may be their claims to mercy, which will greatly weaken the general effect of the measure as an example. The Hon'ble Mr. Dorin remarked: "I do not think disbandment is a sufficient punishment for a case of this sort. The regiment not only mutinied

itself, but tried to induce others to mutiny. The sooner this epidemic of mutiny is put a stop to the better. Mild measures won't do it. A severe example is wanted." Some of the colleagues of the Governor-General considered that the letter from the Secretary to the Chief Commissioner was not sufficiently full, or sufficiently precise and specific, to enable Government to come to a satisfactory decision as to the measures which ought to be taken in this case. Lord Canning replied that it was not the intention of his minute that the answer to be given to Sir Henry Lawrence should be a "final order, or even a sanction of immediate disbandment. Sir H. Lawrence has told the men that he would ask Government to disband them. I think that he was right; but I think that having thus announced his reference to Government, the sooner that it could be made known to himself and to the regiment, and to the troops in general, that he has the support of Government, the better. And, although his report was meagre, it was not so incomplete as to make it necessary to delay the assurance of that support." The letter to the Chief Commissioner also stated that the length to which disbandment should be carried, together with the nature of any further punishment in individual cases found necessary "can be taken into consideration only when Government is in the possession of the full inquiry, which it is presumed has been instituted into the circumstances attendant upon the occurrences of the 4th instant."

The presumption was correct. Immediately after the occurrence a Court of Inquiry sat, to investigate

the causes and particulars of the mutiny; but they were unable to elicit any important facts. The European officers were, however, able to indicate those men who took the most conspicuous part in the outbreak, and these were put in irons. Sir Henry Lawrence, having vigorously and promptly crushed the first overt act of mutiny, attempted to maintain the loyalty of the sepoys by bestowing every attention and consideration upon them. He knew everything practicable was gained by delay, and by avoiding to draw them into premature violence. He had sympathy with their well-founded grievances, and he hoped against hope as regarding their fidelity. To preserve their allegiance he frequently visited the native lines and hospitals, conversing familiarly with the men, and attempting to disabuse their minds of the apprehension which had seized them regarding the safety of their caste. He determined to reward in as impressive a manner as possible a sepoy who had shown marked fidelity by denouncing some emissaries of the conspirators, and the native officers and men of the 48th who had surrendered the seditious letter addressed to the regiment by the mutineers of the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry. A public Durbar was held, at which all the native officers of the garrisons were present.[1] Sir Henry Lawrence, surrounded by a brilliant European staff and the prominent nobles of the city, bestowed dresses of honour upon the soldiers who had thus merited reward. He then delivered

A public Durbar.

[1] There are certain discrepancies between the accounts of the Durbar given by Mr. Gubbins and Mr. Rees.

to the native officers an eloquent address in their vulgar tongue. He reminded them of the paternal care with which the British Government had always treated them and the solicitude it had always displayed in avoiding all interference with their religion. "Mussulman rulers at Delhi have persecuted Hindoos," said Sir Henry: "Hindoo rulers at Lahore have persecuted the Mussulmans; but the British Government has ever extended equal toleration to all. The history of a hundred years," said he, "should teach them the falsehood of those who would now deceive them with assertions that the Government entertained designs against their caste." He spoke of the vast power of England, and he begged them not to endanger the glory and good name borne by the Bengal army for a hundred years. The effect of the discourse on the officers was not to be mistaken; when the Durbar broke up they eagerly declared their attachment to the Government. A number of sepoys, however, who were standing on the outskirts of the ground, attributed the whole proceedings to our fears.

Address of Sir Henry Lawrence.

But Sir Henry Lawrence knew not fear. He was performing one of the most difficult tasks which are reserved for natures endowed with the highest wisdom and courage. Though he was attempting to refresh and keep green the loyalty of the sepoys, he was not wanting in general appreciation of the reality and greatness of the danger which threatened the Empire. He had at once to take precautions against a tremendous peril, certain in its character, and uncertain in its time and features, and at the

same time not to exhibit, even to those most in his confidence, his real sense of that peril. When the storm, which he had years before foreseen was gathering, had burst at Meerut and Delhi, he did not underrate its violence, or its strength, or its magnitude. He knew it would sweep across the vast and various continent. But the greatness of the peril did not cause him to alter his policy of retaining by conciliation and trust the loyalty of as large a section as possible of the native soldiery. He rejected the obvious policy of broad disarmament so urgently pressed upon him, because it would sweep away the friendly as well as the hostile sepoy. He adopted the wiser and more courageous course of summoning from their homes two bodies of pensioners, one of old trained British sepoys, and one of Oudh Artillerymen. They proved themselves worthy of the confidence he placed in them by their loyal and staunch conduct throughout the siege. As Sir Henry Lawrence foresaw, that siege could never have been sustained without the aid of the native soldiery; and the loyalty they displayed was chiefly due to his personal influence and the generous trust he placed in them.

CHAPTER IX.

Two days after the Durbar, news reached Lucknow of the outbreak at Meerut; and the following day came the evil tidings that Delhi had been taken by the mutineers, and the Moghul Emperor proclaimed. Henry Lawrence at once recognised[1] that we should have to strike anew for our Indian Empire. He realised that not only the safety of Lucknow, but also the integrity of our dominion in India depended in a great measure on him. He therefore determined that "a bold and resolute attitude must be maintained: the domination of the position at Lucknow must be promptly secured; the safety of the English community must be ensured; the character and position of the ruling race must be maintained at all hazard."[2]

News of the outbreak at Meerut and capture of Delhi by the mutineers, 13th May.

[1] Thirteen years before he had forecasted what would happen if Delhi fell into hostile hands. "Let this happen," he said, "on June 2nd, and does any sane man doubt that twenty-four hours would swell the hundreds of rebels into thousands, and in a week every ploughshare in the Delhi States would be turned into a sword? And when a sufficient force had been mustered, which would not be effected within a month, should we not then have a more difficult game to play than Clive had at Plassey or Wellington at Assaye? We should then be literally striking for our existence at the most inclement season of the year, with the prestige of our name tarnished."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, V.C., page 73.

[2] The following memorandum, dated May 18th, was inserted in Sir Henry's own hand in his letter-book. "Time is everything just now. Time, firmness, promptness, conciliation, and prudence; every officer, each individual European, high and low, may at this crisis prove most

Muchee Bhawun strengthened and fortification of Residency commenced.

In order to secure the domination of the position at Lucknow, he gave order that the Muchee Bhawun, the stronghold of the Sheikhs, when they held Lucknow in the days of old, should be strengthened. Perched on a natural eminence, and surrounded by a high and buttressed wall, it could be easily converted into a suitable place of refuge against an ordinary *émeute*. Commanding the river and the stone bridge across it, the old fortress would be a good point to hold for keeping in check and observing the rabble of the city. But against a mutinous army equipped with artillery the Muchee Bhawun [1] would offer too little resistance, and Henry

useful, or even dangerous. A firm and cheerful aspect must be maintained: there must be no bustle, no appearance of alarm, still less of panic; but at the same time there must be the utmost watchfulness and promptness; everywhere the first germ of insurrection must be put down instantly. Ten men may in an hour quell a row which, after a day's delay, may take weeks to put down. I wish this point to be well understood. In preserving internal tranquillity the chiefs and people of substance may be most usefully employed at this juncture; many of them have as much to lose as we have. Their property, at least, is at stake. Many of them have armed retainers, some few are good shots and have double-barrelled guns. For instance (name illegible) can hit a bottle at 100 yards. He is with the ordinary soldiers. I want a dozen such men, European or native, to arm their own people, and to make thannahs of their own houses, or some near position, and preserve tranquillity within a circuit around them."—"Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 324.

[1] "The next comers were the Sheikhs, known in after times as the Shekhzadas of Lucknow. Their mullahs (quarters) extended up to the Residency grounds and covered all the land lying between that and the Machchhe Bhawan firs."—"Gazetteer of the Province of Oudh," page 364. The Sheikhs of Lucknow had obtained a good deal of influence in the country and supplied more than one member to the list of rulers.

"Proceeding on the main road, leading from the Residency towards the Dowlutkhana and Hoseynabad, up and parallel to the stream of the Goomtee, you pass under the walls of the Muchee Bhowun, which

Lawrence determined that the Residency should be fortified for the eventual struggle.

from this and some other positions on the river has an imposing appearance. It comprises three plateaus, of which the lowest was little above the level of the road, and the highest towered above the neighbouring buildings. The high-road skirted the whole length of the position, and followed the level of the ground, which rose naturally from the lowest eastern plateau to that of the highest on the west side. From the road on that, *i.e.*, the west extreme of the position, a short but steep ascent led to the main gateway. The highest plateau was covered with the 'bhowuns' or pavilions originally built by the Seikhs of Lucknow, which were in a very dilapidated condition, and contained the modern residence of one of the ex-King's brothers, Newaub Yuheea ali Khan. On the second plateau stood a handsome baradurree (open arcaded pavilion), and a few smaller buildings. The lower plateau was an open square, surrounded by low ranges of masonry sheds. There was no gate leading directly from the outside into the second plateau; but two opened into the lower, one at the east end, the second from the main road on the north side. There was no appearance of military defence in the character of the buildings, except in the high and buttressed wall, which rose from the main road to the bhowuns of the highest plateau."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 22.

"The prominent feature of the Mutchi Bhown was an old, massive-looking pile of castellated appearance, about a hundred yards square, perched on a natural eminence about thirty feet above the adjacent streets and roads. The platform on which it was built was scarped and supported by stout revetment walls, broken at short intervals into the usual Oriental semicircular bastions, with the city or western front pierced by a gateway in a double-storied guardhouse, strengthened by flanking and other defences. All this was close to the masonry bridge and the river, and commanded the city to the west. Towards the east there were two courtyards at lower levels, lined with small buildings and store-rooms, with a gateway at the east end corresponding with the gateway already mentioned at the western face. There were large and airy arcaded halls along one side of the pile, but the remaining rooms were not suitable for use except by natives or for stores. Though much had been cleared out, the whole place was greatly dilapidated, but its chief defect lay in the passages and communications. These and the doorways were so narrow that carts and guns could not pass through the square pile at all, or get from one end of the position to the other. All the roofs were flat, and, like the terraces, were lined with parapet walls."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 79.

The Residency.

The Residency,[1] or Headquarters of the Chief Commissioner, lay close to the Goomtee, on the same bank of the river as the Muchee Bhawun, and in direct and easy communication with that stronghold. The southern boundary of the wide estate skirted an iron bridge, over which the road ran to the military cantonment of Murreaon where three native regiments were quartered; further on was Moodkepore, where the 7th Cavalry was situated, and a mile to the east of the Residency, on the same side of the river, lay the barracks of the 32nd European Regiment, and the officers' quarters. The position which Sir Henry Lawrence chose for the eventual struggle was, therefore, in close connection with three important posts, and the situation and features of the extensive ground around it made it capable of being made defensible even in the case of a siege by a force equipped with artillery. The sloping ground commanded the river face and the adjacent country for half a mile, and nowhere was it commanded by artillery sites. On the summit stood the spacious residence of our Envoy to the Court of Oudh, and clustering round it were other large and substantial houses, which could afford shelter to a good number of people. The site had also the further advantage of having an ample water-supply, and of being fairly healthy. The Residency may not have been an ideal position, but it was the best that Sir Henry Lawrence could have chosen in Lucknow.

[1] "By the Residency I mean a piece of ground a good deal elevated above the rest of the city."—"Memoirs of the Rev. H. S. Polehampton," page 240.

The wisdom of his choice has, however, been impugned, both by Lord Clyde and Sir Henry Havelock. The former wrote: "I have also been of opinion that the position taken up by the lamented Sir Henry Lawrence was a false one; and after becoming acquainted with the ground, and working my troops upon it to relieve the garrison, that opinion is confirmed. I therefore submit that to commit another garrison in this immense city is to repeat a military error, and I cannot consent to it. I conceive that a strong movable division outside the town, with field and heavy artillery in a good military position, is the real manner of holding the city of Lucknow in check according to our practice with the other great cities of India. Such a division would aid in subduing the country hereafter, and its position would be quite sufficient evidence of our intention not to abandon the province of Oudh." Lord Clyde does not suggest the good military position which should have been chosen. Sir Henry Lawrence was not the master of a strong military division, but of a small force which only by heroic exertions was able to protect the women and children in an entrenched position. The removal of the women and children, which Lord Clyde with a strong and victorious army found a difficult and delicate task, would have been an impossible one for Sir Henry Lawrence. General Havelock considered that Lawrence should have moved to Cawnpore; but he expressed this opinion before he found himself, with a stronger force than Sir Henry ever had at his command, a prisoner in

the Residency. The first step taken from Lucknow would, moreover, not only have decided the wavering loyalty of the native soldiers who remained true and did splendid service for us, but would also have been the signal of a universal revolt among the masses; and our scanty force, oppressed by multitudes whose valour had been kindled by the consciousness of success, must have perished long before Cawnpore was reached.[1]

When the preparations for sheltering the families in the Muchee Bhawun had been completed, and the operations at the Residency commenced, Sir Henry assumed an offensive attitude by sending out detachments of troops to keep the country open. On him now rested the full and entire responsibility of all military operations. He had on the 16th of May telegraphed to the Governor-General: "All is well here. Give me plenary military power in Oudh; I will not use it unnecessarily." And ever mindful of others he went on: "I am sending two troops of cavalry to Allahabad; send a company of Europeans into the fort there." Determined to trust

Telegram to the Governor-General, 16th May.

[1] Sir Henry Lawrence wrote to Lord Canning: "I have told you by telegraph it will never do to retire on Allahabad. We *could not* do it. Besides, I am quite confident we can hold our ground at Lucknow as long as provisions last, and we have already a month's laid in."—"Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 328.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts writes: "Quite true. The position selected by Henry Lawrence was not an ideal one, but it was the best, in fact the only one which could have been defended by a small force, and which could have accommodated the large number of Europeans and Eurasians residing in and about Lucknow. It was out of the question retiring from Lucknow. Had it been attempted, not a soul would, I firmly believe, have survived."

to the loyalty of the native soldiers to the last, he added: "It will be good to raise regiments of irregular horse under good officers." The answer swiftly came back: "You have full military powers; the Governor-General will support you in everything you think necessary." The Governor-General added: "It is impossible to send an European company to Allahabad; Dinapore must not be weakened by a single man. If you can raise any irregulars that you can trust, do so at once. Have you any good officers to spare for the duty?"[1] On the following day Sir Henry Lawrence telegraphed: "You are quite right to keep Allahabad quite safe; we shall do without Sikhs or Goorkhas: all well." Four days afterwards he again informed Lord Canning: "All very well at Lucknow and in the districts; our position is now very strong. In case of necessity no fears are entertained." On the 22nd of May Lord Canning wrote to his trusty lieutenant: "I take the opportunity to send you one word of earnest thanks for your invaluable service. I cannot express the satisfaction I feel in having you in Oude."[2]

Full military power given to Sir Henry Lawrence.

Letter from Lord Canning, 22nd May.

For some days Lawrence refrained from answering the kind and generous letter, for he "had nothing

Letter from Sir Henry Lawrence, 27th May.

[1] Refusing to send a company of British infantry to Allahabad, because "Dinapore must not be weakened by a single man," shows how badly Lord Canning was advised. Allahabad at that time was of infinitely greater importance than Dinapore. It contained a large arsenal, the loss of which would have been most serious, whereas Dinapore was only required to overawe the unruly Mahomedan element in Patna.

[2] "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 325.

pleasant to say, and, indeed, little more than a detail of daily alarms and hourly reports. Our three positions are now strong. In the cantonment where I reside the 270 or so men of Her Majesty's 32nd, with eight guns, could at any time knock to pieces the four native regiments; and both the city, Residency, and Muchee Bhawun portions are safe against all probable comers—the latter quite so. But the work is harassing for all; now that we have no tidings from Delhi my outside perplexities are hourly increasing. This day (29th May) I had tidings of the murder of a tahsuldar[1] in one direction, and of the cry of Islam and the raising of the green standard in another. I have also had reports of disaffection in three several irregular corps. Hitherto the country has been quiet, and we have played the irregulars against the line regiments; but being constituted of exactly the same materials, the taint is fast pervading them, and in a few weeks, if not days—unless Delhi be in the interim captured—there will be one feeling throughout the army, a feeling that our prestige is gone, and that feeling will be more dangerous than any other. Religion, fear, hatred, one and all have their influences; but there is still a reverence for the Company's IKBAL (prestige)—when it is gone we shall have few friends indeed." So far Henry Lawrence had written; while the pen was in his hand a message reached him that the long-talked-of peril was at the door.

[1] Tahseeldar. The chief (native) revenue officer of a subdivision of a district. Hind. from Pers. *tahsildar*, and that from Ar. *talhsee*, collection. "Hobson-Jobson," Col. Henry Yule, and A. C. Burnell.

On the evening of the 30th of May the Chief Commissioner and his staff were dining at the Government House in the cantonments. He had a warning that there would be a rising that evening, but he had grown accustomed to daily reports of a similar nature. When the nine o'clock gun was fired Sir Henry Lawrence turned to the staff officer who had informed him of the report, and said, with a laugh, "Your friends are not punctual." No sooner were the words uttered than was heard the rattle of musketry, and excited messengers ran into the room to inform them that the sepoys were attacking and firing the houses in the cantonments. Horses were at once ordered, and Sir Henry stood on the doorsteps impatiently awaiting his charger. The moon had risen with a clear sky, and by the light of it could be perceived the guard drawn up by the native officer. He advanced, and saluting, said to one of the staff, "Am I to load?" The officer turned to the chief and repeated the question. Henry Lawrence answered: "Oh yes, let him load." The order was at once given, and the ramrod fell "with that peculiar dull sound on the leaden bullets." "I believe," wrote one who was present, "Sir Henry was the only man of all that group whose heart did not beat the quicker for it. But he, as the men brought up their muskets with the tubes levelled directly against us, cried out: 'I am going to drive those scoundrels out of cantonment; take care while I am away that you all remain at your posts, and allow no one to do any damage here, or to enter my house, else when I return I will hang

Outbreak of the sepoys, 30th May.

Plundering.

you.' Whether through the effect of this speech and Sir Henry's bearing I know not, but the guard remained steadily at its post, and with the bungalows blazing and shots firing all round, they allowed no one to enter the house, and the residence of Sir Henry was the only one that night in the cantonment that was not either pillaged or burnt."[1]

Sir Henry Lawrence and his staff proceeded to the English camp, where about 300 men of Her Majesty's 32nd, with some artillery, were drawn up ready for action. He immediately took two guns and a company of the 32nd with him on the road leading to the town, and there took post, blocking up the road, and effectually cutting off all access to the city and guns. The 32nd were posted on the extreme right of the 71st lines—the whole front of which they swept—and as the sepoys of that regiment advanced out upon the parade and fired upon our men, the order was given to open with grape. A rush was made by the mutineers to the rear, and as they passed the main picquet situated in the centre of the cantonments, they murdered Lieutenant Grant, one of their own officers, who commanded it.[2] Captain

[1] "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 332.

[2] "The picket was under the command of Lieutenant Grant, of the 71st Native Infantry. His men remained with him till the mutineers were close upon him. They then broke; but the subadar of the guard, and some men of the 13th and 48th Regiments, composing the guard, tried to save him by placing him under a bed. A man of the 71st Native Infantry, who was on guard with him, however, discovered the place of his concealment to the mutineers, and he was brutally murdered—receiving no less that fifteen bayonet wounds, besides some from musket balls."—"Defence of Lucknow: A Diary by a Staff Officer," page 4.

Hardinge, a splendid soldier, in the hope of saving his comrades and dispersing the mutineers, led a few horse several times through the burning cantonments and a multitude of mutineers. One shot at him within a foot, and then bayoneted him through the fleshy part of his arm. Hardinge shot the fellow dead, and, wounded as he was, continued to patrol the lines; but he had not a force sufficient to prevent the general conflagration and plundering of the officers' houses. Sir Henry Lawrence, on returning to the Residency bungalow, which had escaped destruction, placed guns at the entrance gates. The 32nd did not move from their position, for they had been ordered to await the advent of the native regiments. A remnant of the 13th Native Infantry, about 200 men, with colours and treasure, came up and fell in on their right. A small portion of the 71st followed, and took post next to them. Of the 48th nothing was heard till the next day. A few shots were sent into the European camp, and a stray bullet struck Brigadier Handscomb, who fell dead from his horse as he reached the flank of the 32nd; no serious attempt was, however, made to attack the position, and as the night advanced all grew quiet, and the troops bivouacked on the ground. At the break of dawn the force under the command of Sir Henry Lawrence advanced down the parade in front of the Native Infantry lines. News, however, reached them that the mutineers had proceeded to the cavalry lines at Moodkepore and had burned them. Leaving a portion of the 32nd in position in the cantonments, Sir Henry followed in person, and

found the enemy drawn up on an open and level plain. As soon as our cavalry came in sight, a horseman rode out of the mutineer ranks and waved his sword towards them. Many of our troopers followed his beckonings, and galloped over at once to the insurgents. The infantry halted, and the guns having opened with round shot, the rebels, after a few discharges, broke and fled precipitately. Hardinge, notwithstanding his wounded arm, was present with a few staunch sabres, and pursued the mutineers some six miles into the country. Near the parade was discovered the body of Cornet Raleigh, who, owing to sickness, had remained in the lines during the night. In the morning, just as he mounted his horse, he was attacked by the mutineers and savagely cut to pieces. The body was still warm when our men found it, and blood was oozing from the wounds. A lock of hair—"only a woman's hair"—was found round his neck. He was but a lad of seventeen, and had joined the regiment three days before.[1]

Sir Henry Lawrence concluded his interrupted letter to Lord Canning as follows: "Press of work stopped me here; we have since had the *émeute* which I have lately suppressed. We are now positively better off than we were; we now know our friends and enemies. The latter beggars have no stomach for a fight, though they are capital incendiaries. We followed them on Sunday morning with the guns six miles, and only once got within

[1] "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 19.

range.[1] I went with a few horsemen four or five miles further, and Mr. Gubbins, with only four horsemen, headed them four miles. We got sixty prisoners in all."[2]

About noon the troops, exhausted by the burning heat and their long march, returned to the cantonments, where they were encamped in the same position they occupied the previous night; the remnants of the Native Infantry and Hardinge's Irregular Cavalry being on the right of the 32nd and the guns. In the evening an outbreak took place in the town, and the standard of the Prophet was raised; but the insurgents were completely defeated and dispersed by the city police, under the command of Captain Carnegie.

Insurrection in the city.

Sir Henry Lawrence having stationed a force in

Sir Henry Lawrence removes to the Residency.

[1] "Wounded as he was, he (Hardinge) could not have had an hour's sleep, and yet he was the hero of yesterday's work, and had he had any good cavalry, he would have cut up all the mutineers. I was wrong as to his having been the hero. He was one, Martin Gubbins was another. He, with three horsemen, did the work of a regiment, and headed the rascals, and brought in six prisoners—for which I have given the three horsemen 600 rupees."—"Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 328.

[2] Mr. Gubbins states: "Assisted by the O. I. (Oudh Irregular) Infantry, stationed at the Dowlutkhana, who had been strengthened by the arrival some days before of three companies of the 1st O. I. Infantry from Saloue, under Lieutenant C. S. Clarke."—"Mutinies in Oudh," page 113. A staff officer writes: "The police of the city, under the energetic superintendence of Captain Carnegie, behaved well, and the movement was at once quelled and the standard taken."—"The Defence of Lucknow," by a Staff Officer, page 9. Sir Henry Lawrence wrote: "Yesterday evening we had several large gatherings in the city, and towards evening they opened fire on the police and on a post of irregulars. The former behaved admirably, and thrashed them well, killed several, and took six prisoners."—"Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 328.

the cantonments, in order to maintain the communications with the country, and keep the neighbouring districts quiet, removed his own head-quarters to the Residency, where his presence was required to superintend the numerous measures being taken for its defence. As he entered within the Residency walls, a loud cheer burst forth from the men, and "Long life to Sir Henry: long live Sir Henry!" resounded from all sides. His high tempered nature had attracted the attachment and confidence of the soldiers. He possessed the gentleness which commands obedience, and the divine gift of sympathy which wins love. "All loved and respected him," wrote a member of the garrison; and indeed every one had cause, for none was too lowly for his notice, and no details were too uninteresting for him. He directed and inspected all things; his energy and activity were unsurpassed—night and day seemed all the same to him.[1] "Often would he sally out in disguise, and visit the most frequented parts of the native town, to make personal observations, and see how his orders were carried out. He several times had a thin bedding spread out near the guns at the Bailey-guard Gate, and retired there among the

[1] "Night and day seemed all the same to him. Either encouraging the wavering, punishing the rebellious, rewarding the faithful, visiting the Sepoy lines to show his confidence in them, giving audience to influential Natives, or examining our own defences: all the energies of his master mind were employed in the one great effort of deferring the coming catastrophe, which he clearly saw was inevitable, and thereby rendering us better prepared to meet it; and, doubtless, but for him and God's blessing on his endeavours, the fate of all in Lucknow would have been but a prelude to the horrors of Cawnpore."—"The Siege of Lucknow," by the Hon'ble Lady Inglis, page 18.

artillerists, not to sleep, but to plan and meditate undisturbed." [1]

But for Sir Henry Lawrence there were few undisturbed moments. Though the rising at Lucknow had been quelled, affairs in the provinces grew more critical. Daily some fresh ill-tidings reached him. On the 2nd of June came the news that Captain Hayes and his party had been murdered by their own escort.[2]

Murder of Captain Hayes and his party.

Late at night on the 20th of May, a message came to Sir Henry Lawrence from Sir Hugh Wheeler, asking for instant aid. Post-carriages were promptly collected, and by dawn fifty-four men of the 32nd were on the road to Cawnpore together with about 240 troopers of the Oudh Irregular Cavalry under command of Lieutenant Barbor.[3] Mr. Fayrer, who had been recently appointed to the Oudh Irregular Cavalry, accompanied the squadron as a volunteer. Anxious, no doubt, to know the exact state of affairs at Cawnpore, Sir Henry despatched with the force his Military Secretary, Captain Fletcher Hayes, who was to return after a conference with Sir Hugh Wheeler. Hayes was a man of great ability, rare courage, and unbounded ambition. An Oxford graduate, he had since his sojourn in the East made his mark in the world of letters as an oriental

Captain Hayes.

[1] "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 38.

[2] "We received the sad news to-day that Captain Hayes, Mr. Barber, and Mr. Fayrer, brother to Dr. Fayrer, had been murdered by their own escort, near Mynpoorie."—"The Siege of Lucknow," by the Hon'ble Lady Inglis, page 26.

[3] Lady Inglis and Mr. Rees mis-spell the name Barber. Mr. R. Fayrer was brother of the illustrious Residency Surgeon, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

scholar. As an Assistant Resident at the Court of Oudh before the annexation, he had proved himself an able and skilful diplomatist, and he had shown himself to be prompt and brave in action. On reaching Cawnpore, Hayes found that the expected rising had not taken place: all was quiet, and there was no need of cavalry to protect the garrison. But he considered his small band of troopers might be of service in keeping open our communications with the Northern Provinces. He therefore proposed to Sir Henry Lawrence that he should be allowed to lead them along the great Roman highway[1] which the Company had constructed as far as Allyghur. It was a daring enterprise, conceived in the spirit which has carried England safely through many a great trial. In the last letter he wrote, Hayes declared "that a bold front and daring would best assist the cause of order." Permission for him to conduct the expedition was granted, and on the 27th of May Hayes marched from Cawnpore with the two troops of Irregular Cavalry, accompanied by Lieutenant Barbor, the Adjutant of the Regiment, Mr. Fayrer, and Lieutenant T. Carey, of the 17th Native Infantry, who was proceeding to Northern India. On the 31st of May, the day of the outbreak at Lucknow, Hayes had by forced marches left Cawnpore a hundred miles behind, when tidings reached him that a Rajah in the neighbourhood had set our rule at defiance. He encamped his men on the roadside, and accom-

[1] The Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshawar.

panied by Lieutenant Carey rode to the civil station of Mynpoorie, about eight miles distant, in order to consult the magistrate as to attacking the rebel Chief.

After their conference with the civil authorities, Hayes and Carey on the morning of the 1st of June left Mynpoorie to rejoin the detachment, which had been instructed to continue its march up the Trunk Road. They cantered across the country, talking of how they would open the road to Allyghur, and carry all before them. After riding about eleven miles they came in sight of the men marching along the road, quite orderly. "They were on one road, we on another. I said, 'Let us cross the plain and meet them.' As we approached they faced towards us and halted, and when we had cantered up to within about fifty yards of them, one or two of the native officers rode out to meet us, and said in a low voice, 'Fly, Sahibs, fly.' Upon this poor Hayes said to me as we wheeled round our horses: 'Well, we must fly now for our lives,' and away we went, with the two troops after us like demons, yelling and sending the bullets from their carbines flying all round us. Thank God, neither I nor my horse was hit. Hayes was riding on the side nearest the troopers, and before we had gone many yards, I saw a native officer go up alongside of him, and with one blow cut him down from his saddle.[1] It was the work of an instant, and took much less time than I have

[1] "Hayes was neither a good rider nor well mounted. I had often ridden beside him when he was on that old Arab."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

to relate it. On they all came shouting after me, and every now and then 'ping' came a ball near me. Indeed, I thought my moments were numbered, but as I neared the road at the end of the maidan, a ditch presented itself. It was but a moment I thought, dug my spurs hard in, and the mare flew over it, though she nearly fell on the other side; fortunately, I recovered her, and in another moment I was leaving all behind, but two sowars, who followed me, and poor Hayes's horse tearing on after me. On seeing this I put my pistol into my holster, having reserved my fire until a man was actually upon me, and took a pull at the mare, as I had still a long ride for it, and knew my riding must now stand me a good turn: so I eased the mare as much as I could, keeping those fiends about 100 yards in rear; and they, I suppose, seeing I was taking it easy, and not urging my horse, but merely turning round every now and then to watch them, pulled up, after chasing me two good miles. Never did I know a happier moment, and most fervently did I thank God for saving my life. Hayes's Arab came dashing along, and passed me; I still continued to ride on at a strong pace, fearful of being taken and murdered by some who had taken a short cut unknown to me. Thus up to the sixth mile from home did I continue to fly, when, finding my mare completely done up, and meeting one of our sowars, I immediately stopped him, jumped up behind, and ordered him to hasten back to Mynpoorie. After going about a mile on this beast, we came up to poor Hayes's horse, which had been caught, so on

him I sprang and he bore me back safely to cantonments."[1]

Men were immediately sent to look for the body of Captain Hayes, and ascertain the fate of Barbor and young Fayrer, who were known to have left their last encampment with their men. It afterwards transpired[2] that a short time before Hayes and Carey came in sight of the men, Barbor and Fayrer had been murdered. The latter was drinking at a well, when a cowardly miscreant crept up behind him, and with one blow of his sword nearly severed his head from his body.[3] The poor lad (he was only twenty-three) muttered "Mother" as he fell. A loyal old soldier rushed forward and ordered the murderer to be arrested; as he raised the head of Fayrer he too fell dead, shot by his comrades. Barbor seeing what had taken place galloped full speed up the road, but found the way blocked by

[1] "Captain Carey's escape."—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion," page 435.

[2] "The Naib Ressaldar Shere Singh who remained behind with one or more Sikh troopers was a Sikh. He came back, told me the whole thing, and was liberally rewarded by Government."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

[3] "It was very hot, my brother walked up to a well with his charger's bridle over his arm and was in the act of drinking water out of a leather cup that I had given him on starting, when one of his own men (a Barghir of a trooper named Sundal Khan) walked up behind him and cut him down through the back of the neck with his tulwar. The poor lad, he was only 23, fell dead on the spot; his spine was cut through. The old Native officer Shere Singh who came back and told us of it said he muttered 'Mother' as he fell. He was a very fine lad and would have made a splendid cavalry officer. He had already done well as a Cadet in the Australian Mounted Police, and he promised to do well here. He was a great favourite. His commission, had he lived, would certainly have been confirmed, and he might have risen to anything."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

the advance guard of his own men. He attempted to cut a lane through them, but their swords battered on him like hail, and he was hacked to pieces.

Mutiny at Sitapur.

And worse and worse came the news from the provinces. On the 4th of June Sir Henry Lawrence heard of the mutiny at Sitapur, a large and important station fifty-one miles from Lucknow, which was garrisoned by the 41st Regiment of Native Infantry, the 9th and 10th Regiments of the Oudh Irregular Cavalry, and the 2nd Regiment of Military Police. It was the old story. Early in the morning of the 3rd of June, Major Apthorp of the 41st Regiment informed Mr. Christian, the Commissioner of the division, that grave symptoms of disaffection had appeared in the corps. Mr. Christian proceeded to inform the Commandant, Colonel Birch, a firm and resolute soldier; but the latter clung to the belief in the loyalty of his men. Two days before he had shown his trust in them by leading them out against the fugitive mutineers from Lucknow. As a precautionary measure the 9th and 10th were paraded. A strong guard of military police were stationed at the residence of the Commissioner, where the women and children had collected, and four loaded guns placed between it and the lines of the 41st. These arrangements had hardly been completed when a company of the 41st left their quarters, and proceeded to the treasury, with the intention of plundering it. They were promptly followed by Colonel Birch, Lieutenants Greene and Smalley, and the Sergeant-Major. When the Colonel overtook his men, he spoke to them of their folly, and exhorted them to

listen to his words. While he was speaking a man stepped forth from the ranks and shot him dead, and then a volley stretched in the dust Lieutenant Smalley and the Sergeant-Major. Lieutenant Greene escaped with a slight wound, and reached his lines in time to warn his brother officers, who, with their families, reached Lucknow in safety, escorted by a loyal band of the 41st. The mutiny swiftly spread to the Irregular Regiments, who, after shooting down their officers, rushed to join the Military Police, who had opened fire on the Commissioner's mansion. The rest may be told in the words of one who was present. "Behind the house flowed a small deep river, and beyond was a thick jungle of cypress and brushwood: all agreed to cross and hide in the jungle: the house was now being surrounded, the police were in the garden, and had occupied a small temporary bridge across the river, where they shot a number of men, women, and children. Some escaped by a ford: as for me, I followed in the rear, and came up with Mrs. Christian, the wife of the Commissioner, struggling to get on with her little child in her arms, a girl two-and-a-half years old, and her husband with her carrying a boy about six months old . . . I took the child from her arms, and with the aid of Quartermaster-Sergeant Morton, of my regiment, got it away safe and sound; all three escaping unscathed through the fearful shower of bullets sent after us as we crossed the river, and hid ourselves in the friendly jungle."[1]

[1] "Escape of Lieutenant G. H. Burnes, 10th Oudh Irregular Cavalry."—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion," page 456.

No sooner had Mr. Christian crossed the stream when a bullet struck him and he fell dead. The widow took the babe, and sat down by her husband's corpse. It was but a moment, and mother and child joined the father.

CHAPTER X.

THE same telegram which informed Lord Canning of the mutiny at Sitapur also stated, "Fifty of the 84th arrived this morning." Sir Hugh Wheeler had not only returned the fifty men of the 32nd which Sir Henry Lawrence had lent him, but had also, on hearing that considerable uneasiness prevailed at Lucknow, sent, with noble unselfishness, from his small force, two officers and fifty men of Her Majesty's 84th. The brave old soldier telegraphed to Lord Canning: "This leaves me weak, but I trust to holding my own until more Europeans arrive." Two days after, before more Europeans could arrive, the storm which had long been gathering burst at Cawnpore, and it soon became known at Lucknow that the Nana of Bithoor had leagued with the revolted troops, and was besieging Sir Hugh Wheeler in his entrenchment.

Fifty men of the 84th sent by Sir Hugh Wheeler.

News of the Mutiny at Cawnpore.

Every day was now marked by a general and terrible explosion, shattering to pieces the structure of our Civil Government. On the 3rd of June the 17th Native Infantry stationed at Azimgurh mutinied, and seizing the treasury and two guns, marched with them towards Oudh. The following day the sepoys at Benares followed their example, and also proceeded in the same direction. When the two bands of mutineers approached Fyzabad,

Mutiny at Fyzabad.

one of the most important cities in the province, the regiments stationed there[1] threw off their allegiance, stating that they were strong enough to turn the English out of the country, and intended to do it; they, however, did not stain their hands with blood. The men of the 22nd, after throwing off their allegiance, not only guarded their officers but also their horses. They placed sentries on the magazines and public offices, and sent out picquets to prevent the townspeople and servants from plundering. They held a council of war, at which the troopers proposed to kill the officers; but the men of the 22nd objected, and informed the officers that they would be allowed to leave, and might take with them their private arms and property, but no public property, as that all belonged to the King of Oudh. Their officers asked for boats; the rebel Commissary-General, a ressaldar, was ordered to provide them. He did so; but he procured such small boats[2] that the fugitives could only bring away a small bundle each; and when they were

[1] The garrison at Fyzabad consisted of a horse battery of native artillery, the 22nd Regiment of Native Infantry, the 6th Oudh Irregulars, and a squadron of the 15th Irregular Cavalry; the whole commanded by Colonel Lennox of the 22nd Native Infantry.—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion," page 457.

[2] "Annals of the Indian Rebellion," Appendix, page xxi.

Captain Reid, Deputy Commissioner of Fyzabad, in his account of the mutiny at that station, writes: "The 15th Irregular Cavalry, particularly the ressaldar in command, left no means untried to induce the other regiments to murder their officers; but the artillery, 22nd Native Infantry, and the 6th Local Infantry, not only refused to injure the Europeans, but even gave them money and assisted them in procuring boats to proceed down the Ghogra."—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion," page 460.

on the point of embarking they were presented with 900 rupees, which the rebels had taken from the treasury chest to give them. The officers made one last effort to recall their men to their duty; but they respectfully assured them that they were now under the orders of their native officers, and that the Subadar-Major of the 22nd Regiment had been appointed to the command of the station, and that each corps had appointed one of its own officers to be its chief.

A little before dawn, on the 9th, four boats, chiefly containing the officers of the regiments, dropped down the river. When the two first boats had gone three miles beyond the sacred town of Ajodhya, to which the province of Oudh owes its name, they put to in order to await the arrival of their companions. After waiting two hours, and seeing no signs of the other boats, they resumed their journey down the stream. They had proceeded about eighteen miles, when they observed what appeared to be scouts giving notice of their approach. A suspicion of treachery and danger crossed their minds. A few seconds after it was confirmed. As they approached a narrow bend of the river, they saw the bank lined with sepoys.[1] They had no

[1] Mr. Gubbins writes: "A messenger had been despatched by the 22nd Regiment to the 17th, announcing that they had sent off their officers, and inviting the 17th to destroy them."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," page 135.

Colonel Malleson writes: "But—strange contradiction—whilst protecting them (the fugitive Europeans) against the more bloodthirsty of their own clans, whilst aiding them to depart, they sent messengers begging the men of the 17th Regiment of Native Infantry to slay them on their way."—"History of the Indian Mutiny," vol. iii., page

alternative but to proceed. As they reached the verge of the narrow channel, the insurgents opened fire on them. Many fell. The crew of the second boat, to escape the ambuscade, ran their boat on a sand-bank surrounded with water, and the survivors of the first craft seeing what they had done, also put to, and went ashore under a heavy fire. The mutineers on the opposite bank now rowed out in their boats, and when they reached the middle, shamefully and mercilessly poured showers of bullets upon the miserable creatures struggling for life in the water, or crouching on the bank. Seeing this, Colonel Goldney "directed that those who could

268. A strange contradiction, it is true; but there is hardly sufficient evidence to warrant the statement: the only support for it is the following, in the account of his escape by Colonel Lennox, commanding the 22nd Regiment: "We started by boat at 2 P.M., not knowing that the Fyzabad mutineers had sold us into the hands of the 17th Regiment, which fact we learnt from two sepoys who accompanied us, namely, Thakoor Missur, grenadier company, and Sunker Singh, No. 7 Company."—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion," page 468.

Captain Reid, Deputy Commissioner, in his account makes no mention of treachery.—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion," pages 457–466. Farrier-Sergeant Busher writes: "We then suspected all was not right; that we had been duped, and purposely led into danger."—*Ibid.*, page 473. If the sepoys at Fyzabad wished to injure their officers they could have done so; there was no motive for treachery. The two-and-a-half hours at Ajodhya afforded ample time for the men of the 17th to be informed by the villagers of the approach of the boats. General McLeod Innes writes: "It may be observed that the conduct of the native troops on rising ranged widely—from the atrocities of the sepoys at Seetapore, and the shooting of their officers at Sultanpore, to assisting and escorting them at Seetapore [? Salone], Durriabad, and Secrora. The villagers on the Gogra were hostile, but elsewhere they seem to have been more or less helpful; a singular circumstance, when it is remembered to what turbulence and bloodshed and evil deeds they had long been accustomed."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," pages 86, 87.

run should without any further loss of time endeavour to escape, remarking that there was not even the shadow of a chance of our meeting with mercy at their hands, and at the same time added that he was too old himself to run." Seven only of the twenty-seven that had embarked were capable of obeying his behest. Two of the party were drowned endeavouring to cross a stream; the remaining five were found in their wanderings by the three officers who had formed the crew of the fourth boat. "We were glad to find these gentlemen had arms, for we who had joined them had not even a stick." But arms proved of little avail against numbers. After many adventures only one survived to tell the tale.

The crew of the third boat, consisting of five officers, put in at Ajodhya; but here they exchanged their boat for a larger craft, manned by twelve native rowers. Hidden from view by the straw roof, they passed the mutineers unmolested and reached Dinapore in safety.[1] The civil officers at Fyzabad

[1] "At the beginning of the month Rajah Mansingh, talooqdar of Shahgunje, was in confinement there (Fyzabad). He had been arrested by order of the Chief Commissioner, in consequence of information telegraphed from Calcutta, which accorded with what had reached us at Lucknow. At this juncture he sent for the British authorities, warned them that the troops would rise, and offered, if released, to give the Europeans shelter in his fort at Shahgunje. Seeing the critical state of things, Colonel Goldney released him, and Mansingh at once commenced to put his fort in order, and to raise levies. Soon, however, the troops disclosed their intentions. They demanded that the public treasure should be surrendered to them on the plea of better security. Helpless, the authorities were compelled to comply, and the money was carried off to their lines amidst the shouts of the mutineers. The civilians now prepared for the worst, and sent their families to Shah-

joined their families, who a short time before the outbreak had been placed under the protection of Maun Sing, a well-known and powerful chief. He sheltered them for a short time in his fort at Shahgunge; but as the mutineers insisted on his surrendering the officers he desired them to depart. He, however, promised to provide boats to take them down the river.[1] That night they left the citadel. They had proceeded but a few miles when one of the carriages broke down, and nine of the

gunje. But the ladies from cantonments would not accompany them, relying on the faith of the native officers of the 22nd Regt., who had solemnly sworn to Mrs. Lennox that no injury should be done them." —"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, pages 133, 134.

[1] "Believing that Maun Sing was both able and willing to protect the ladies and children, and seeing no other means of ensuring their safety, I proposed to send them to his fort of Shahgunj, twelve miles south of Fyzabad. The Commissioner agreed to this proposal, and authorised me to release Maun Sing from arrest, and also to provide funds for the payment of men to garrison his fort. I therefore proceeded, accompanied by Captain Orr, Assistant Commissioner, to the building, a house of his own, where Maun Sing was; he reiterated his offers of protection to the officers of the civil offices, but made some demur about those of officers in cantonments, as receiving them would render futile any attempt at secrecy, and greatly increase the hazard of the undertaking. Of course we told him we could not accept the limited offer, and after some discussion, he agreed to receive all, on condition that the move from cantonments should be made quietly and secretly, not only because he doubted whether the troops would allow the officers' families to go, but because he required time to collect men, and mature his own arrangements."—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion." by Captain Reid, page 458.

"I must remark here that Maun Sing was in confinement on a revenue question, when Captain Alexander Orr, the Assistant Commissioner, who had known him for several years, begged his release, and it was entirely owing to Maun Sing's former long acquaintance with Captain Orr under the old 'régime' that Maun Sing first offered to save Captain Orr's wife and children, and afterwards was induced to extend his protection to the large number he saved."—*Ibid.* Foot-note by Captain Hutchinson.

fugitives had to return to the fort, They were ultimately sent to Goruckpur. The dawn found eight women, fourteen children, and seven men drifting down the wide, rapid stream in an open boat. The heat was terrific, and there was no food. Eight hours later they reached a narrow channel commanded on each bank by a fort. The boat was stopped by a band of mutineers. Death was before their eyes, and "the ladies," wrote one who was in the boat, "got ready to throw their children into the river, and jump after them. However, God willed it otherwise, and Mahdo Persad, the Borpur Baboo, came to the rescue, entertained us hospitably for five or six days, and then forwarded us to Gopalpore." Here they were treated with great kindness by a loyal baron, and through his aid were able to reach Dinapore in safety.[1]

Mutiny at Durreabad.

Simultaneously with the rising at Fyzabad took place the mutiny at Durreabad, a small station on the high-road that leads from Fyzabad to Lucknow. Here was quartered the 5th Oudh Irregular Infantry, commanded by Captain W. H. Hawes, a young officer, active and zealous, who was greatly beloved by his men. At the station there was a large amount of treasure, and knowing the temptation it offered the troops, Captain Hawes attempted to remove it to Lucknow. On the 9th of June the treasure was placed in carts,

[1] "The marked loyalty of the Raja of Gopalpore, as well as the aid which he rendered to several parties of fugitives, are well known to Government; we were here comparatively safe, and made our way by water without difficulty to Dinapore, where we arrived on the 29th June."—"Annals of the Indian Rebellion," by Captain Reid, page 466.

and, escorted by the regiment, despatched to the capital. It, however, had not proceeded far when the malcontents of the corps insisted on the treasure being taken back, and opened fire on their officers. Some marksmen made an unsuccessful effort to shoot their commander, and then a volley was fired at him; but Captain Hawes, unscathed, put spurs to his horse, and galloping as fast as it could carry him across country, joined the other fugitives from the station. The party were protected and treated with kindness by a friendly zemindar,[1] and reached Lucknow without disaster.

Mutiny at Sultanpore.

Sultanpore, on the river Goomtee, lies on the direct road to Lucknow, and was at one time commanded by Colonel S. Fisher, a keen sportsman and splendid rider, who won the hearts of all by his frank, manly nature.[2] His regiment, the 15th Irregular Cavalry, consisted of a brave but most bigoted sect of Mussulmans, who afterwards took a prominent part in the operations against us, and furnished some leaders to the mutineers' army. Besides the Irregular Horse, there were stationed at Sultanpore the 8th Oudh Irregular Infantry, commanded by Captain W. Smith, and the 1st Regiment of Military Police, under Captain Bunbury. On the morning of the 9th of June the Military Police rose in revolt, and Colonel Fisher, in returning from the lines where he had gone to attempt to restore order, was shot in the back by a man of that corps. He managed to reach his own lines, where he was met

[1] Ram Sing, zemindar of Suhee.

[2] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 139.

by his two officers, Captain A. Gibbings, second in command, and Lieutenant C. W. Tucker, the Adjutant. They succeeded in placing him in a dooly. Feeling that the wound was mortal, Fisher commanded them to leave him, and seek their own safety. The Adjutant tried to persuade the regiment to come near their wounded Colonel, but no one would obey any orders.[1] A party of them made a rush at Captain Gibbings, who was on horseback at a little distance, and killed him. The men then shouted to Lieutenant Tucker to go, and, "finding it was all over," he rode off. Crossing the river he found shelter in the fort of Roostum Sah, at Deyrah.[2] Roostum was one of the talookdars whose acquired rights had been ignored by our Government, and who had been deprived of villages which he should have been permitted to retain. Colonel Fisher had, a few days before the outbreak, sent off the ladies and families to the Rajah of Ameythee, who also

[1] "Annals of the Indian Rebellion: Lieutenant Tucker's Escape, related by his Wife," page 478.

[2] "Roostum Sah is a fine specimen of the best kind of talooqdars in Oudh. Of old family, and long settled at Deyrah, he resides there in a fort very strongly situated in the ravines of the Goomtee, and surrounded by a thick jungle of large extent. It had never been taken by the troops of the native Government, which had more than once been repulsed from before it. Roostum Sah deserves the more credit for his kind treatment of the refugees, as he had suffered unduly at the settlement, and had lost many villages which he should have been permitted to retain. I had seen him at Fyzabad in January, 1857, and after discussing his case with the Deputy-Commissioner, Mr. W. A. Forbes, it had been settled that fresh enquiries should be made into the title of the villages which he had lost, and orders had been issued accordingly." — "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 139.

loyally sheltered them till he was able to escort them to Allahabad.[1]

Mutiny at Salone.

On the day after the mutiny at Sultanpore the force at Salone, consisting of six companies of the 1st Oudh Irregular Infantry, commanded by Captain R. L. Thompson, broke into revolt; no blood, however, was shed.[2] The sepoys ceased to obey, and warned their officers to depart. All the residents were sheltered, protected, and escorted into safety by Hunwunt Singh, the brave old Baron of Dharoopoor, who had been deprived by the new administration of a considerable portion of his estate.

[1] "Besides Colonel Fisher and Captain Gibbings, two young civilians were unhappily also slain, Mr. A. Block, C.S., and Mr. S. Stroyan. When the mutiny broke out they crossed the river, and took refuge with one Yaseen Khan, zemindar of the town of Sultanpoor. This man at first welcomed them, but afterwards most basely betrayed them. He turned both officers out of his house, and then caused them to be shot down. This is the only instance of like treachery on the part of a petty zemindar in Oudh which came to our notice."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 140.

[2] "The civil and military officers left together. As they passed through the lines some of the sepoys saluted, while others were loading their muskets. Captain Thompson was accompanied by a few faithful men, who never deserted him, and a few of his native subordinates attended Captain Barrow. That officer had arranged to be met outside the station by Lall Honwunt Singh, talooqdar of Dharoopoor, with an escort of his men. The chief appeared punctual to his promise, and escorted the whole party to his fort at Dharoopore. Here they remained for nearly a fortnight, and were kindly treated during the whole time. At the end of this Honwunt Singh, with 500 of his followers, accompanied them to the ferry over the Ganges, opposite Allahabad, and there took leave. He would receive no present for his hospitality. The conduct of this man is the more deserving, as he had lost an undue number of villages, and his case, as well as that of Roostum Sah, of Deyrah, was one that called for consideration. Captain Barrow and his whole party reached the Fort of Allahabad in safety."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 141.

Thus, in the course of ten days, English administration in Oudh had vanished like a dream, and not left a wrack behind. The troops mutinied, and the people threw off their allegiance; but there was no revenge and no cruelty. The brave and turbulent population, with a few exceptions, treated the fugitives of the ruling race with marked kindness, and the high courtesy and chivalry of the Barons of Oudh was conspicuous in their dealings with their fallen masters, who, in the day of their power, had from the best motives inflicted on many of them a grave wrong. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses which have raised the Indian Mutiny to the rank of a world-wide tragedy. It is useful that these crimes should be remembered and freshly pondered; but it is equally wise to study the opposite picture.

Health of Sir Henry Lawrence.

In the beginning of June there arrived daily at Lucknow news of some fresh revolt in the Province, and the health of Sir Henry Lawrence broke down under the rapidity with which disasters were piling themselves upon him. Feeling that the strain might prove too much for his frail body, he despatched to the Governor-General, on the 4th of June, the following characteristic telegram: "If anything happens to me during present disturbances, I earnestly recommend that Major Banks succeed me as Chief Commissioner, and Colonel Inglis in command of the troops, until better times arrive. This is no time for punctilio as regards seniority. They are the right men, in fact the only men for the places. My Secretary entirely concurs with

Telegram from Sir Henry Lawrence to the Governor-General as to a successor.

Sir Henry Lawrence's health gives way.

me in the above points."[1] Five days afterwards Sir Henry's health gave way, and Dr. Fayrer pronounced that further application to business would endanger his life.[2]

A Provisional Council formed and swiftly dissolved.

A Provisional Council was accordingly formed under his authority, but their rule lasted only two days. Hearing that his policy with regard to the retention of native troops was being set aside, Sir Henry emphatically, and with some little excitement, declared the council at an end, and that he would resume his work from that moment, which he did.

Sir Henry Lawrence resumes work.

His first act was to recall many of the sepoys who had been sent away. They returned to their post with tokens of delight, the honesty of which was verified by their loyalty during the siege.

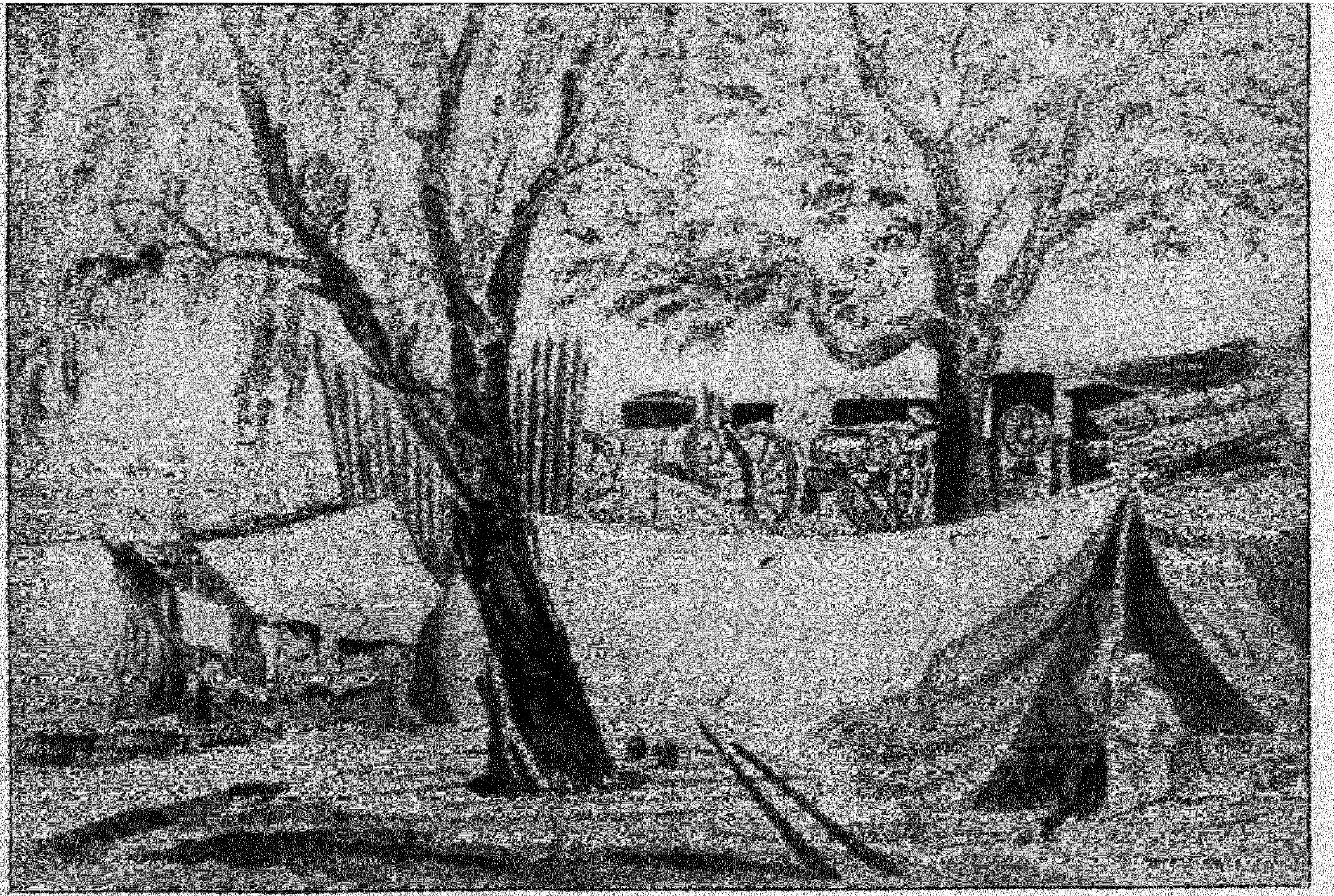
Preparations at the Residency vigorously pressed on.

He also determined vigorously to press on the final preparations necessary to make the Residency and its surrounding buildings fit to stand a siege; and on the day he resumed[3] work, Sir Henry wrote to

[1] A copy of a telegram among Sir H. Lawrence's papers, which for obvious reasons Lord Canning did not at the time care to disclose.

[2] "Sir Henry's health and strength had been subject to terrible strain and exhaustion, and on the 9th of June he became aware that it was quite impossible for him to bear it. I explained this, and wrote an official letter to Couper, the private secretary, and placed Sir Henry Lawrence on the sick list for a few days, during which he was to be kept quite at rest and take no part in the work going on about him. This I did not effect without some difficulty, but the necessity of it was so obvious that it was done. He was relieved from all duty, and a council of Gubbins, Inglis, Ommanney, Banks, and Anderson appointed to carry on the preparations and to control action of every kind."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer.

[3] "On the 12th of June I allowed Sir Henry to resume duty—not that he was well, for his frame was worn and wasted—but he was sufficiently rested to, *under the circumstances*, return to work. He did so, and the authority of the Provisional Council (with its restless, gallant, but not always discreet member, Gubbins, so energetic) ceased."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer.



"THE REDAN."

Colonel Inglis: "I am decidedly of opinion that we ought to have only one position, and that, though we must hold all three—cantonments and Muchee Bhawun—as long as we can, all arrangements should be made with reference to a sudden concentration at the Residency." In pursuance of this policy the engineers began to construct defences capable of resisting the assault of artillery. On the north side a strong battery of heavy guns, afterwards called the Redan, was begun, and the first steps taken for constructing, on the south side, a battery called the Cawnpore Battery, from its position commanding the road from that station. "The outer walls of the companions embraced within the position were connected by breastworks. Ditches were excavated in front of them, and parapets erected behind them; stakes and palisades were fixed, slopes were scarped, ramparts built at some places, and widened and pierced for batteries, roofs of houses were protected by breast-high walls, windows and doors were barricaded, and walls loop-holed."[1] Cellars were excavated and roofed to serve as magazines, and ammunition brought from the Muchee Bhawun stored in them. The rare and lofty trees which adorned the garden of the Residency had to be cut down, and piles of shot and shell filled the beds once bright with flowers. Two hundred guns discovered in an old arsenal in the city were at once brought in and placed in position; one of the pieces, an eight-inch howitzer, was handed over

[1] Major Edgell's MS. in "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 344.

to the artillery to be used in the field.[1] The demolition of the lofty buildings which skirted the position was begun; the upper storeys were knocked down, but the lower storeys were allowed to remain, to act as a barrier against the impact of the artillery fire that might be aimed low at the defences in order to breach them.[2] A body of volunteer cavalry, consisting of fifty sabres—chiefly recruited from cavalry and infantry officers and clerks belonging to the public offices—was formed, under Captain Radcliffe of the 7th Cavalry. The men were daily drilled, and were, in all respects, armed and accoutred like private soldiers. Instruction was also given in

[1] "Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General M'Leod Innes, page 96.

"About the 27th June I visited the old arsenal and found 200 guns there said to be spiked. I rode home, but first to Sir Henry Lawrence, and got all in by the second day. Bonham of the artillery got the guns 'carried.' His energy got the work done in quick time. I bored the spike out of one of the guns in ten minutes!!! Fancy if the enemy had got them."—MS. Diary of Captain Fulton.

Mr. Gubbins writes: "On the 21st of June, Captain Fulton, when visiting the old magazine at the Sheesh Muhul, discovered two hundred native guns lying there unmounted. The discovery was fortunately made in time, and they were all brought in, and laid out on the low ground close to the Redan Battery. Many of them were of large calibre, cast for the Oudh Government by General Claude Martine."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 170.

[2] "It was expected that, in any siege that might ensue, the enemy would not come too close, but, as at Cawnpore, content themselves with an investment, and a comparatively distant artillery and musketry fire. It was therefore believed by some that the nearest buildings should have only their upper storeys knocked down, while the lower storey should be allowed to remain to act as a traverse to our own works from the enemy's fire. There was a species of compromise made. Where our position was weak the houses were demolished; while near the Cawnpore Battery a few houses were left, which it was hoped we would ourselves be able to occupy as advanced posts, a hope which was falsified by the event, one of those buildings, called Johanne's House,

musketry exercise to all civilians and some of the officers, and fifty men of the 32nd Foot were instructed in gun drill. Continuous strings of carts and elephants brought in supplies, and the church was rapidly filled with grain, and the racket-court with fodder for the oxen.[1]

As the Residency daily grew stronger, and the mutinous regiments showed no signs of marching on Lucknow, Sir Henry's anxiety regarding his own position grew less. On the 23rd of June he wrote to Lord Canning: "If all go well *quickly* at Delhi, and still more if Cawnpore holds out, I doubt we shall be besieged at all. Our prepara-

Letter to Lord Canning, 23rd June.

proving a most murderous post, and doing infinite mischief, until I blew it up by a mine. The result proved the accuracy of the argument on both sides, those fronts where the buildings had been demolished suffering most severely from artillery fire, those where they still remained from musketry."—Major Edgell's MS. in "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 344.

"The work went on very well, but the levelling houses was a stupendous undertaking. Wall after wall went down. Nawabs' palaces and coolie huts alike, but alas, not a third of the work was done when the fated 13th of June came."—MS. Diary of Captain Fulton.

1 "Sir Henry Lawrence's exertions to provision the garrison were unabating."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 168.

"Thanks to Sir Henry's forethought, a very large amount of live stock had been collected, and a vast quantity of all essential food supplies had been stored through the agency and exertions mainly of the commissariat officer, Captain James, and the district officer, Simon Martin, supplemented by the friendly help from Talookdars and others. But, as it had to be stored away at once wherever room for it was found available, doubts, and eventually mistakes, arose as to the amount that had really been collected. This was owing mainly to the fact that Captain James, the commissariat officer, was wounded in the knee at Chinhut, and thus debarred from that personal supervision and investigation which would otherwise have been a matter of course." —"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General M'Leod Innes, page 112.

tions alarm the enemy. It is deep grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore. I would run much risk for Wheeler's sake, but an attempt, with our means, would only ruin ourselves, without helping Cawnpore." Five days before, Sir Henry Lawrence had heard from General Wheeler that his supplies would hold out another fortnight, that he had plenty of ammunition, and that his guns were serviceable, and that "on several occasions a handful of men have driven hundreds before them." The General added: "We, of course, are prepared to hold out to the last." Before a week elapsed the tide had turned. On the 24th he wrote: "British spirit alone remains, but it cannot last for ever." The previous morning the enemy had attempted the most formidable assault but dared not come on. "And after above three hours in the trenches, cheering the men, I returned to find my favourite, darling son killed by a nine-pounder in the room with his mother and sisters; he was not able to accompany me, having been fearfully crippled by a severe contusion. The cannonade was tremendous: I venture to assert such a position so defended has no example, but cruel has been the evil . . . We have no instruments, no medicine, provisions for a few days at furthest, and no possibility of getting any, as all communication with the town is cut off. We have been cruelly deserted, and left to our fate: we had not 200 soldiers, of all arms, at first. The casualties have been numerous. Railway gents and merchants have swollen our ranks to what they are. Small

Letter from General Wheeler.

as that is, they have done excellent service, but neither they, nor I, can last for ever. We have all lost everything belonging to us, and have not even a change of linen. Surely we are not to die like rats in a cage." Lawrence answered in a few words, conveying hope and warning. On the 27th of June he wrote: "I will do all you wish, as far as is in my power. Brigadier Havelock, with 400 Europeans and 300 Sikhs, guns, and cavalry, were to march from Allahabad immediately, and *must* be at Cawnpore within two days, and will be closely followed by other detachments. I hope, therefore, you will husband your resources, and not accept any terms from the enemy, as I much fear treachery; you cannot rely on the Nana's promises. *Il a tué beaucoup de prisonniers.*" On the same day Sir Henry Lawrence wrote to his old friend and companion Havelock[1]: "I am very glad to hear you are coming up; 400 Europeans with four guns, 300 Sikhs with 300 cavalry will easily beat everything at Cawnpore, *as long as Wheeler holds his ground;* but if he is destroyed, your game will be difficult. I have a long letter from him, of the 24th; he had then provisions for *eight or ten days.* I am offering large bribes to parties to supply him, but am not sanguine of success. It is, therefore, *most*

Letter from Sir Henry Lawrence to General Wheeler.

[1] Henry Lawrence wrote from Jellalabad, June 20, 1842: "Havelock, in great feather, showed us round the fields of battle this morning; I breakfasted with him afterwards, and we had lots of talk. He is a fine soldier-like fellow." On July 18th he wrote: "He is a strange person, but is acknowledged to be as good a soldier as a man; the best of both probably in the camp."—"Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. i., page 389.

important that your detachment should not lose an hour. This is important on your own account, and of vital importance on Wheeler's." He added: "Endeavours have been made to induce me to send 200 Europeans to Cawnpore, which would have been simply sacrificing the whole, and endangering Lucknow." In the memorandum which accompanied this letter, Henry Lawrence also wrote: "Would that we could succour Wheeler!" But the time for succouring Wheeler had passed. The morning after he wrote thus, Colonel Master, 7th Light Cavalry, received a scrap of paper from his son at Cawnpore, conveying the following brief

News of General Wheeler's capitulation.

message: "We have held out now for twenty days; one day under a tremendous fire. The Raja of Bithoor has offered to forward us in safety to Allahabad, and the General has accepted his terms." Sir Henry Lawrence, on being informed of what had occurred, stated that he feared the Nana meditated treachery; that evening his evil foreboding was confirmed. Two cossids who had been sent with a despatch to Cawnpore brought it back, for they had reached there only in time to witness the massacre of General Wheeler and his garrison.[1]

[1] "At 7 P.M. of 28th three different cossids brought the sad news that Cawnpore had fallen, ammunition exhausted, no hope of further defence left. Sir H. Wheeler had entered into a treaty with the insurgents, and after embarking on boats many had been treacherously murdered; those who escaped the fire taken prisoners. It was a most sad and depressing report; but it only emphasised the feeling of all with us to fight to the last and enter into no treaties. I may here remark that the question of trying to send the ladies and children away had been more than once raised, but it was always rightly rejected as impracticable and fraught with danger of the most serious nature."—MS. Journal of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

Next morning scouts brought tidings that the mutineers assembled at Nuwabgunge, twenty miles from the city, had, on hearing of General Wheeler's capitulation, at once begun the march on Lucknow, and that an advanced guard had arrived at Chinhut, a town on the Fyzabad road, within eight miles of the Residency. The Commissioner ordered Captain H. Forbes with the Sikh Cavalry to reconnoitre their position, and on his returning at sunset and confirming the intelligence, he immediately commanded the forces in cantonments to be quietly withdrawn, and moved into the Residency and the Muchee Bhawun.

Advance guard of mutineers reach Chinhut.

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Henry Lawrence determines to take the offensive.

WHEN Henry Lawrence heard that Delhi had fallen into the hands of the mutineers, he had at once realised how essential the maintenance of our possession of Lucknow was to the preservation of our Empire, and with rare pluck, tact, and tenacity he had prevented an outbreak, and kept his hold on the city. He now determined that it should not fall into the hands of the enemy without a struggle. If he failed, he had made every preparation which foresight could suggest for the defence of the Residency, in the case of a siege. He foresaw the horrors of that siege, that it would be a long and deadly struggle against fearful odds: he, therefore, felt that their only hopes of delaying it till "better times," as he called them, should arrive, was by taking the offensive. He had been a close student of our Indian annals, and knew how victories had been won by a compact and disciplined force against great bodies of Indian adversaries.[1] He also knew the martial qualities of the European soldiers, and he wanted to test

[1] "It was a bold, almost a desperate venture, for the Residency and Muchee Bhowun defences had to be held, and the enormous and ill-disposed city of Lucknow to be controlled during his absence; but boldness often succeeds, and a check to the rebels might even then, perhaps, have kept the Residency unmolested."—"A Lecture on the Relief of Lucknow," by Sir Henry Norman, page 4.

the temper and fidelity of the native troops that remained to us. "We must try and blood them," he said—meaning, commit them on our side. The defection and treachery of the Oudh Artillerymen, and the want of courage or loyalty displayed by the Native Cavalry with the force, destroyed the daring enterprise; but the event does not impair the soundness of the reasons which led Henry Lawrence, as long as there was any hope, to make the attempt to stem the advance of the enemy. He had good reason to expect success, because he had been told that the rebels were in no very considerable force, and their delay in advancement led him to suppose that he had not an enemy with a sharp sword to fight. He also hoped to meet the force at a disadvantage, either at its entrance into the suburbs of the City, or at the bridge across the Kokrail, which is a small stream intersecting the Fyzabad road, midway between Lucknow and Chinhut. Such were the reflections which determined Sir Henry Lawrence to make next morning a strong reconnaissance in that direction.

The force destined for this service was composed as follows:—

Artillery	Four guns of No. 1 Horse Light Field Battery. Four guns of No. 2 Oudh Field Battery. Two guns of No. 3 Oudh Field Battery. One 8-inch howitzer.
Cavalry	Troop of Volunteer Cavalry. 120 troopers of detachments belonging to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Regiments of Oudh Irregular Cavalry.

Infantry {
300, Her Majesty's 32nd.
150, 13th Native Infantry.
60, 48th Native Infantry.
29, 71st Native Infantry (Sikhs[1]).

Chinhut.

The 30th of June, at daybreak, the troops had assembled on the iron bridge; but the sun had risen before they were joined by the party at Muchee Bhawun, and the march began. They reached the bridge which crossed the Kokrail stream about half-way from Chinhut without adventure of any kind. Here the force was halted, in order to rest and get an early meal. Sir Henry, with a few cavalry and the staff, rode about a quarter of a mile further on, to a piece of rising ground shaded with lofty trees. Seated under them were some native travellers who, on being questioned, said they had come through Chinhut, but had seen no troops. Sir Henry Lawrence having come to the conclusion that the enemy did not intend to advance that day, sent Captain Wilson back to the column, with orders to countermarch.[2] Soon after Sir Henry heard that the rebel scouts

[1] "State Papers," vol. ii., page 37.

All the troops except the gunners of No. 1 Horse Light Field Battery, the troop of Volunteer Cavalry, and the 300 men of Her Majesty's 32nd were Natives.

[2] "Sir Henry said it was evident they were not going to move that day, and that we would go back, and he told me to go back to the column then halted on the Lucknow side of the bridge, and order them to countermarch. I did so, and saw the order carried into effect, and I was returning leisurely towards Sir Henry, when about half-way I met Lieutenant Birch, who was acting as A.-D.-C. to Colonel Inglis. He was galloping, and he said, 'The Brigadier-General has sent me to tell you to order the force on.' I replied that he must mistake, as I had just countermarched it. He said 'No, it's no mistake. I bring you the order from himself.' I then went back, and gave the orders,

had fallen back on their support, and this strengthened his conviction that they had no heart for a fight. His information also led him to suppose that the enemy at Chinhut was only an advance party. He promptly despatched his aide-de-camp to the Brigadier, to ask if the men could go on. The Brigadier answered, "Of course they could, if ordered." Lieutenant Birch was immediately sent back with orders for the force to advance.[1] The

and returned to Sir Henry, who was still under the trees. He said not a word to me as to his reasons for having changed his mind."—"Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 361.

"Subsequent communication with those who fought against us at Chinhut shows us that Sir Henry was correct in his estimate of the spirit of the enemy. They came prepared to be beaten, and had no wish to break their heads against stone walls. . . . They had sent on their advanced guard the day before, and only themselves came up shortly before the action, without being prepared for the contest, and the artillery was placed where it was immovable and easy to be taken." —Memorandum by Colonel Wilson (?) in "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii., page 359.

[1] "We marched some miles up the road towards Chinhut, until we came to a group of trees. It was discovered that the enemy had fallen back to a strong position in the rear of the village, and it was a question as to whether we should advance further. Sir Henry was himself against doing so, but was over-persuaded by the ardour of the younger members of his staff. Neither Brigadier Inglis, Colonel Case, commanding 32nd, as fine an officer as ever stepped, nor Captain Wilson were present during the discussion. Sir Henry sent me to ask the Brigadier if his men could go on. He gave the only possible answer, as I take it. 'Of course they could if ordered.' I returned with this answer, and was immediately sent back with orders for the force to advance. And here I must mention what I consider was a great mistake, the not halting the men for refreshment. The elephants were up with commissariat stores, and it would have been easy to give them their breakfast; but this useful opportunity was lost, and the force advanced with empty stomachs, under a burning sun."—"Account of Chinhut," by Captain Birch, in the "Siege of Lucknow," by the Hon'ble Lady Inglis, pages 47-51.

"There is," adds Lady Inglis, "little evidence to support the statement that Sir Henry was himself against advancing, but was over-

command was promptly—too promptly—obeyed, and the force pushed forward without any refreshment being served to the men, many of whom were already beat by a long march, with the Indian morning sun striking right into their faces.[1] The road, after leaving the Kokrail bridge, was a mere heavy embankment, constructed of loose and sandy soil, through which the weary troops had to plough their way under a burning sun. The advance guard consisted of our scanty cavalry, with videttes thrown out. After it the 8-inch howitzer led, followed by the European artillery and Alexander's guns. The 13th Native Infantry's two guns, the 32nd Infantry, and lastly the 48th Native Infantry followed. The column had advanced about a mile and a half, when, on nearing the village of Ismailgunge on our left, the videttes were received by musketry from the houses. They retired, and the 8-inch howitzer — which the men had christened "Turk"—was ordered to the front. Round shots now began to lob into the column; one of the artillery drivers had his head taken off, and several of the ambulance men were killed. Almost immediately the village of Chinhut, situated on the banks

persuaded by his staff. Sir Henry came out with the full determination to defeat the advanced guard of the enemy. When he sent Captain Birch to ask the Brigadier if the men 'could go on,' I take it to mean that he wished to know whether they were prepared for the contest—that is, whether they had been served with their breakfast."

[1] "How the action began I know not, but marching eight miles under an Indian sun in June was enough to unfit any men who had the work our poor fellows had and nothing to eat or drink."—"Letters from Lucknow and Cawnpore, 1857," written by Major E. Delaney Lowe, C.B., 32nd Regiment.

of a very extensive jheel, or shallow lake, came in sight, and the whole force of the enemy was found drawn up in front of it—"not four or five thousand, as the spies had reported, but numbering at least fifteen or sixteen thousand men, with not merely two batteries of field-pieces, but six or seven, consisting of more than thirty-six[1] cannon of various calibre."

Our line was instantly deployed. The howitzer remained on the road, and Cunliffe's European guns took ground to the right, and a little in advance of it. The 32nd men were posted on the left, between the village of Ismailgunge and the road, and the Native Infantry were placed in front of a small hamlet on the right. "Turk" returned the enemy's fire with effect, and the field-pieces played vigorously. The centre of the enemy was seen to give way: the day seemed ours. Captain Wilson galloped up to the gunners, and urged them with shouts of "That is it: there they go! Keep it up!" But it was the lull before the bursting of the storm. In an instant the wide plain swelled and an iron stream swept down upon our small band, and puffs of smoke arising from every hollow and tuft of grass spread around our flanks like wandering fields of foam; the field-pieces sent forth showers of grape,

[1] Colonel Bonham writes: "I feel quite sure they had nothing like 36 guns. I put the number at 13—6 of Mill's Battery at Fyzabad, 6 of No. 1 Oude Irregular Battery from Secrora, and an old brass gun, which had formerly belonged to the King of Oude, and which was used at Secrora as the 12 o'clock gun. This is the number given me by the Subahdar of my battery, who was a prisoner with the mutineers during the action, and it is, I believe, quite correct."

but onward the torrent came till it swept the Sikhs from the village, on to the 32nd who were in the act of deploying on the right. When the enemy who had stealthily advanced from tree to tree were seen approaching the village of Ismailgunge[1] Alexander's guns were ordered over from the right to the left to stem them: the movement, however, was effected partially and slowly. The banks of the road were steep and very heavy, and the Oudh artillerymen and drivers turned traitors: "They overturned the guns into ditches, cut the traces of their horses, and abandoned them, regardless of the remonstrances and exertions of their own officers, and of those of Sir Henry Lawrence's staff, headed by the Brigadier-General in person, who himself drew his sword upon these rebels."[2] Every effort to induce them to stand, however, proved powerless.

The cavalry were ordered to charge. The volunteers under Captain Radcliffe obeyed the command, and drove back the foremost of the infantry; but the Sikhs turned their horses and fled. A murderous cross-fire from the two villages raked our troops. The command was given for the 32nd to take Ismailgunge. The regiment was formed, and with a loud cheer the men bounded forward, but they were met by a stream of fire: their gallant leader, Lieutenant-

[1] Direct evidence of a trustworthy nature regarding Chinhut is difficult to get, for even after a victory no two versions of a battle completely agree; much less do they do so after the turmoil of a defeat. But there can be little doubt that the omission to occupy Ismailgunge materially tended to produce the disaster at Chinhut.

[2] From Brigadier J. E. W. Inglis, Commanding Garrison of Lucknow, to the Secretary to Government, Military Department, Calcutta. "State Papers," vol. ii., page 38.

Colonel Case, fell mortally wounded, and many were dashed to the earth. Captain Steevens assumed command, but all attempts to dislodge the enemy from their position were in vain; and the men having lost half their number began to fall back. The enemy pressed on more closely: they unlimbered their guns, and swept the column with grape and canister, while the swarming skirmishers poured in from all sides a leaden shower. Where the bullets rained like hail was to be seen the spare form of Henry Lawrence, encouraging his men. But no longer could he maintain the brave battle; he was outflanked and outnumbered. The order was given to retreat; and as they fell back the 32nd still kept up a brisk fire. Captain Bassano, of the 32nd, as he retraced his steps, discovered his wounded commander lying on the roadside. The men had passed on, and he was desirous to bring some back to carry their Colonel away, but the heroic Case would not suffer him. Finding ordinary remonstrance unavailing, the gallant soldier issued his last command: "Leave me, sir," said he, "and rejoin your Company." [1] The order was reluctantly obeyed.[2] The retreat became general, and all trace of formation and discipline was lost. Parched with thirst, weak from want of food, worn

[1] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 187.

[2] "Soon after, Bassano himself was shot through the foot, but continued to walk with his men despite the wound, and reached the Residency in safety."—"Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 187.

"Captain Bassano was likewise wounded in the leg, but succeeded in arriving safe in the Residency, through the intrepidity of a sepoy of the 13th Native Infantry, who carried him for a considerable distance on his back."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 73.

by exertion and fatigue many fell down, and were sabred by the enemy: many fell struck by apoplexy; some crowded on the gun limbers and waggons; the rest kept together as well as they could. Thus they retired, their steps closely pursued by the enemy.[1] Mingled with the soldiers of the 32nd were some of the sepoys of the 13th—"noble fellows who were seen carrying wounded soldiers to the gun-carriages, abandoning their own wounded comrades on the ground."[2]

When the 32nd fell back in the direction of the 8-inch mortar, Lieutenant Bonham attempted to get off the gun. The elephant which was attached to the limber, frightened at the firing, had bolted with it at the commencement of the action, and had just been brought back by Lieutenant Hardinge. To move the "Turk" was no easy matter. The wheels had sunk and stuck in the newly made ground, and defied all efforts to move them. "The elephant," writes Bonham, "scared by the heavy firing, trumpet-

[1] Mr. John Lawrence's account of the battle. "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 87.

[2] "The sepoys on our side, though retreating, did so in order. They behaved for the greater part in the kindest manner to the wounded Europeans, taking up great numbers of them, and leaving their own wounded uncared for on the battlefield. They had been suspected of being also tainted with the general disaffection, and were therefore anxious to regain the esteem and confidence of their European officers. They gave indeed the most striking proofs of their fidelity and loyalty on that day, showering volleys of musketry, and, native-like, of abuse, on their assailants, and calling them all the most injurious epithets in their vocabulary. Major Bruère, who was wounded, was assisted by them to a place of comparative safety, and reached the Residency, only, however, to meet his death some months after."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 78.

ing, and throwing himself from side to side, and trying every now and then to bolt, had become unmanageable, and we found it quite impossible to get the limber far enough back to limber up. We then tried to fix the trail of the gun to the limber with a drag-rope, but the elephant moved off with a start, the rope snapped, and the limber again made off to the rear. By this time the enemy were upon us, and I was knocked over by a bullet in the side, and Sergeant Settle (having broken the priming wire into the gun) picked me up, and he and the gunners carried me to the rear. After running with me for some time we came across a gun crowded with wounded men, and putting me on the trail we so got on to the Kokrail bridge."[1] Johnson of the 32nd, who was attached to the cavalry, saved one of the guns by a prompt and daring deed. Seeing it abandoned he galloped up to it, dismounted, and making over his horse to a comrade, he jumped on one of the artillery horses, and safely withdrew it.[2]

As the retreating column neared the Kokrail bridge the insurgents' cavalry were seen gathering in the far rear to the left of them. Then was heard the stentorian voice of Captain Radcliffe—"Threes right! Trot!" The small squadron swept out of the trees, and off the road, and were within a quarter of a mile of the foe. Two light guns opened on them; but above the whistling of the round shot rang the word "Charge!" The trumpets blared forth, and that handful of men rode straight on the mass before

[1] MS. letter from Colonel Bonham, R.A.

[2] He was rewarded by the Victoria Cross.

them: but it bided not the shock, and—*five hundred cavalry and two guns were dispersed by thirty-five sabres.* It was a fine exploit. "The guns got under the shelter of a regiment of the line, which we dared not charge, for the first volley they gave us emptied two saddles; so, sabring up the scattered skirmishers, we wheeled and galloped to the rear of our slowly moving columns." [1]

The enemy's infantry pressed nearer and nearer, and under a slaughtering fire the bridge was reached. Henry Lawrence drew rein, and with hat in hand—a target for all—rallied his troops for a last stand. But the ammunition had run out. He ordered the guns to be halted, and the portfires to be lighted; the enemy were cowed, and the column crossed the bridge in safety. The retreat was continued, and it was made less trying to our men by the generous kindness of the native women, who, as they passed their houses, supplied them with water and milk. The iron bridge over the Goomtee at last was reached; but we had lost during the disastrous day 118 European officers and men killed, and 182 natives killed and missing: 54 Europeans and 11 natives returned wounded.[2]

Sir Henry Lawrence, accompanied by his staff, had

[1] Mr. John Lawrence's account of the battle of Chinhut. "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 90. The above account was revised shortly before his death by General May, one of the volunteers, who got his commission for his conspicuous gallantry at Chinhut.

[2] "Almost all our best men were killed, including three colour-sergeants, five others, and twelve corporals, men with three and four good-conduct stripes, and soon about to go home."—"MS. Letters from Lucknow and Cawnpore, 1857," written by General E. Delaney Lowe, C.B., 32nd Regiment.

galloped through the rebellious city without any escort, and on reaching the Residency had ordered Captain Edmonstone's company to hold the iron bridge, and they, with the guns of the Residency which commanded it, effectually checked the advancing foe. The guns on the river face at Muchee Bhawun, which, in default of artillery officers, were worked by Major Francis and Lieutenant Huxham, prevented the passage of the stone bridge by the enemy.[1] They, however, planted their guns across the river, and with astonishing rapidity and well-directed aim they sent showers of shot and shell on the Residency; then crossing the river below the two bridges they boldly advanced, seized the houses round, swiftly loopholed them, and poured their musketry fire into the entrenchments. The memorable siege of the Residency at Lucknow had now commenced.

[1] "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 82.

CHAPTER XII.

Commencement of the siege.

At daybreak (1st July), under cover of a heavy musketry and cannonade, the enemy made their first attack, but were repulsed on all sides with considerable loss. As the siege had commenced, Sir Henry Lawrence decided that it would be no longer safe or wise to maintain the separate position of the Muchee Bhawun, and attempts were made to open communication with that post. Messengers were sent across, but as it was doubtful whether they would ever reach their destination, it was determined to work the semaphore which had been erected on the roof of the Residency. It was a primitive machine, consisting of one post with a bar at the top from which were suspended, in one row, black stuffed bags, each having its own pulley to work it. Captain Fulton of the Engineers, accompanied by Mr. G. H. Lawrence and a third officer, ascended the roof to convey the message.[1] As soon as the mutineers espied their figures they opened a furious fire from every window and loophole. The bullets cut the strings and the pulleys became clogged. Twice it was erected and twice it fell. Then, after three hours' work, careless of the shower of musketry which was rattling upon them, and the burning sun

[1] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 196.
"The Defence of Lucknow," by a Staff Officer, page 43.

which was pouring upon them, the three brave men erected it for the third time, and the message was sent: "Spike the guns well, blow up the Fort, and retire at midnight."[1] On receipt of the message Colonel Palmer, of the 48th Native Infantry, who was the senior officer left, arranged in complete detail for the evacuation, and furnished the commanding and departmental officers with minute written orders as to what they should do. As midnight approached the mortars from our batteries shelled the ground between the Residency and Muchee Bhawun, and the guns played hotly towards the iron bridge by which the force must pass. The troops were paraded in the wide courtyard of the Muchee Bhawun, and each man fell into his appointed place. As the clock struck twelve Lawrence's company of the 32nd, heading the column, marched out of the Eastern Gate and reached the Water Gate of the Residency with such silence and celerity that the enemy knew nothing of the march. Finding the gate closed the leading men of the column shouted, "Open the gate!" Guns loaded with grape covered the entrance. The artillerymen mistook the words for

[1] "When at last Sir Henry sent to me to say that they were signalling, I found Innes at the Muchee Bhawun telegraph with 'Attention' up. So to work we went. The telegraph I had put up before the cantonment row had got out of order, ropes broke and ran out of the pulleys, and we had all sorts of mishaps, when after three hours' work under a most tremendous musketry and round shot we managed to call on the Muchee Bhawun force. The telegraph being on the top of the Residency we were in full view, but Mr. Carey Lawrence, Sir Henry's nephew, one European, and self, escaped unscathed, having done the job."—MS. Diary of Captain Fulton.

"Open with grape," and were already at the guns when an officer put them right. The column bringing their treasure, and two more 9-pounder guns with them, marched into the Residency without the loss of a man.[1] Then a fountain of fire leapt up to the sky, the earth rocked, a terrific report rent the air, and a coronal of black smoke hung over the ruins of Muchee Bhawun.[2] "A superb sight was that explosion." To hold the citadel as long as by so doing there was a hope of overawing the turbulent population of Lucknow, was bold, comprehensive, and military, and to destroy it completely when the British force had been weakened by the disaster at Chinhut was also wise and strategic. "If it had not been," writes Brigadier Inglis, "for this wise and strategic measure no member of the Lucknow gar-

[1] "We had saved all but one man, who, having been intoxicated and concealed in some corner, could not be found when the muster-roll was called. The French say, 'Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes,' and the truth of the proverb was never better exemplified than in this man's case. He had been thrown into the air, had returned unhurt to mother earth, continued his drunken sleep again, had awoke next morning, found the fort to his surprise a mass of deserted ruins, and quietly walked back to the Residency without being molested by a soul; and even bringing with him a pair of bullocks attached to a cart of ammunition. . . . Our men were not a little astonished when they heard him cry, 'Arrah, by Jasus, open your gates!' And they let him in, convulsed with laughter."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 121.

[2] "The force joined us at twelve o'clock at night, and Muchee Bhawun flew into the air in grand style. A superb sight was that explosion."—MS. Diary of Captain Fulton.

"The arrangements for blowing up the fort were made by Lieutenant Thomas of the Madras Artillery, who fired the tube so as to explode the magazine half-an-hour after the troops had left."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 197.

"The Defence of Lucknow," by a Staff Officer, page 44.

"State Papers," vol. ii., page 39.

rison, in all probability, would have survived to tell the tale; for, as has already been stated, the Muchee Bhawun was commanded from other parts of the town, and was, moreover, indifferently provided with heavy artillery ammunition, while the difficulty, suffering, and loss which the Residency garrison, even with reinforcements thus obtained from the Muchee Bhawun, has undergone in holding the position, is sufficient to show that, if the original intention of holding both posts had been adhered to, both would have inevitably fallen."

The Residency entrenchments, in which the Lucknow force was now concentrated, covered about sixty acres of ground, and consisted of a number of detached houses standing in gardens, public edifices, outhouses, and casual buildings netted together and welded by ditches, parapets, stockades, and batteries, into one consentaneous whole of resistance. On the summit of the plateau stood the Residency proper, the official residence of the Chief Commissioner; a lofty building three storeys in height, not without grace and dignity. A superb portico gave a considerable degree of grandeur to the eastern entrance, and a wide and lofty colonnaded verandah extended along the western front. On the ground floor and two upper storeys were several spacious apartments, and on the south side underground rooms, lofty and well arranged. They had been built to shelter the residents at the Court of Lucknow from the extreme heat of the day during the summer solstice, and were now occupied by the women of the 32nd. On the ground floor were the soldiers, and the rest of

The Residency entrenchments.

The Residency.

the commodious house was filled with officers, ladies, and children. But the building with its wide and lofty windows was ill qualified for defence, and the upper storeys had to be abandoned soon after the siege began. Inside two little turrets in the north and south sides, spiral staircases led to the broad terrace of the roof, from whence could be seen Lucknow, its temples and mosques; its cupolas glistening in the sun like domes of gold, in fantastic and unique architecture; its river lined with stately palaces, not, as in Europe, residences of the sovereign only, but centres of government, miniature towns surrounded by embattled walls, containing long lines of buildings occupied by chief ministers of state, their harems and their attendants, and spacious courts surrounded by stone cloisters planted with orange and lemon trees and flowery shrubs watered by fountains.

The wide grounds of the Residency were first protected by high boundary walls, a line of parapet and a ditch across it, and a strong battery known as the Redan was constructed in a corner of the garden. Near the Residency stood another large pile of building called the Banqueting Hall, where lofty and spacious apartments had been built for State receptions; it was converted into a hospital. But the large doors and windows made it, like the Residency, unsuited for a place of defence, and though the openings were protected with tents and every available material, not a few were struck inside it during the siege.[1] A battery of three guns—an

1 "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 163.

18-pounder, a 13-inch howitzer, and a 9-pounder—was placed between the Water Gate and hospital. "The right wing of the hospital served as a laboratory for making fusees and cartridges, and fronting it was placed a battery of three mortars."[1]

Aitken's or Treasury Post.

Immediately below the Banqueting Hall, and built on the same ground, was another substantial building, a portion of which was used as a store-room, treasury, and barracks for the native soldiers, who, under the command of Lieutenant Aitken, guarded it. On account of the treasure kept there it was known as the Treasury Post.

Bailey Guard Gate.

To the left of the treasury front was the Bailey Guard Gate,[2] a handsome structure whose lofty archway was banked up on the inside with earth, and two 9-pounders and an 8-inch howitzer were so placed that they could shower grape and canister on any assailants who succeeded in forcing it.

Dr. Fayrer's house.

Close behind the Bailey Guard Gate was the extensive one-storeyed house occupied by Dr. Fayrer. Here many ladies found a hospitable shelter, and it had the advantage of having underground rooms to which they could retire when the fire of the enemy became very heavy. Along the flat roof were placed sandbags, and sheltered by them our men were able to keep up a warm fire on the enemy. An 18-pounder

[1] "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 107.

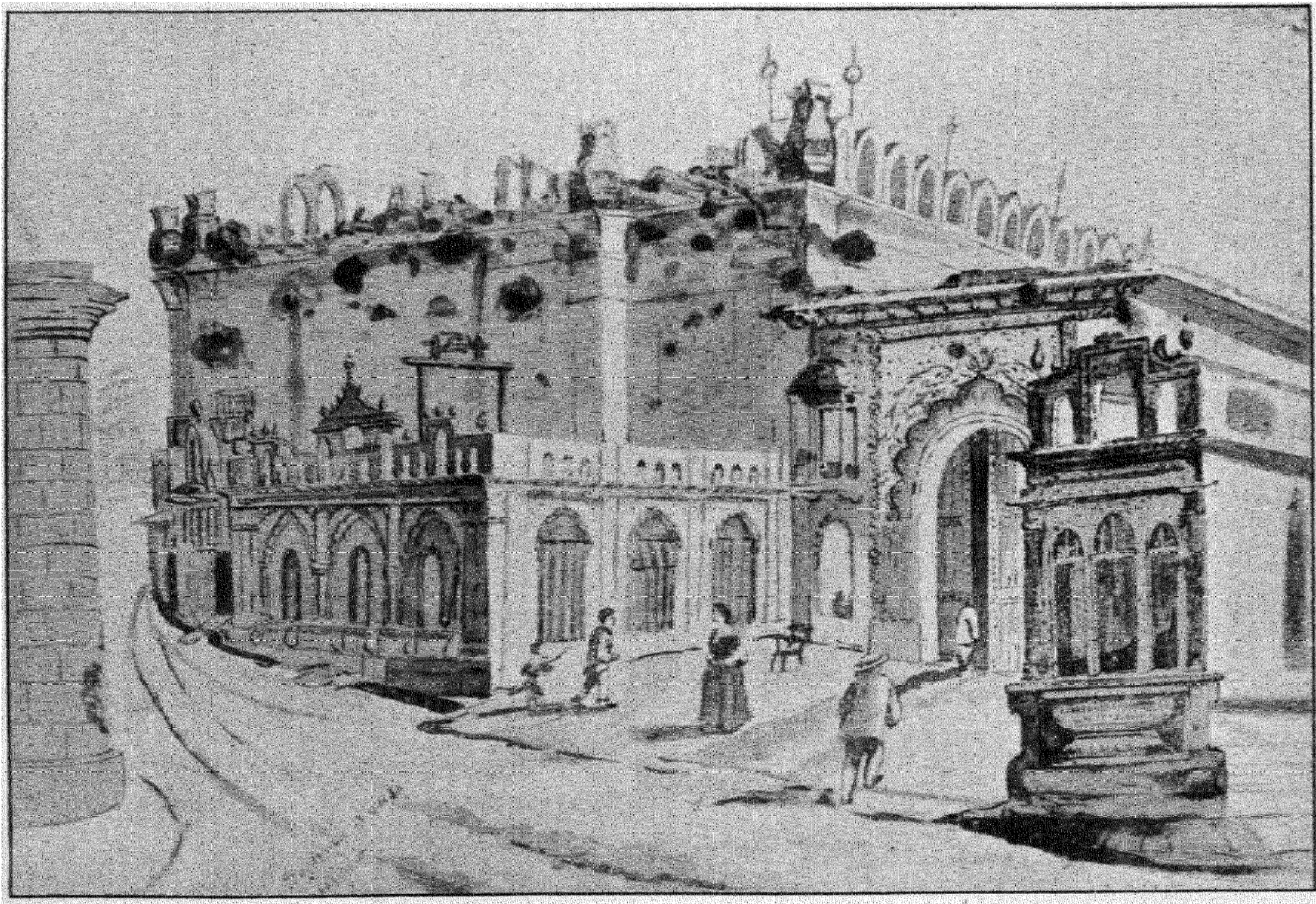
[2] *Bailey Guard*—the usual method of spelling it. Baillie Guard, the gateway of the Residency, where the main body of the Residents' Guard was posted in old times, was called Baillie after a former resident, Colonel Baillie. Long before the Mutiny the term Baillie Guard had been applied by the men of our Native Army to the whole Residency, and native soldiers in speaking of the Residency always called it "Baillie Guard."—"State Papers," vol. ii., page 232.

and a 9-pounder loaded with grape were placed in a north-eastern direction to command if possible the Bailey Guard Gateway. The post was commanded by Captain Weston and Dr. Fayrer, a keen sportsman and first-rate shot.[1]

The Begum's Khotee.

Behind Dr. Fayrer's house was the Begum Khotee, so called from having been the dwelling-place of a grand-daughter of a former King of Oudh. It consisted of an extensive quadrangular range of buildings, entered by a lofty gateway. Some of these contained a few fine and lofty apartments, but the majority were mere small and domestic offices. The house itself of the Begum was "a most uninviting looking place, having neither a punkah to cool the air, nor a scrap of furniture to set it off; but we had

[1] "It was a large oblong building with a flat pucka roof accessible by a staircase inside, surrounded by a parapet of from two to three feet in height. This was strengthened and added to by piling bags of earth on the parapet on the side which overlooked the city. This was meant for and used as a breastwork for riflemen. The house was built on the slope of an elevation, the ground being part of the garden or compound in which it stood. On the Residency side it consisted of one storey, on the city side owing to the sloping character of the ground on which it stood, there was a suite of rooms with doors opening into the garden, externally and internally, by staircases into the rooms upstairs. These lower rooms consisted of godowns (storerooms) and a swimming bath. A flight of steps led down into the lower garden, which was prettily laid out, and was bounded below by my stables for 12 or 14 horses. . . . The front of the house also had a piece of ground planted with trees, bamboos, and shrubs, and from this led a staircase down to the lower garden. The higher portion, that in front of the house, being separated from the lower, as in the case of the house itself, by a suite of out-office rooms surmounted by a parapet. It was on the platform behind this parapet that my battery of a long 18-pounder and a brass 9-pound howitzer were placed during the siege, and where we had some heavy fighting, and lost a number of men killed and wounded." —MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.



THE BEGUM KOTEE IN THE RESIDENCY.

(THE LADIES' QUARTERS.)

to make the best of it."[1] It was, however, one of the safest spots in the entrenchments, and provided shelter for some of the officers' wives, and the women and children of the garrison. An upper-storeyed house within the square was used by the Commissariat to contain their stores.

The Financial Outpost.

Directly below Dr. Fayrer's house, on the east front, was the Financial Commissioner's office, a large two-storeyed house whose enclosure wall formed our line of defence. It was commanded with great ability and courage by Captain Saunders, 13th Native Infantry.[2]

Judicial Commissioner's office.

Separated from Saunders' Post by a narrow lane was Sago's House,[3] a small one-storeyed building, the enclosing walls and ground of which were abandoned, and the defence confined to the house itself. A narrow passage, to traverse which proved fatal to many during the siege, led up to the Judicial Commissioner's office, a large two-storeyed building situated on high ground. Here the outer wall, owing to the slope of the ground, had to be abandoned, and a strong barricade of fascines and earth constructed. This important position, which was greatly exposed to the enemy's fire from the east, was commanded by Captain Germon, 13th Native

[1] "A Widow's Reminiscences of Lucknow," page 16.

[2] Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes calls it Saunders' Post: Mr. Gubbins and Mr. Rees speak of it as the Financial Office outpost.—Saunders' post was the scene of four successive mining attacks preparatory to the 5th September.—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 137.

[3] "Previous to the siege it was the residence of Mrs. Sago, the mistress of a charity school."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 111.

Infantry. Next to the Judicial Commissioner's office came Captain Anderson's post, which marked the southern boundary of the eastern front. Extending from the hospital front to Anderson's House, it consisted of a series of houses situated on two tiers: on the upper were Fayrer's House, the Post Office, and the Judicial Commissioner's office; on the lower, immediately in front of them, were the Bailey Guard, the Financial office, and Sago's House.

Eastern Front.

Post Office.

The Post Office, one of the most important positions in the entrenchments, was used as the barrack-room of a great portion of the soldiers. Besides affording shelter to several families, it was the head-quarters of the Engineers, and a workshop was attached to it for the manufacture of tools, and the preparation of shells and fuses. In a sheltered corner of the Post Office, at its extremity on the right, was a battery which swept the front of the Bailey Guard Gate, and in a measure protected Saunders' Post and Sago's Garrison.[1]

Captain Anderson's Post.

Captain Anderson's small house, two storeys in height, situated on rising ground, formed the south-eastern angle of our position, and from it to Gubbins' house extended the south front. When the Residency was being put into a state of defence,

[1] "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 109.
"Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 155.
"The Post Office position, from its projecting trace, not only provided a strong frontal defence, but also enfiladed the face of the Baily Guard Post, and in combination with the Redan on the North front, powerfully protected the north-east angle of the position."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 105.

the wall of the enclosure round the house was thrown down, and a stockade erected in its place. Within the stockade was a ditch; then a mound of about five feet; then another deep ditch, with pointed bamboos placed at the bottom.[1] By the little outpost ran the Cawnpore road, and having the enemy only a few yards from the house on the left, and in front, it was one of the most exposed outworks of the whole Residency position. The guns of the enemy were in position so as to keep an incessant fire on it night and day.[2] The garrison consisted of nine privates and a sergeant of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot, eight volunteers, a subaltern officer, and Captain Anderson, the gallant commander.[3] Among the volunteers were Signor Barsotelli, an Italian, Monsieur Geoffroi, a Frenchman, who displayed conspicuous courage during the siege, and Mr. W. Capper, of the Bengal Civil Service, "who went manfully to work with firelock and pouch, and did regular duty as a common soldier, and a precious good and attentive one he was."[4]

1 "A Personal Journal of the Siege of Lucknow," by Captain R. P. Anderson, 25th Native Infantry, commanding an outpost, page 31.

2 *Ibid.*

3 "But the principal means of defence on this side was a post, commanded by and named after Captain Anderson, 25th N. I. It was severely handled, and almost destroyed by the enemy. It was perhaps the most exposed post in the whole garrison, and the only one called by the name of its own commander during the siege."—"The Siege of Lucknow," by Lady Inglis, page 57.

4 "After this, at my request, he assisted me in my duties in the capacity of an officer, and was accordingly relieved from sentry duty, although we both, of course, 'turned out' during every attack, with our musket and pouch. He is an instance of a gentleman putting aside all pride, and subjecting himself (for the good of the State) to all manner

He afterwards became second-in-command of that glorious post.[1]

The Cawnpore Battery.

Below Captain Anderson's house, and communicating with it by a hole in the wall, was the Cawnpore Battery, intended, by enfilading the Cawnpore road, to be a barrier to the approach of mutineers from that town, and also to be the flank defence of the continuous line of buildings which formed the southern front.

The first of these buildings was the house of Mr. Deprat, a French merchant, who did right good service during the siege. It was a single-storeyed building with a verandah, which was now protected by a mud wall about six feet high, two and a half feet thick, and pierced for musketry.

Johannes' House.

Opposite Deprat's house, a few yards from the road, was Johannes' house, so called from the Armenian merchant who owned it. It had been intended to utilise it if possible, and if not, to blow it up at the last moment. But the untoward event of Chinhut brought on the siege so rapidly that this was neglected to be done, and it was occupied by the enemy, "whose riflemen could command from its upper storeys not only the Cawnpore Battery, but

of exposure, danger, and fatigue, and acting under orders of a military officer whose rank, in a civil capacity, was under his own. I am also happy to add that we never had a difference of opinion in duty matters throughout the siege. Mr. Capper was a Deputy Commissioner, at a salary of 1000 rupees: he had the entire charge of a district."—"A Personal Journal of the Siege of Lucknow," by Captain R. P. Anderson, page 34.

[1] "Mr. W. C. Capper, of the Civil Service, was the second in command of this glorious Anderson's post."—"The Siege of Lucknow," by Lady Inglis, page 57.

Anderson's garrison, the gaol, barracks, post office, and the entrance to the Begum Khotee."[1]

The wall before Mr. Deprat's house, partly protected by a palisade, was continued till it joined the next building, which was a native house belonging to a local banking firm. Here were located the boys of the Martiniére School.[2] The house was single storeyed, but it had a good parapet protecting its grass roof, and its strong brick walls needed no further strengthening. A strong stockade had been erected in front of it, which extended beyond the broad road that separated it from the King's Hospital, a spacious and commanding pile, whose lofty and well protected terrace overtopped all the neighbouring buildings. The house was used as a mess by the officers of the Oudh force and Native Infantry regiments, and was known during the siege as the Brigade Mess.[3] It was under the command of a gallant old soldier, Colonel Master, who, on account of his habit of

[1] "The battery had then three guns, an 8-pounder facing the Cawnpore road, and a 9-pounder commanding Johannes' house, which was right opposite Deprat's. A third 9-pounder was intended to sweep the road leading to the right towards Galagunge, past the King's Hospital. Before the platform on which the large gun was placed, protected without by a stockade, and within by sandbags, was a trench leading past Captain Anderson's compound wall."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 96.

[2] Claude Martin was a native of the city of Lyons, and served under Lally in the regiment of Lorraine. After Chandernagore was taken by Clive, he entered the service of the Nawab of Oudh, but was allowed by the Company to retain his rank, and enjoy promotion. He amassed a large fortune, the bulk of which he left to founding charity schools at Lucknow, Calcutta, and his native city.

[3] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by Martin Gubbins, page 156.

"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 99.

constantly hailing from the top, got the name of "the Admiral."[1] As it was a lofty building our best rifle shots were able from the roof to cause the enemy considerable annoyance, and here General Inglis had his headquarters. Behind the main building and beyond its enclosure were two smaller enclosures, known as the first and second squares. The two inner courts were enclosed by low, flat outhouses, whose small rooms afforded shelter to many families.

Next to the Brigade Mess, and almost in a direct line with it, was a broad square surrounded by flat-roofed buildings, which, on account of its being occupied by the Sikh Cavalry, under Lieutenant Hardinge, was known as the Sikh Square. Little had been done to strengthen these outhouses, and to enable the garrison to fire from the roofs it was necessary, after the siege had begun, to erect a series of protections of sandbags and boards.

The Sikh Square.

Behind the Sikh Square was a large parallelogram, known as the second Sikh Square, where the artillery bullocks were kept, and further on was another square where the horses of the 7th Light and of the Sikh Cavalry were tethered.[2] A broad road, closed near its eastern extremity by a bank of earth and some palisades, with a 24-pound howitzer placed so as to sweep any who forced the obstructions, separated the Second Sikh Square and Horse Square from the eastern wall of the grounds of Gubbins' House. At the First Sikh Square, and

Second Sikh Square.

Horse Square.

[1] "The Siege of Lucknow," by Lady Inglis, page 56.
[2] "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 99.

the south wall of Gubbins' House, was a re-entering piece of ground, covered with the ruins of native houses, which afforded convenient starting points and shelters for the enemy: indeed, along the whole length of the southern front, from Anderson's to Gubbins' battery, the ground was covered with ruined buildings, and the enemy lay not more than thirty or forty feet from our position.[1]

At the south-west corner of the entrenchments, where the outhouses which covered the grounds of Mr. Gubbins' house made a re-entering angle, was erected on a lower level a battery projecting some distance beyond the boundary, and thus flanking the two sides of the enclosure, and menacing the whole surrounding area. A passage led from the battery to the grounds, in the centre of which stood the house, two storeys in height[2] and solidly built of masonry. On the southern side a spacious and handsome portico marked the principal front, and Gubbins' House.

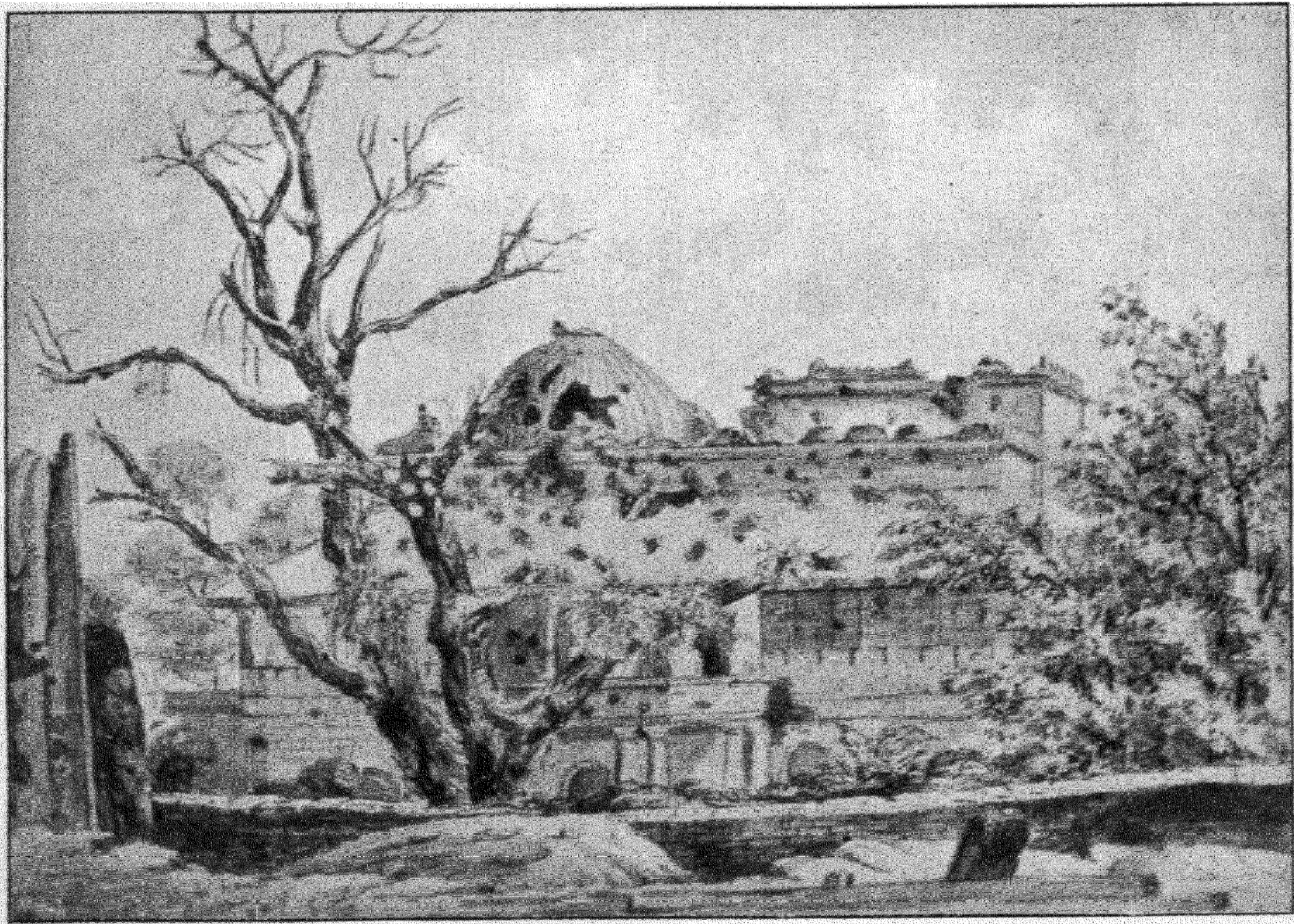
[1] "It was on this (south) front that the enemy really lay closest to our position, not being more than thirty or forty feet distant from it along its whole length; but the ground was so entirely covered with ruins, that though they were sheltered, they had no facilities for movement. These ruins protected the foot of the buildings from artillery fire."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 105.

[2] "The garden, in the centre of which was the house of Mr. Gubbins the Financial Commissioner, was bounded to the south by the Golagunge road, and by the walls of a house known as Young Johannes'. These were commanded by outhouses belonging to Mr. Gubbins's yard, those to the left being guarded by our Sikhs, from whose roofs a low earth wall covered with sandbags enabled them to fire. Those to the right, and separated by a high wall from the former, which they otherwise resembled, had in them a passage leading to a half-moon battery erected by Mr. Gubbins at his own expense, but for the cost of which he was about to be remunerated."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 100.

beyond it soared a lofty forest tree covered in spring with pale yellow blossoms. During the siege its colossal trunk and massive branches interrupted many a round shot; day by day the boughs were shot away till little but the stem remained. As a huge branch came crashing down, an old Sikh soldier remarked: "It has repaid all the Company's salt." The battered trunk of the old tree still stands before the ruins of the house, a striking memorial of the great siege.

At first it was hardly anticipated that Mr. Gubbins' outpost could be held, and the Engineers constructed a wooden bridge, by which the inmates might retire to the grounds of Mr. Ommaney's house, across the narrow lane which separated the two estates. Gubbins' House was used as the officers' hospital, and in Ommaney's several families found shelter. On the west face, where the outbuildings of Gubbins' residence ended, the defence consisted of only a 9-pounder gun, with a low bank in front of it.[1] The defence from thence consisted of the outer walls of three ranges of quadrangular buildings, the slaughter-houses, the sheep-house, and the servants' quarter, and at either end of the range two batteries had been constructed, but had not been finished when the siege began. The first, however, was the least exposed, owing to the nature of the ground, which

1 "Still further to the rear was Ommaney's house, protected towards the Bhoosa entrenchments, in the event of their being taken by the enemy, by a deep ditch and a hedge of cactus, and fortified, should Gubbins's outpost be carried by the rebels, by a couple of guns, intended to sweep the road leading to it and to the Sikh Square."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 101.



"GUBBINS' HOUSE."

was broken and rugged, and sloped right down to a ravine which the enemy never dared to cross.

Some little distance below the north-west angle of the sheep-house, on a wide expanse of ground dotted with lofty trees and a wall around it, stood the Church, a building fashioned after the model of the Royal Chapel at Eton. The close had not been used as a place of interment, but the sacred enclosure was destined to be soon filled with the remains of some of England's noblest dead.[1]

Where the road began to descend to the Church was erected a battery of three guns—viz. one 18-pounder and two 9-pounders—which, from having been commanded during the siege by Captain Evans, was known as Evans' battery.[2] It not only protected the Church and its enclosure, but it also flanked the south side of Innes' Post, and provided a good frontal defence. Evans' Battery.

Immediately beyond the Church and cemetery, connected with the main position by a neck of land, was Innes' Post, which formed our extreme outwork on the north-west. The house was single-storeyed, with a flat roof, and had once been the residence of Lieutenant McLeod Innes of the Engineers, Innes' Post.

[1] "There is a really very pretty little Gothic Church, considering its date, 1810."—"Memoir of the Rev. H. S. Polehampton," page 87. "Close to the Residency is the church, covered in with trees, standing in a large walled-in space, not a churchyard; we don't bury in or near churches in India. As I have already said, it is by no means an ugly, though not a correct church. I regret to say that the east window is a sham; perhaps I shall have it opened some day; and what look like aisles on each side are used as verandahs, in which stand the natives who pull the punkahs."—*Ibid.*, page 94.

[2] Captain Evans was, when the revolt broke out, Deputy Commissioner of Purwa.

whence its name. A portion of the front was defended by a palisade, and on the north a low mud wall separated it from the enemy's position. Beyond the walls lay some low-lying ground, covered with long grass and plantain trees, where the enemy had their Garden Battery. To the right, almost within a stone's throw, was a lofty natural mound, covered with trees and old tombs, where the enemy also planted some guns. The fire from Innes' Post was, however, only musketry, for it was considered too exposed for a battery to be constructed there with any security, and the guns of Evans' and the Redan battery afforded it considerable protection.

Redan Battery.

On the north face, not far from Evans' guns, in a corner of the Residency garden, was the Redan, the most strongly fortified and complete battery of the whole entrenchment. Erected on an open space of high ground, and constructed in the form of a half-moon, its three guns commanded not only the river face and the houses in the Captains' Bazar, but flanked the whole north front.[1] A line of earthworks, surmounted by sandbags, with a ditch inside, connected the Redan with the Water

[1] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 160.

"The Redan Battery flanked the whole of this front with artillery fire, and also, in combination with the guns along the curtain, afforded a powerful frontal defence."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 106.

"Fortunately, this part was completely commanded by the Redan, the best, most strongly fortified, and most complete battery of the whole garrison, erected by Captain Fulton, one of our very best engineer officers, who deserved the greatest praise for the scientific manner in which he constructed it. The whole of the river side, and the buildings on the opposite banks, could be played on with our cannon from here; and in the event of an attack, both the north and

Gate, where two 9-pounder guns were placed, thus completing the line of defence. This consisted, as we have seen, of four fronts, each extending for about a quarter of a mile in length, and it was continuous; for wherever there was not a wall or a building duly loopholed, there were scarped revetments and parapets, with ditches fronted by obstructions. But in many places there was no obstruction sufficient to bar an enemy, if he had possessed sufficient intrepidity to storm it in the face of a heavy fire. The extent and feebleness of the fortifications made a large garrison necessary, but the garrison was even weaker than the defences. It consisted of only 1720 fighting men; and against them was the vast population of a turbulent city, and a large force of highly trained fighting men.[1] The Redan and Cawnpore batteries

east as well as the west sides could be swept with our grape from the two 18-pounders and 9-pounder on it. It was in the form of more than three-quarters of a circle, and was elevated considerably above the street below."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 105.

[1] The 1720 included—

British officers (including medical)	133
British non-commissioned officers and men	671
Christian drummers	51
Volunteers (being all civilians capable of bearing arms)	153
Total Christians	1008
Native troops	712
Grand total	1720

The 1280 non-combatants were—

Christians—	
Women	240
Children	270
Martinière boys	50
Others	40
Total	600
Natives	680
Grand total	1280

were the only two outposts entirely garrisoned by British soldiers. The Hospital, the Treasury Garrison, and the Sikh Squares, were held by Native troops, and never did a body of men display more conspicuous bravery and hearty loyalty. The garrisons in the other posts were composed of about equal numbers of British soldiers, sepoys, and volunteers. The volunteers, chiefly clerks unaccustomed to the use of firelocks, were men of all ages, sizes and figures; and the novel situation of a greater part of them was often the source of merriment to their professional comrades. A stout Eurasian volunteer of middle age, in some distress of mind, asked his commander: "What are we to do, sir, if we are charged by elephants?" The startling and difficult question was wisely answered: "Whether able to keep off such huge animals or not, Government expects each individual to make the attempt." A young volunteer was in a great state of anxiety how to present arms when his post was visited by Grand Rounds. Signor Barsotelli, however, consoled him by saying: "Never mind, sir, make a *leetle* noise; who is to see in the dark?" Another night when the brave Italian was suddenly called out from a sound sleep, he exclaimed: "I think these grand officers do this for their own amusement." Nothing, however, kept the Signor from the performance of his duty. "In another moment there he stood with a musket in one hand and a double-barrelled rifle in the other; at his side was a huge cavalry sword, and pendant over his breast hung his ammunition pouch, resembling very much an

Distribution of the garrison.

The Volunteers.

Italian hand organ. This latter part of the Signor's military equipment was rather *in his way* than otherwise; but he did not exactly know where else to put it; and he was not a little pleased when told that the pouch of the English soldier is worn at the back. What with a gun in both hands and a huge sword constantly getting between his legs, he had quite enough to do without the extra anxiety about the horrid cartridge pouch, which contained some sixty rounds of balled ammunition into the bargain." Laid under discipline, and taught the elements of the military art, the majority of the volunteers proved potent soldiers. All ranks, and all classes, civilians, officers, clerks, and soldiers, bore an equal part in the fatigue and labours of the siege. All together descended into the mine; all together handled the shovel for the interment of the putrid bullock; and all, accoutred with musket and bayonet, relieved each other on sentry, without regard to the distinctions of rank, civil or military.[1] All were actuated with the same spirit and determination that they would rather perish than surrender the place.

After the two garrisons had been concentrated without any loss in the Residency Entrenchment, Sir Henry Lawrence proceeded personally to superintend the arrangements for distributing and posting the

[1] "State Papers," vol. ii., page 45.

"I saw Mr. Couper, the Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, aided by three or four other civilians between the intervals of 'sentry go,' labouring with spade and shovel in heat and in rain, in the revolting task of burying the putrid carcases of bullocks, and I have felt most grateful for his example and strong right arm in labouring at the shafts and mines of the Brigade Mess."—"Narrative of the Mutinies in Oude," by Captain G. Hutchinson, page 179.

Muchee Bhawun force, and placing the field-pieces in position. He visited every post, however exposed its position, however hot the fire directed against it, and impressed upon the garrison what it had to do, and encouraged the men by kindly speech.

The day had well advanced before he returned to his quarters, and, thoroughly worn out by forty hours' continuous strain and anxiety, threw himself on his bed to rest. But no amount of toil or weariness could diminish his forethought, and from his couch he requested Captain Wilson, the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, to draw up a memorandum as to how the rations were to be distributed. The Residency had now become a special target for the enemy, and on the previous day a shell had been thrown from the 8-inch howitzer, which the enemy had captured at Chinhut, into Sir Henry's apartment. He and Mr. Couper were in the room at the time, and it burst between them, without injury to either. His staff now entreated Sir Henry to remove to a more sheltered spot. He laughingly said that sailors always considered the safest place in a ship to be that where the shot had last made a hole, and he did not consider that the enemy had an artilleryman so good a marksman as to put another shell into that small room Later in the day, however, some more shot having entered the top storey of the Residency, his staff again pressed Sir Henry to remove to the apartments below, and to allow his papers to be moved. He promised that he would next day. When Captain Wilson was leaving the room to write the memorandum, he reminded Sir Henry of this

promise. "He said he was very tired and would rest a couple of hours, and that then he would have his things moved." Captain Wilson, in about half-an-hour, returned with the memorandum. Standing by the bed of Sir Henry he proceeded to read what he had written. It was not quite in accordance with the chief's wishes; he began to explain, but the sentence was never finished. A shell came whizzing and shrieking into the room, a sheet of flame rose into the air and a shower of iron descended stretching Wilson stunned to the earth. When he arose he could see nothing owing to the air being full of smoke and dust. He called out: "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" All was still. Twice he called: then faintly the answer came—"I am killed." When the sulphurous cloud rolled away, Captain Wilson saw the white coverlet on which his chief lay crimson with blood. Some soldiers of the 32nd now rushed in to the assistance of Sir Henry. A messenger was sent post-haste for a surgeon, who, on arriving, found him laid on a table in the drawing-room, surrounded by several officers. The stricken man opened his eyes, and asked: "How long have I to live?" Dr. Fayrer replied, he hoped for some time; but on moving the torn clothes and examining the wound, he knew that it was fatal. A piece of shell had passed through and torn to shreds the upper part of the left thigh. After the examination was over, Sir Henry asked again how long he had to live, and pressed for a reply. The surgeon answered: "He thought about forty-eight hours." Then, owing to the increasing fire of the enemy, they removed him to

Sir Henry Lawrence wounded.

Dr. Fayrer's house, which was more sheltered from their artillery. They laid him in the northern verandah. A consultation was held, and the medical men decided that even amputation at the hip-joint offered no hope of saving life.[1] Nothing could be done but to alleviate suffering. The rebels had learnt what had occurred, and whither the chief had

[1] "About 9 A.M. of the 2nd of July, I was summoned by Captain Edgell, then officiating as Military Secretary, to see Sir Henry, who, he said, had been dangerously wounded. I hastened down, and found him on a bed in the north verandah of Dr. Fayrer's house. The bed was surrounded by all his staff, his nephew, and the principal persons of the garrison, among whom not a dry eye could be seen.

"It has never fallen to my lot to witness such a scene of sorrow. While we clustered round Sir Henry's bed, the enemy were pouring a heavy musketry fire upon the place; and bullets were striking the outside of the pillars of the verandah in which we were collected. Sir Henry's attenuated frame, and the severe nature of the injury, at once decided the medical men not to attempt amputation; but it was necessary to stay the bleeding by applying the tourniquet, and the agony which this caused was fearful to behold. It was impossible to avoid sobbing like a child."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 198.

"I examined his wound," wrote Dr. Fayrer, in a letter to a friend, "and found that a large fragment of the shell had shattered the upper part of the thigh-bone, passing through the thigh and gluteal region of the left side. I believe also that the bones of the pelvis were injured. The femoral artery was not injured, as the wound was behind it. I immediately applied the necessary bandages to staunch the bleeding, which was not very profuse, and supported the fractured limb with bandages and pillows as much as possible. As he was faint and distressed by the shock, I gave him stimulants freely . . . Of course, I consulted other medical men—among them Dr. Partridge and Dr. Ogilvie, who also remained with him constantly—as to the propriety, or possibility, of an operation; but all agreed with me that the injury was of too grave a character to leave any hope of recovery. Indeed, as I was satisfied that the pelvis was fractured, I never entertained the idea of amputation at the hip-joint. I moreover believe that had the thigh-bone only been fractured, Sir Henry could not have borne the shock of an amputation, which would thus only have shortened his valuable life."

been removed, and they smote the house with a smashing fire.

As his time drew near, Sir Henry asked to receive the Lord's Supper; and in the open verandah, with the shells hissing through the air, and the pillars crashing to the stroke of the bullets, the holy rite was performed. When it was ended, with a calm fortitude which excited the admiration of those about him, he appointed his successor and gave detailed instructions as to the conduct of the defence.[1] He earnestly exhorted them to preserve internal tranquillity, to economise their ammunition and the supplies, to protect the women and children from all evil, to exert themselves indefatigably to rouse and sustain the spirit of the garrison, never to treat with the enemy, and on no account to surrender. He expressed his wishes with regard to his children, sending loving messages to them. The children of the British soldiers, who had been the special object of his charity, he recommended to the care of his country. His fancy then reverted to the happy days of his own childhood spent with his mother. He spoke often of the devoted wife who had gone before

[1] "During the time that Sir H. Lawrence was in my house before his death he talked frequently in an impressive but excited way, and amongst other things that he said, as his thoughts travelled from one subject to another, one which seemed to be most present to him was the causes of the Mutiny and that which led to the troubles in which we were now involved. He spoke of the injudicious method in which Native landholders had been dealt with by the Government, and amongst other things he said more than once with much emphasis: 'It was the John Lawrences, the Thomasons, the Edmonstones (and others), who brought India to this.' This I heard distinctly. There were one or two others about the bed, but I cannot remember who they were."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

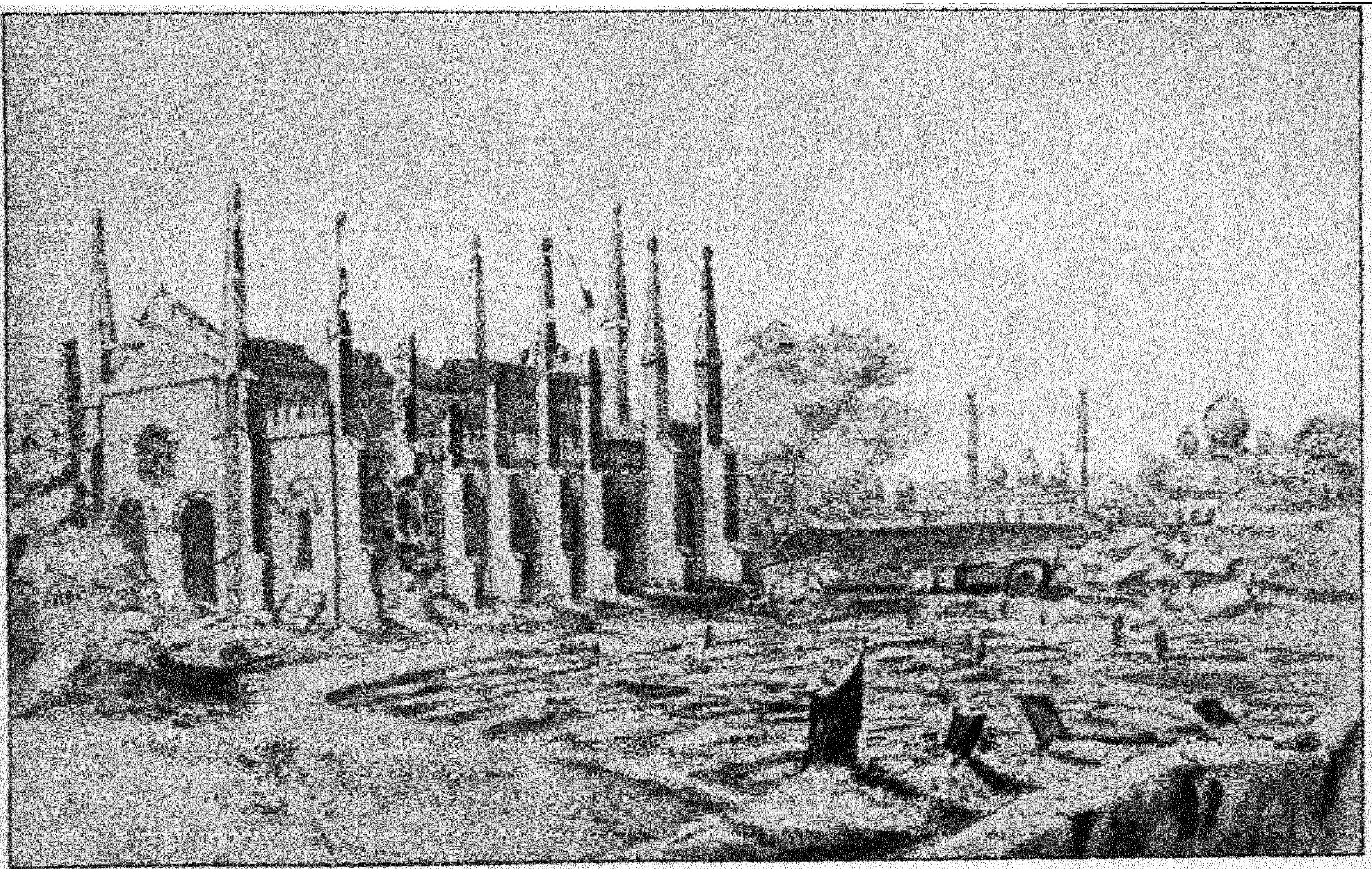
him, and he repeated the sacred texts which had been their guide and their comfort. In the hour of rebellion there came home to him, whose heart was full of compassion and charity for all suffering humanity—the words inscribed on her tomb: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." He expressed a wish to be buried "without any fuss," and to be laid in the same grave as the British soldier; and he desired that no epitaph should be placed on his tomb, but this: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him."

Death of Sir Henry Lawrence.

During the first day he was wounded Sir Henry's mind was clear, and he spoke a great deal. On the following morning he had to be removed to a less exposed spot in the house,[1] and in the forenoon, though suffering intense agony, he often repeated the psalms and prayers read to him. Then his strength began swiftly to ebb away, and he scarcely spoke at all. On Saturday, the 4th of July, as the sunrise broadened, "the shadow of death is turned into the morning,"[2] and the happy release was expressed on the weary but joyful face. "I came into the room," wrote one who attended him in his last moments, "a minute after he had breathed his last: his expression was so happy one could not but rejoice that his pain was over."

[1] "We removed him to the drawing-room after a time, as the verandah became more and more exposed to the fire, and I was with him constantly doing all I could with chloroform to relieve him."—MS. Journal of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

[2] Then as the sunrise broadened upon the hills Christian said: "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."



LUCKNOW CHURCH.

(GRAVE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, MARKED "SIR H. L.")

country. Amidst the booming of the enemy's cannon, and the rattle of their musketry, a hurried prayer was read by the chaplain, who alone could be present, for the stern necessity of the hour spared no soldier to pay military honours to the lost leader.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE on his deathbed directed[1] that Major Banks, Commissioner of Lucknow, should fulfil the functions of Chief Commissioner, and that Colonel Inglis, Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, commanding all the troops, and Major Anderson, Chief Engineer, should be a military council.

Major Banks assumes the office of Chief Commissioner.

Major Banks belonged to the Bengal Army, and like Henry Lawrence was one of the great line of statesmen soldiers who have so materially aided in the establishment and administration of our Indian Empire. He won the applause and approval of every civil and military authority under whom he served, and his prudence and ability as a civilian was only equalled by his ardour and bravery in the field.

Major Banks.

But the garrison had scarcely recovered the loss

[1] "Saturday, July 4th. Our most honoured chief, Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., has gone to his rest, therefore, under his last orders, delivered before many gentlemen while he was in the full possession of his faculties, Major Banks, Brigadier Inglis, and Major Anderson assume substantively the functions which they have since the 2nd instant received provisionally. It is generally known, and Mr. Couper Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, can establish the fact, that some time before his death Sir Henry Lawrence had represented to Government that in his opinion the public safety would be best consulted by routine being set aside and by Major Banks being appointed to act as Chief Commissioner (provisionally), assisted by Colonel Inglis and Major Anderson." — "Narrative of the Mutinies in Oude," by Captain G. Hutchinson, page 170.

of Sir Henry when it had to mourn the death of Major Banks, who received a bullet through his head while examining a critical outpost on the 21st July, and died without a groan.[1] "Capable of undergoing incessant fatigue," wrote a member of the garrison, "both of mind and body, he gave confidence to all as much by his bodily presence where danger was most imminent as by his sound, firm, and judicious orders."[2] General Inglis now declared the military authority to be paramount, and no successor was appointed to Major Banks in the office of Chief Commissioner.

Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Inglis, who now assumed chief command, had five and twenty years before joined the 32nd Regiment at Quebec as an Ensign, and his whole service had been passed in the regiment. He first saw active service during the Canadian insurrection in 1837, and was present at the action of St.

[1] "21st July. Major Banks was killed to-day on the top of Mr. Gubbins' house; he was exposing himself too much, being a gallant soldier, and forgetting how much more valuable his head was than his hands. Yesterday, during the attack, he was going about carrying shot and shell. John wrote to him a strong letter on the subject, reminding him how valuable his life was, and of the loss he would be were he to be killed or disabled. He was an excellent man, zealous, active, and clear-headed, and his death at this particular time was most deeply felt."—"The Siege of Lucknow," by the Hon. Lady Inglis, page 80.

Describing the attack on the Cawnpore Battery, 20th July, Captain Anderson writes: "Poor Major Banks came up and cheered us during the hottest fire, and we were glad to see him."

"Major Banks was a leader in whom we had every confidence, far-seeing, careful, and brave."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 160.

[2] "Narrative of the Mutinies in Oude," by G. Hutchinson, page 178.

"The siege went on, and poor Banks was shot. Peace be to his ashes. I lost a good friend, and the Government one of its best servants."—Captain Fulton's MS. Diary.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J. E. W. INGLIS, K.C.B.

Denis and St. Eustache. Accompanying the gallant corps to India he was present during the two sieges of Mooltan, and in the attack (12th September 1846) on the enemy's position in front of the breaches he commanded the right column and did an important service. He commanded the 32nd at Surjkhoond, and took a conspicuous part in the final storm and capture of Mooltan. He was present at the action of Cheniole and at the battle of Gujerat.

For his services in the Punjab campaign he was made a Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel, and he was in command of the 32nd when that corps marched into Lucknow in January 1857. A strict disciplinarian and a brave soldier, he was generally and justly beloved on account of his unassuming demeanour and warmth of heart. It was due to his tact and personal influence that the diverse elements of which the garrison was composed were kept in harmonious working order.

Preparations for the siege.

No sooner had General Inglis taken the chief military command than he proceeded to provide for the order and defence of the entrenchment. All capable of bearing arms were distributed among the different garrisons. Commandants were appointed, and no man was allowed to leave his post without special permission, and every one was strictly enjoined to keep under cover, always to be on the alert, and never to fire a shot unless he could see his man. But it was a difficult task to prevent the men from exposing themselves. As a soldier of the 32nd remarked, "It's not in the way of Englishers to fight behind walls." It was also commanded that

a continuous and sharp watch should be kept at every garrison, and a special post of observation was established at a high storey of the Residency, whence every movement of the enemy's troops could be seen and promptly reported. Special officers were appointed to assist the Commissariat officers in doling out supplies of food to every member of the garrison. Loose animals maddened by hunger or thirst had to be secured, and those that were wounded were not to be killed but suffer a worse fate—driven out of the entrenchments. "One poor horse of mine," wrote the brave commander of Anderson's Post, "had his leg broken; I had, therefore, to creep upon my hands and knees to cut the rope he was fastened by, and then I found the poor brute could not walk. However, no time was to be lost; so I got a person to prick him up in the rear, whilst another pulled at the headrope; thus on three legs, and actually hopping along, this poor horse was driven out of the place. All we dreaded was their dying, and our having no means of removing them."[1] The stench from the horses and bullocks that died became so pestilential that fatigue parties were told off to bury their carcases, and officers who had been exposed to a fearful sun in the trenches all day were often out till twelve and one in the morning engaged in the loathsome task. "My cold," writes one, "is worse. Grubbing about in wet holes making receptacles for dead bullocks and dead horses does not conduce to its improve-

[1] "A Personal Journal of the Siege of Lucknow," by Captain R. P. Anderson, page 59.

ment. Pretty employment this for the educated youth of the nineteenth century! But necessity has no law; and we all, great or small, work hard at the spade as well as the musket."[1]

The operations now commenced in earnest. The besiegers began by battering the outposts. On the first day three of the houses fell. Mr. Capper was in the act of firing out of a loophole on the verandah of Anderson's Post when a shot struck one of the pillars and down it came, burying him under some three or four feet of masonry. The garrison hearing the crash rushed to the assistance of their comrade. A low voice was heard saying, "I'm alive! Get me out. Give me air, for God's sake." "It is impossible to save him!" cried one. A voice came from the tomb, "It *is* possible if you try." "We set to work at once, and a long and tedious affair it was. First we had to displace huge pieces of masonry, and, as we did this, the broken bricks and lime kept filling up the little air-holes, and poor Mr. Capper was constantly obliged to call out for 'more air.' During this time, be it remembered, the enemy kept up an incessant fire of round shot and musketry on the spot, knowing that we were working there; and all we had to protect us was about six inches of the wall, that just covered our bodies, as we lay flat on our stomachs, and worked away with both hands. After labouring for three-quarters of an hour, and when we were all quite exhausted, we managed to get the whole of Mr. Capper's body partly free; whereupon we set to work to get his legs out, and

Commencement of the operations.

Rescue of Mr. Capper.

[1] "Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 138.

it was some little time before we could enable him to move his lower limbs. Throughout all this, a corporal, named Oxenham, of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, behaved most nobly, and exposed himself considerably, so as to expedite the work of digging out our unfortunate volunteer, whose appearance amongst us seemed like as if one had risen from the grave—we fully expected, *at least*, to have found that all his limbs had been broken; whereas, on the contrary, he had merely a few bruises, and felt faint."

Corporal Oxenham.

The cannonade on Anderson's House grew more and more severe. A round shot carried away almost the greater part of the parapet round the roof, and went clean through the body of a Sikh who was in the act of firing. "The poor fellow never moved, the shot had made a hole of four inches in diameter in his chest, and had passed through his back." As round shot and shell began to sweep the top rooms from end to end the garrison had to abandon the upper defences and retire to the lower storey. Gubbins' House and the Residency fast became a crumbling mass of ruins.

During a short time the garrison, the majority of whom had never heard a shot fired, seemed to be discomposed by the roar of the artillery and the crash of falling houses. But familiarity with danger and horror produced in a few days the natural effect. The women began by keeping watch in turn, "being very nervous and expecting some dreadful catastrophe to happen," but they soon got braver, and "voted there was no necessity for any one to keep

awake who had not some one to watch over." The children began to play with the bullets as with marbles, laughingly dropping them when too hot, and had to be driven back from the perilous positions into which they loved to run. One little fellow got so used to the cannonade that on his way home when the ships' guns were fired, and all the other children were frightened, he clapped his hands and hurrahed.[1] The heart of the garrison was not only steeled to resistance but they had the spirit often to act on the offensive. On the 7th of July the first sally was made. It was directed against Johannes' House. The turret of that building had been occupied by a body of the enemy's riflemen, who by their fire, besides rendering the Cawnpore battery useless, also scattered death far and wide, their bullets frequently entering even the hospital windows. The commander of the band was one of the Ex-Viceroy's African eunuchs called by the British soldiers "Bob the Nailer" on account of the unerring certainty with which he used his double-barrelled rifle. About noon our guns opened a heavy fire on the besiegers

First sortie, 7th July.

[1] "It was curious to see how the children's plays and amusements harmonized with what was going on around us. They would make balls of earth, and throwing them against the wall, would say they were shells bursting. Johnnie fell down one day, and getting up very dusty said: 'They'll say I have been mining.'"—"The Siege of Lucknow," by Lady Inglis, page 144.

"Even the little children in Lucknow now began to think like soldiers, and they became, as it were, fond of 'the game of war.' I heard one urchin, of four or five years, say to another, 'You fire round shot, and I'LL return shell from *my* battery.'"—"A Personal Journal of the Siege of Lucknow," by Captain R. P. Anderson, page 96.

to distract their attention. A hole was made in the wall near the Martiniére quarters only sufficiently large to admit one man getting out at a time. Silently fifty men belonging to the 32nd and twenty Sikhs crept through it. The party, commanded by Captain Lawrence, 32nd, Captain Mansfield, Ensign Green, 13th Native Infantry, and Ensign Studdy formed beneath the walls. Then led by Studdy they dashed across the road; swiftly were the powder bags thrown before the door of the house, a loud explosion and blazing splinters were sent flying through the air. The rebels, taken by surprise, attempted flight, but twenty-two were killed. However, before the Engineer could arrange the powder bags for the complete demolition of the house, the enemy returned in such force that the Brigadier, who could not afford to diminish his scanty garrison, recalled the party.

Private Cuney.

Four were wounded, one only, Private Cuney of the Band, severely. Brave to recklessness, Cuney was eager for every daring outbreak and every perilous adventure. Accompanied by a sepoy who adored him he used to creep out of the entrenchment, and his expeditions were as remarkable for their success as for the daring with which they were accomplished. He, accompanied by his faithful companion, on one occasion crept into a battery of the enemy's and spiked their guns. On his return he was confined in the guard-room for having left his post without orders, but they had to let Cuney out when there was fighting to be done. The bullet did not seem to have been cast that

could kill him. He was often wounded, but he used to leave his bed to volunteer for a sortie. Cuney's work of fighting with the rebels was only over after the supreme danger had passed, and the garrison had been relieved. He was killed in a sortie made soon after General Havelock's arrival—a melancholy but fitting end for such a man.

The success of the first sortie produced a good effect on the troops. Two days after, a few fresh soldiers of the 32nd made another sally, spiked a gun and killed many of the besiegers. The siege had now lasted ten days, and the heavy cannonade and musketry fire of the enemy had never ceased night or day. "I used to wonder," wrote Captain Fulton, "how one got off in such a continued fire as was kept up, and though one did not see much, yet a dozen casualties occurred daily and our Europeans dwindled off fast. A number of bloodthirsty Mussulmen, and the Africans who lost so much in the annexation, have kept the closest watch and killed all who exposed themselves in their neighbourhood. Some most wonderful shots there are among them, and many an officer's hat shows the close shooting of these chaps all around with double rifles." Many of the soldiers in passing from one side of the entrenchment to the other were hit by the rebel marksmen, and many of the cook-boys who had to take the men's dinners to the various garrisons were shot. No spot was safe. The Rev. Mr. Polehampton was severely wounded in the hospital, and Miss Palmer, the daughter of Colonel Palmer, was shot in the leg in the Residency. The limb had to be amputated,

Casualties in the first part of the siege.

and she survived the operation only a few days. She was perfectly calm and resigned. Her father seemed to be her only care. "Poor girl, she had come out from England but a few months before, and was then, at bright seventeen, looking forward with vivid hopefulness to her Indian life." Major Francis, 13th Native Infantry, who commanded the Brigade Mess, had both his legs smashed by a round shot. "The calm manner in which he bore his misfortune gained him the sympathies of all. Not a murmur escaped him, his only anxiety being a hope that the authorities would bear testimony that he had performed his duty."[1] Brysen, formerly Sergeant-Major of the 16th Lancers, a brave soldier greatly respected, was shot through the head while endeavouring to strengthen his post. Just outside the portico of the hospital a lad of sixteen belonging to the Artillery having his leg hit by a round shot called out, "O Lord, my poor leg!" He, however, grew too weak to endure amputation, and his young life swiftly ebbed away. A number of other gallant fellows were also laid each night in the churchyard. "A coverlet formed the wrapper in which the body was committed to the earth. As you approach the graveyard you observe probably half-a-dozen other unhappy individuals all waiting with *their* dead for burial. The clergyman has now completed the service and the bodies are laid in rows, and soon follow the awful words, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'"[2]

[1] MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

[2] "Harris has hard work and he does it nobly, five or six funerals

The enemy had now erected their batteries, and some twenty or twenty-five guns of large calibre encircled the entrenchment and directed a searching fire on it. Owing to their extreme proximity, some being within fifty yards of the defence, it was impossible to silence them by shells, and they were established in places where heavy guns could not reply to them. Barricades erected with much ingenuity and perseverance also prevented their being silenced by musketry, and narrow trenches so effectually concealed the gunners that their hands could only be seen in the act of loading. The batteries of the enemy were not only well placed but their fire was generally precise. At the commencement of the siege the rebels were somewhat short of ammunition, and masses of stone and logs of wood bound with iron were hurled against our posts. As the logs came swinging through the air the men, highly amused, used to exclaim, "Here comes a barrel of beer at last." The masses of stone and iron hurled against the defences brought the masonry down in flakes, and incessant was the work necessary to keep it in repair and to prevent the rents growing sufficiently wide to admit the fierce multitude that were swarming at the gates. **Enemy's fire.**

It was always "bang bang, bhoom bhoom, rattle rattle unceasingly," a member of the garrison entered in his diary on the 18th of July. At midnight on the 20th of July "the bang bang, bhoom bhoom, rattle **Assault, 20th July.**

every night in the Residency churchyard, and as it is under fire the service is one of great danger."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

rattle" suddenly ceased, and as dawn broke a large body of men could be seen marching about in different directions within a few yards of our position. Orders were promptly given for the several garrisons to be on the alert, and the whole force was under arms. At a quarter past ten a crash of thunder rent the air, the ground shook far and wide, and heavy volumes of smoke rolled over the Redan. Through the thick vapour the heavy sound of artillery and hissing of bullets succeeded, and a mass of the enemy was seen doubling up the glacis with fixed bayonets. Showers of grape from the Redan and volleys of musketry from the parapets and house-tops mowed them down as they moved forward. Surprised and perplexed at seeing the battery intact the rebels halted. Hundreds fell. Their leaders waving their swords shouted, "Come on, my braves!" Again they advanced, but the besieged plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for "even of the wounded and sick many had left their couches, seized any musket they could lay hold of, and fired as often as their strength enabled them to do so. One unfortunate wretch with only one arm was seen hanging to the parapet of the hospital entrenchments with his musket." For a few seconds the assailants faced the merciless shower, and then, baffled, they broke and fled.[1]

Every garrison was the scene of a separate struggle. At Doctor Fayrer's house they came "swarming

[1] "Captain Weston and Dr. Fayrer on this occasion did right good service."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 145.

"From the roof of Dr. Fayrer's house, that officer and Captain Weston maintained a most effective fire."—"Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 222.

over the stables into the garden. Partridge and I and the other officers kept our guns and rifles going as hard as we could, and at length they fell back. We killed great numbers of them, from my house many were knocked over and their bodies lay by all night, when they were dragged away. I had constant opportunities, and I kept my gun going as fast as I could load and fire, whilst the 18- and 9-pounders were pouring in shot and bags of bullets into them, but I certainly thought that our time had come. They made several lodgments, but were hustled with hand-grenades and shot as they ran across the open. They also were well protected by débris of houses, and also behind loopholes, but as many came into the open many were shot besides those who fell by shot and shell behind the walls."[1]

A vigorous attempt was made to carry Innes' Post by escalade. The garrison, commanded by Lieutenant Loughnan, consisted of twelve men of the 32nd, twelve of the 13th Native Infantry, and a few civilians. A body of the enemy with ladders reached the front walls and attempted to plant them; but all their efforts were in vain owing to the hot fire of the besieged. A few managed to reach the top of the walls, but were thrust down by the bayonets. In the meanwhile a corner of the post was stoutly held by Bailey (a volunteer), the son of a Native Christian. On reaching some huts five yards from the palisades which he was guarding, the rebels recognised him and shouted to him: "Come over to us and leave the cursed Feringhees, whose mothers and sisters

Bailey, the volunteer.

[1] MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

we have defiled, and all of whom we shall kill in a day or two." "Am I going to be unfaithful to my salt, like you, you son of a dog? Take that!" and at the same moment the crack of a musket rang out. "Wait a moment," cries the other, "and we shall be over the walls." "Come along then, boaster. My bayonet is ready to catch you. But first, here's for you!" And the crack of a musket again rang out. And thus the contest of abuse and musketry continued, Bailey firing his muskets, as they were loaded and handed to him, with great rapidity. Then his ammunition failed. He could not leave his two sepoys, and he dare not send one of them in case he should not return. He could not call for ammunition lest the enemy, becoming aware of his deficiency, should leave their shelter and carry his post by storm. The shells from the Redan, however, kept them within the huts. Bailey made his want known, and Harding, a brave and gallant volunteer, dashed through the furious fire with the ammunition. The contest was renewed. The son of the Native Christian, and two sepoys, held their post till they were reinforced. But before help could reach them one of the brave sepoys had been killed. Bailey himself was dangerously wounded. A musket ball smashed his chin, and effected an exit through his neck.[1] Finding their efforts useless the enemy fell back, and contented themselves with throwing in a terrific storm of musketry, from which the men

[1] "A most singular wound, the more so as, contrary to expectation, he recovered from it."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 154.
"The Defence of Lucknow: A Diary by a Staff Officer," page 68.

were sheltered as much as possible by being kept under the defences.

Almost at the same time an attack was made on the Cawnpore Battery. The enemy advanced bravely, led by a fanatical preacher bearing the green standard of Islamism in his hand, but he was shot in the ditch of the battery, and seeing him drop, his followers swiftly retreated from the warm fire poured on them. The attacks made on Germon's and Gubbins' Posts were also repulsed by the withering fires of their respective garrisons. "The 13th Native Infantry at the Bailey Guard gate with Lieutenant Aitken behaved splendidly, their own comrades being among the assailants." About 3 P.M. the enemy ceased their attempts to storm the place, but for some hours their guns continued to roar around the entrenchment. The number of rebels who perished in the assault can only be conjectured, but it must have been very large. Of the besieged only four were killed and twelve wounded.[1]

Attack on the Cawnpore Battery.

The garrisons were in high spirits at having repulsed with so small a loss the first great attack, and the following day their joy was increased by the first gleam of hope. Late at night Ungud, the messenger who had been sent forth at the end of June to bring tidings of the Nana, crept through the enemy's lines and arrived within the entrenchment. In a low chamber dimly illuminated by a solitary oil light, carefully screened so as not to attract the bullets of

First gleam of hope.

Arrival of Ungud.

[1] "Lieutenant Macfarlane, R.A., had a portion of his skull shot away. He had done splendid service with his artillery."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

the enemy, he told his tale. Around him crowded the men with brown weather-beaten faces, and standing at the doors anxious to catch each word were the women, who had rushed from their beds in their night-attire. "Had Nana crossed the river and joined the besieging force?" is the question asked with bated breath. "No. Havelock Sahib had beaten the Nana in three great Lurais (battles), and was now master of Cawnpore." A cheer burst forth from the men, and drowned the sound of the patter of the rain outside. But Ungud must depart, for it is the storm and darkness of the night which will enable him to pass unnoticed the sentinels of the enemy. A letter in Greek characters giving a brief sketch of the position of affairs in the entrenchment was written on a tiny scrap of paper. It concluded as follows: "Aid is what we want, and that quickly. Our defences are straggling, and our numerical strength quite inadequate to man them. The Artillery is weak, and the casualties heavy." The letter was placed in a quill, which after being sealed at both ends was handed to Ungud, and a handsome reward was offered to him if he swiftly brought an answer to it. Five nights after, he again crept into the entrenchment bringing a reply from Colonel B. Fraser Tytler, Assistant Quartermaster-General to General Havelock's force. It contained tidings of great joy. "We have," he wrote, "two-thirds of our force across the river and eight guns in position already. The rest will follow immediately. I will send over more news to-night or to-morrow. We have ample force to destroy all who oppose us.

Letter from Colonel Tytler.

Send us a sketch of your position in the city, and any directions for entering it or turning it that may strike you. In five or six days we shall meet. You must threaten the rear of the enemy if they come out, and we will smash them." [1] The following night a reply was sent giving such information as General Inglis possessed, and offering some suggestions as to the route to be taken by the relieving force. The letter concluded as follows: "If you have rockets with you, send up two or three at 8 P.M. on the night before you intend entering the city, by way of warning to us, at which signal we will begin shelling the houses on both sides of the road. Ignorant of the strength of your force and of its formation, I can only offer these suggestions with the assurance that the utmost our weak and harassed garrison is capable of, shall be done to cause a diversion in your favour as soon as you are sufficiently near." [2]

[1] P.S.—"We have smashed the Nana, who has disappeared and destroyed his place Bithoor. No one knows where his army has dispersed to, but it has vanished."

[2] Mr. Gubbins writes: "I examined Ungud strictly, and came to the conclusion that the joyful and wondrous news was true. An abstract was made of it, and the messenger sent, together with a note from myself by hand of Lieutenant Hutchinson (Engineers) to Brigadier Inglis, inquiring whether he would send a letter by the scout. His written answer informed me that he would not write. I prepared a despatch immediately; it was addressed to the Governor-General, and enclosed to General Havelock. In it I depicted as faithfully as I could our exact position and circumstances, and detailed our own force and that which the enemy was believed to have. My despatch was nearly ready when Lieutenant and Aide-de-Camp Birch arrived. He said that the Brigadier could not sleep, and would send a line if the messenger had not started. I promised to detain him. Shortly after my letter was ready, it began to rain heavily. Ungud pressed to be allowed to depart. Heavy rain, he told us, afforded his only chance of

Many a feverish night did the men and women of the garrison, with heavy hearts and anxious eyes, watch to see those rockets rise in the sky. Expectation was now at its height, and drove some wild. On the evening of the 29th of July, an officer on the look-out turret, hearing heavy firing in the direction of Cawnpore, rushed down, and informed the garrison that the relieving force had arrived and were fighting their way into the city. The news "spread like wildfire; men in hospital, who were only just able to move, jumped up and said they must help the poor fellows coming in. The ladies in the brigade mess-room ran to the top of the house to see the force approaching, and were remaining there in a most exposed position until ordered down in no very courteous terms. The firing turned out to be a salute from the enemy, in honour of some national event."[1]

False hopes raised, 29th July.

On the 30th of July a peacock came and settled on the ramparts and there plumed its radiant feathers.

passing the sentinels of the enemy. When I attempted to detain him, he declared that if not allowed to go then he would not go at all that night. I gave him my despatch and let him go, sending Captain Hawes over immediately to inform the Brigadier of his departure. Hawes met Lieutenant Birch bringing the Brigadier's note, but the messenger was gone.

"These facts have been mentioned to show what actually occurred. The occurrence produced, I fear, some unpleasant feeling between the military commandant and myself. No slight was certainly intended; but I fear my conduct was so interpreted."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 226.

Lady Inglis gives this letter as signed by her husband: "J. Inglis, Brigadier."—"The Siege of Lucknow," by the Hon. Lady Inglis, pages 93–95.

[1] "The Siege of Lucknow," by the Hon. Lady Inglis, page 101.

It remained a short time and then flew across our position. Some guns were aimed at it, but were turned away when the men were told not to destroy a bird of good omen, and the gay visitor flew safe away.

CHAPTER XIV.

6th August. JULY passed away; August arrived and still no sign of the relieving force. On the 6th a sepoy of the 1st Oudh Irregular Infantry, orderly to Brigadier Gray, who had been sent out with despatches, returned to the entrenchment. But he brought no letter. A quill despatch, he stated, had been given to him, but in crossing over broken and flooded ground to evade the sentinels of the enemy it had unfortunately been lost. He however reported that Havelock had fought two successful engagements on the Lucknow side of the Ganges, but had been obliged to halt at Mungulwar. Half-an-hour later a sepoy of the 48th, who had been sent into the town two days previously to try and gain intelligence, returned, and in a great measure corroborated the statement of the sepoy of the 1st Oudh Irregular Infantry.[1] A few days of

[1] General Innes writes: "To the garrison generally this intelligence was very disheartening, though it was obvious that the check was no worse than was to be reasonably expected."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," page 134.

Mr. Gubbins writes: "His arrival, therefore, was a great relief to us, and the intelligence he brought caused us much satisfaction."—"Mutinies in Oudh," page 245.

Lady Inglis states (6th August): "Just before we went to bed John came to tell us that two messengers had come in, one from Havelock's force, but he had lost the letter entrusted to him. He said our troops had been obliged to retreat, but from their present position they might be with us in three days. John said, however, he did not expect them for eight. This good news raised our hopes and spirits considerably."—"The Siege of Lucknow," page 110.

feverish joy and expectation were to be followed by weary weeks of intense misery. A dull distrust succeeded the first vivid gleam of hope. "At no time," wrote one of the besieged on the 7th of August, "did I feel so strongly as this the truth of the proverb, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' Aye, indeed it does! We were so sanguine before, that the natural result of our disappointment is that we believe in evil tidings and doubt all good news." The exultant foe brought them intelligence of every fresh disaster to our forces, and no trick, no lie, which was thought likely to discourage them, was spared. When the news of Havelock's first advance was received with loud hurrahs they were told, "So you think your reinforcements have come, do you? Reinforcements forsooth! Why, we have beaten them long ago, and we have crowned our king." A grand salute was fired that night at every post of the enemy in honour of their victory.

Outside the walls the enemy kept high festival, and from the houses around came each night sounds of revelry, music and dancing, which greatly roused the ire of the British soldier. "I say, Bill," exclaimed one, "I am blowed if these here Budmashes (rascals) don't yell like so many cats." Bill replied: "Yes, they do, and I only wishes I was behind them with a tin pot of *biling water* as they opens their d—d mouths." Another comrade who was close at hand, and had been quite distracted by the incessant noise of one of their war clarions, remarked, "I only wish I had a hold of the black rascal as plays that: I'd not kill the vagabond, I'd

only break that infernal *hinstrument* over the bridge of his nose." Within the entrenchments the monotony of suffering, and the continued presence of death, had produced its natural effect. The excitement had died down, the jests had become rare. As the siege wore on, the condition of the atmosphere was day by day becoming more frightful. The dead could not be put by; the task of burying the bodies of men and animals might be diligently executed, but in that narrow space the work could not be effectually done. The corruptness of the air generated a plague of flies. They swarmed in millions, and the Martinière lads, "who go about the garrison more filthy than others, and apparently more neglected and hungry even than we are," were incessantly employed in trying to brush them away from the sick in hospital. Now smallpox and cholera filled the hospital as much as the bullets of the enemy. Yet the fire was sharper and more constant than ever. "Everywhere wounded officers and men were lying on couches covered with blood and often with vermin. Many of the wounded were lying groaning upon mattresses and cloaks only. Everywhere cries of agony were heard; piteous exclamations for water and assistance. All the assistance that could be rendered was rendered, but the hospital staff was necessarily small." Noble women little fitted to take part in such scenes assumed cheerfully, and discharged earnestly, the task of charity in ministering to sickness and pain.[1] But as the siege wore on

State of the garrison.

[1] "It is likely that to themselves the notoriety of praise publicly given may be distasteful; yet the Governor-General in Council cannot

the atmosphere of the hospital became so foul that the medical officers insisted on their leaving the building. The doctors with untiring energy employed their best art,[1] but the air was so tainted that

forego the pleasure of doing justice to the names of Birch, Polehampton, Barbor, and Gall, and of offering to those whose acts have so adorned them his tribute of respectful admiration and gratitude."—"State Papers," vol. ii., page 59.

"Nor would it be right, in what professes to be a faithful record of facts, to omit adverting to those ladies who undertook the trying duty of ministering to the sick and wounded. There were several of these devoted women, these excellent sisters of charity. Probably, if asked, they would name as the best representative of their order of mercy the bereaved widow of our chaplain, Mrs. Polehampton."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 353.

[1] "In this review of services, of which England may well be proud, I must not omit the most valuable exertions of the medical men, who were, like others, greatly overworked during the siege. To Dr. Scott, the old and highly-esteemed surgeon of the 32nd regiment; to Assistant-Surgeon William Boyd, of the same regiment; Dr. J. Fayrer, the able and well-known Residency Surgeon; to Dr. J. Campbell of the 7th Light Cavalry; to the talented Assistant-Surgeon of the 2nd O. I. Cavalry, S. B. Partridge; to Dr. Bird, doing duty with the Artillery; and to several more, I bear my hearty tribute of praise. Everything was against them: bad air, bad food, and an insufficient supply of medicines; yet they, at the cost of no small personal exertion and daily risk, struggled manfully with unwearying perseverance, through their many difficulties."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 352.

"But wherever I went, and whomsoever I went to see, whether officer, soldier, or civilian, Mr. Apothecary Thompson, who had been in medical charge of one of the Oude Irregular Infantry regiments, and who now acted as the medical officer in charge, was everywhere to be seen. Not a patient that recovered but could testify often to his professional skill, but always to his unremitting kindness. . . . But before speaking of Mr. Thompson, I should first have mentioned the superintending surgeon, Dr. Scott. Though apparently rough, his arrival was always hailed with pleasure by every one in hospital. For some poor soldier he usually had a trifling present, and though he bestowed his favours with a degree of roughness bordering on rudeness sometimes, he did so in order not to have the thanks of the recipient. The 32nd always speak of him with gratitude, and say, with pride, that

complete recovery from wounds or sickness was next to impossible, and amputation was certain death. The medical officers were greatly assisted in their work by the sedulous attention given to the material and spiritual comforts of their comrades by the Reverend Mr. Polehampton and the Reverend Mr. Harris. The former had been severely wounded in the hospital at the commencement of the siege, and his enfeebled constitution succumbed to an attack of cholera on the day of the first great attack.[1]

Death of the Reverend Mr. Polehampton.

Mining operations.

The enemy now transferred the contest to the bowels of the earth, and frequent were the struggles within dark and narrow galleries. After the assault of the 20th of July they began their subterranean attack by regular approaches. As fast, however, as the rebels mined, the garrison countermined. By the hand of heaven or destiny, or whatever men may call it, in the entrenchment at Lucknow was the one regiment in the British Army most likely to have a few skilled miners. The 32nd being a Cornish regiment, eight[2] men were found who had in their

their surgeon had never been absent from his regiment since he joined it. They all looked to him as to a father."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 165.

[1] "The death of Mr. Polehampton was also a serious loss, for that reverend gentleman had been unremitting in his kindness to the sick and wounded in hospital. From morning to night Mr. Polehampton was constantly by the bedside of some poor sufferer, inspiring him with confidence in Providence and hope in his recovery, or if hope was at an end, with the prospects of salvation in a better world. He never swerved from this self-imposed duty, and only left the hospital to go to his meals."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 161.

[2] Sergeant Day and seven privates, Hunter, Abel, Cummerford, Bonatta, Kitchen, Cullemore, and Farran.

native mines acquired some experience of the business, and they were employed under the command and guidance of Captain Fulton to instruct the respective garrisons in the work. Every commander of an outpost was required to tell off some of his men to listen at short intervals for sounds of mining. They laid their ears to the ground, and if any suspicious sound was heard a report was made, and a countermine promptly started. Shafts were at once sunk, and galleries begun at the vulnerable points in the posts most exposed to this new danger. The enemy had the advantage of a plentiful supply of labour, having among them a large number of the Pasee tribe, who were expert miners, but they lacked scientific guidance. The besieged had the advantage of having thoroughly trained officers to guide and superintend the operations, but they lacked men to carry out the work. During the early part of the siege they had working-parties of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment. "The soldiers, however, had other duties to perform; they were exposed to rain, and were very often under arms, which prevented their having a proper amount of rest. They could therefore have little physical strength left to work in the trenches, and as the siege progressed, their numerical strength became so much reduced, that it was necessary to give up European working-parties almost entirely, and to depend on the sepoys, The latter came forward most willingly, and I cannot speak too highly of the way in which they worked. They have also been of material assistance in our mining operations; and a party of the 13th Native In-

fantry, thanks to the good management of Lieutenant Aitken, have constructed a battery for an 18-pounder, worked the gun, and dug a shaft and gallery at their own post." Not only the loyalty and the courage, but the calm heroic spirit with which the sepoys endured dangers and trials, is worthy of all honour. Without their aid the mining operations of the enemy could not have been baffled, nor the labours of the garrison brought to a successful issue.

Over all these labours Captain Fulton exercised a careful superintendence. Aided by Sergeant Day he determined the details which the garrisons of the several posts had to carry on, and he made the rounds constantly day and night to see that all was well, and the work was being properly done. He was always on the spot where his presence was needed. His eye never seemed to slumber, nor his ear ever to fail to catch the slightest sound. He cheerfully performed many of the duties of a soldier as well as of a commander. One day Captain Fulton detected a mine the enemy had driven a certain distance—he ran a short countermine to meet it, and he then sat patiently, revolver in hand, waiting for the unconscious enemy to break through. "Some one looking for him asked one of the Europeans if he were in the mine. 'Yes, sir,' said the sergeant, 'there he has been the last two hours like a terrier at a rat-hole, and not likely to leave it all the day.'"

Not disheartened by their unsuccessful effort to blow up the Redan, the enemy continued their

mining efforts. They were heard working at a gallery near the Cawnpore Battery, and our men began to countermine, but passed them at eighty feet. "Their gallery was so near the surface its roof fell in, and we saw into it. They boarded it over, and worked on with the utmost determination. We turned our gallery towards them, and meanwhile got a mortar as near as we could, and Bonham dropped a shell into their gallery, blowing all the roofing off, and thus they were done. We then mined on, put a charge, and have left it for future use if they begin. At the same time as the above, we heard picking at the Sikh lines, and began to counter. I superintended. We had not gone ten feet when we broke in fair on them at work. They bolted, firing into their gallery. We found the candle alight, withdrew it; a sergeant and self crept across their gallery to the shaft, found they had bolted, got powder, and destroyed the whole with great éclat and enjoyment of the fun and excitement, to say nothing of the success.

"The jolly old Major,[1] half in earnest, threatened to quod me for going across their gallery into their shaft. Ha! ha! But having once done this and seen the coast clear, I placed Hutchinson with a revolver to keep it so, while I got powder, &c.

"What! Mining again! Yes. They were at work under Mr. Shilling's house, and in ten minutes we had got at them also, and a hand-grenade thrown in killed one, wounded another, and they dropped that.

[1] Major Anderson, Chief Superintending Engineer.

"Loud sounds of pick and shovel, Fulton.

"What, again! I found on going to the spot the rascals were at work in the road just under our outpost outhouse wall. Well, I thought them very impudent, for they could be so easily met, but it seemed a bore to begin to counter, so I just put my head over the wall and called out in Hindustani a trifle of abuse and 'Bagho! Bagho! Fly!' when such a scuffle and bolt took place, I could not leave for laughing. They dropped it for good, that's the best of the joke."[1]

Not only were the mines of the enemy checked, but also the countermines of the besieged were driven well outside their line of defence. The Deprat Cawnpore gallery was driven out thirty feet, and protective trenches, whose extremities were charged and kept ready for explosion, were advanced right and left. The Brigade Mess mine was driven eight feet farther than the Deprat gallery.

Enemy construct fresh batteries.

Besides being busy driving mines, the enemy were most active in constructing fresh batteries. They planted on a piece of rising ground facing Innes' Post a 24-pounder, with which they did great damage not only to the house at Innes' Post, but also to the church and the Residency. So much harm was done by it that on the night of the 6th of August a battery for an 18-pounder gun was begun at Innes' Post. All worked hard, and, having got the battery ready, the gun was taken down and in position by daylight, when it commenced firing and soon silenced the enemy's gun. General Inglis,

[1] Captain Fulton's MS. Diary.

however, considered the position too exposed, and the same night withdrew our gun after it had done its work.

The 7th of August was a white letter day in the annals of the siege. "This was the first day on which we had no casualty." 7th August.

On the morning of the 10th of August a body of sepoys was seen behind their trenches marching with two guns up our left flank, and across the Cawnpore road. A large force was also noticed approaching the bridge of boats from cantonments. The posts were instantly manned. About 11 A.M. the enemy fired a shell into the Begum Khotee. Then a loud clap like a peal of thunder, and the ground shook far and wide. The enemy had exploded two mines directed respectively against the Martinière on the south face and Sago's Post on the east face. The former entirely destroyed our defences for the space of twenty feet, and blew in a great portion of the outside wall of the house occupied by the Martinière boys. On the dust clearing away a breach appeared, and a few of the enemy came on with the utmost determination, but were met with such a withering flank fire of musketry from the officers and men holding the top of the Brigade Mess that they beat a speedy retreat, leaving the more adventurous of their number lying on the crest of the breach.[1] 10th August. The second great assault.

While this operation was going on, the enemy also made a rush on Sago's House, but were soon

[1] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 252.
"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 134.

driven back with considerable loss. At Innes' House and Gubbins' Post large hordes advanced bringing scaling-ladders with them. But they were dislodged by hand-grenades, and as they retreated the besieged's marksmen slew many.

At the Cawnpore Battery the stormers rushed up with extraordinary swiftness, and reaching the ditch, sheltered themselves from fire in it. Captain Fulton "found the enemy led by a man in pink, whom I had noticed several times directing them as they came up. I put a rifle ball through him, and then sent Tulloch to order hand-grenades, the second of which, well thrown, cleared the ditch."

At Anderson's Post a few rebels with a mighty effort pushed through the stockade and reached the mound in front of the ditch. No sooner were they seen than they were assailed by a tremendous fire which laid them low. Yet others succeeded those who fell. A Moslem fanatic with the green standard of the Prophet led the ranks, and animated the courage of his followers by religious appeals. He fell riddled with bullets. A comrade seized him by the belt, and threw himself with the body of the wounded standard-bearer over the stockade. The rebel mass pushed on through the storm and planted the scaling-ladders against the walls. But here as elsewhere they were met with the most indomitable resolution.[1] A small band animated by a single

[1] "A Personal Journal of the Siege of Lucknow," by R. P. Anderson, page 68.

"Our good old friend, Signor Barsotelli, got very excited as the enemy rushed passed the stockade. He said to the Frenchman, '*Son dentro, per Dio,*' in Italian—'They are in, by G—.' However, he did

spirit made good their stand against the overwhelming odds of numbers. Every man fought not only for his own life but for the lives of the women and children, for defeat, they knew, meant certain death to every soul in the garrison. Hard and stern was the conflict. Above the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry rose the cry, "More men wanted this way!" and off would rush two or three to support their comrades more closely pressed. From the loopholes the Volunteers, under the direction of "the truly brave and heroic" Mr. Capper and a subaltern officer, poured forth a steady and constant fire of musketry. In the heat of the fight Monsieur Geoffroi heard one of the rebel chiefs say, "Come on, brothers, there's nobody here;" upon which he replied in the vernacular, "There are plenty of us here, you rascal." And as proof of his assertion he shot the leader dead, and also sent a bullet into a comrade who was close behind him. Other rebel chiefs rushing to the front shouted, "Come on, come on, the place is ours, it is taken," and responding to the call the men again and again returned to the assault, but they were received with deadly musketry fire and driven back with loss. Finally, the leaders being slain, the rest staggered back to their batteries and loopholed defences, from whence they kept up an unusually heavy cannonade and musketry fire.

as he had always done before, he placed himself in a good commanding position, and then he asked the officer in command if he should *fire.* His expression generally was, 'Here we *dominate*—shall I *strike?*' All this time he was, probably, standing at a loophole, with his eye fixed on the sight of his musket, and his body in such an attitude that any one could see he was full of determination."—*Ibid.*, page 72.

After two hours the storm began to subside, but, as the sun was setting, the enemy made a sudden and determined rush on Captain Sanders' post. They got close to the wall, and a daring foe who tried to wrench off a bayonet protruding from a loophole was instantly shot. After a second fusillade which lasted for about thirty minutes the enemy again fell back baffled to their trenches. Thus was the second assault, made by an overwhelming force, signally repelled by the besieged. The number of rebels who perished in it can only be conjectured. But it must have been very large.

The heavy loss which the besiegers had sustained did not cause them to relax their efforts, and with the first streak of light they opened a heavy cannonade, and during the day the play of artillery was incessant. Many of the round shot struck the Residency, already much shattered, and about noon a great portion of the left wing fell, burying six men of the 32nd in its fall. Two were got out alive after very great exertions, but the remaining four had to be left under the ruins. Immediate arrangements were made for the removal of the few European women and children who still occupied one of the rooms on the ground floor.

Death of Major Anderson.

The same afternoon died Major Anderson, the Chief Engineer. He had contracted dysentery a short time before the revolt, but notwithstanding his ill health he had the first days of the siege worked night and day unremittingly. Labour and anxiety had told on his enfeebled frame, and after the first week he was unable to leave his house.

Then he gradually sank from his old ailment. "He died in peace. We were all much affected in taking leave of him. He said, 'Well, Fulton, it must have come at last. If I had lived to go home we might never have met again.' He pressed and pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you.' I helped to stitch up the *rezaie* (quilt) in which he was buried and laid him in his grave, and marked it with a stick." Major Anderson's death deprived the garrison of a brave officer and the General of a safe and wise counsellor.[1] He was succeeded by Captain Fulton, who had won the confidence of every man in the garrison by his coolness and courage.

[1] "When, during the first days of the siege, I had occasion to deliver reports at night, I found him almost always awake, either writing or looking over the plan of our garrison, or consulting with the other engineer officers."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 182.

CHAPTER XV.

12th August. ON the 12th of August the enemy opened at daylight a tremendous cannonade and musketry fire on the Cawnpore Battery, and so raked it from Johannes' House that it was impossible to work our guns or remain in it. Orders were therefore issued to withdraw all the garrison except the sentry. He stayed, and later in the day was killed by a round shot. At dusk working-parties of Europeans removed from the battery a 9-pounder gun which had been disabled by a round shot of the enemy, and they worked hard to repair the damage which had been done to it.

Sally of discovery under Brigadier Inglis. A sally of discovery by a party of Europeans under Brigadier Inglis, attended by the Engineer, was also made on the same day into the Goondah lines, where a long deep trench, no doubt intended to act as a shelter trench from musketry and artillery fire, was found directed towards the enclosure. This having been rendered useless, and some of the walls of the enclosure having been dug down, the party returned unmolested.

Sortie under Lieutenant Hutchinson. The enemy having returned to work at the mine close to Sago's House, a sortie was made with twelve men of the 32nd under Lieutenant Hutchinson of the Engineers. They found a large and strong covering party well on the alert to defend their miners, and

were met with such a destructive fire that they had to retire, which they did happily without loss. As the garrison of the fort was unable to meet the enemy by a sortie, it was determined to drive a gallery from a start which had already been prepared, and all through the night the engineers and miners worked hard to finish it with the greatest possible speed. "Every possible means was adopted by the enemy to prevent our miners working, and as only a wall and a few feet of ground divided the two parties, they resorted to squibs, rockets, brickbats, and lights at the end of bamboos to annoy our workmen. As the latter were thrust forward with the hope of setting fire to our tiled houses, the ends were successively cut off."

Mining operations at Sago's Post.

On the 13th, shortly before 10 A.M., the engineers reported the countermine to be ready, and the neighbouring outposts having been duly warned, the signal to fire it was given. A column of earth rose high in the air, and the brick house, from which the enemy had started their mine and in which they were at the time hard at work, settled down, burying all inside. After the sound of the explosion and the crash of the falling buildings had died away, the groans of those who were buried were plainly audible. For some time Sago's Post remained unmolested.

13th August.

As signs and sounds raised a suspicion that the enemy were busy constructing a mine [1] against Anderson's Post, it was determined to drive a gallery from

Mining operations at Anderson's Post.

[1] "Mines were, however, suspected to be in course of construction against Anderson's Post, and the south side of my enclosure. To meet the first a shaft was sunk, from which a gallery was run to intercept

a shaft which had already been sunk at its south-eastern corner.

15th August. Return of Ungud.

On the 15th, at night, Ungud again crept into the Residency, bringing a letter addressed to Mr. Gubbins by Colonel Fraser Tytler.

15th August. Letter from Colonel Fraser Tytler.

"DEAR SIR,—We march to-morrow morning for Lucknow, having been reinforced. We shall push on as speedily as possible. We hope to reach you in four days at furthest. You must *aid us in every way, even to cutting your way out, if we can't force our way in. We have only a small Force.*"[1]

Ungud's narrative.

The letter was dated from Mungulwar, 4th August. Ungud stated that he had been made a prisoner by the enemy while endeavouring to reach the Residency. On being released he had retraced his steps to Mungulwar and found that place had been abandoned by our force. Proceeding to the banks of the Ganges he discovered that General Havelock had recrossed the river to Cawnpore, which had been threatened by the Nana. The General, he stated, had advanced a second time to Busherutgunge and had engaged and defeated the enemy, but he had retired after routing them. These tidings naturally

that of the enemy."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 255.

"A shaft, however, for a mine was made in Mr. Anderson's house and sunk to the extent of eight feet, in view to running a sap to meet the enemy."—"Defence of Lucknow, by a Staff Officer," page 109.

"As it (Anderson's Post) was exposed to the enemy's attack both on its eastern and its southern front, a shaft had been sunk early at its south-eastern corner. The signs and sounds on the eastern front led, on August 13th, after the contest at Sago's was ended, to a gallery being driven from that shaft eastwards."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 139.

[1] The words printed in italics were written in Greek characters.

caused the besieged grave anxiety, for Havelock had evidently once more attempted to relieve them and been foiled. "Much as usual," wrote one of the garrison, "the heart aches while watching for relief, but none comes. Will Cawnpore be repeated at Lucknow? Alas, it seems so! Our number is visibly decreasing. As for death, it stares us constantly in the face." And it appeared in many a ghastly shape. "One of the gunners was shot dead in the verandah this morning," writes a lady in her diary. "When I came upstairs to dress, I saw the poor fellow lying there in a pool of blood."[1] A widow "was standing by the door with baby, looking out into the courtyard at a little girl playing with a round shot, when she was struck on the head and killed instantly. It gave me such a shock that I fainted away at the time, and I can never think of that poor little child without a shudder." The deaths from the dread diseases engendered by foul air and insufficient nourishment far outnumbered those inflicted by the enemy's hand. The women and children fell swiftly before them. "Five babes were buried one night." The fathers who had to fight and to continue under arms all day, and work and watch all night, could afford no aid to their stricken families. An officer of the garrison spoke to a comrade of his wife being feverish and quite overcome with the life she had to lead. "And then he talked to me of his boy Herbert; how he was attacked with cholera and feared he was very ill; and

State of the garrison.

[1] "A Lady's (Mrs. G. Harris's) Diary of the Siege of Lucknow," page 95.

how instead of being able to watch by his bedside he had been all night digging at Captain Fulton's mine." He vowed he had neither medicine nor attendance, nor proper food for the boy. "And to-day he told me, with tears in his eyes, that yesterday the poor child was taken away. 'God's will be done,' said he, 'but it is terrible to think of. At night we dug a hole in the garden, and there wrapped in a blanket we laid him. Oh my God." This was no mere episode, for many a parent endured a similar torture. There was a widow whose only son was smitten with cholera. "We did all we could for him. The poor mother was frantic during his illness, but perfectly calm when all was over. She had nothing to bury him in, and asked us for a box, but we had nothing large enough." The stench in the churchyard had grown so foul that the chaplain was compelled to read the Burial Service in the porch of the hospital, as the bodies were being carried away. At this time the gaunt spectre of Famine also rose before them. Under these circumstances it is hardly a matter of surprise that the Brigadier despatched on the 16th August the following letter to General Havelock:—

"LUCKNOW, *16th August* 1857.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—A note from Colonel Tytler to Mr. Gubbins reached me last night, dated Mungulwar, 4th instant, the latter part of which is as follows: 'You must aid us in every way, even to cutting your way out, if we can't force our way in; we have only a small force.' This has caused me

much uneasiness, as it is quite impossible with my weak and shattered force that I can leave my defences. You must bear in mind how I am hampered, that I have upwards of 120 sick and wounded, and at least 220 women, and about 230 children, and no carriage of any description, besides sacrificing 23 lakhs of treasure and about 30 guns of sorts. In consequence of the news received, I shall soon put this force on half rations until I hear again from you. Our provisions will last us then till about the 10th of September. If you hope to save this force, no time must be lost in pushing forward. We are daily being attacked by the enemy, who are within a few yards of our defences. Their mines have already weakened our posts, and I have every reason to believe they are carrying on others. Their 18-pounders are within 150 yards of some of our batteries, and from their position and our inability to form working parties we cannot reply to them, and therefore the damage hourly is very great. My strength now in Europeans is 350, and 300 Natives, and the men dreadfully harassed, and, owing to part of the Residency having been brought down by round shot, many are without shelter. If our Native force, who are losing confidence, leave us I do not know how the defences are to be manned. Did you receive a letter and plan from me? Kindly answer this question.—Yours truly,

(Signed) "J. INGLIS."

In stating that after the force had been put on half rations the provisions would then last only till about

the 10th of September, General Inglis was expressing the opinion of his responsible advisers. But a serious error was made, as after events proved, in the description of the food-supply, and the account no doubt led General Havelock and the Governor-General to form a strong impression as to the desperate condition to which the garrison must be reduced after the 10th of September.[1] The error was due to the stores having been collected both by the military department and the civil authorities. At the battle of Chinhut, Captain James, the head of the Commissariat, was severely wounded, and the subordinate officials employed on the storage of the food-supply deserted as soon as news of our disaster reached the Residency. When the siege commenced, officers were appointed to superintend, under Captain James, the control and distribution of the rations, but it was impossible for them to know, without the records of the subordinate officials, the location and quantity of the food stored, and they had not the leisure to make an accurate inventory. General Inglis made an error in his estimate of the food-supply, but he was right in impressing on the

[1] "A fortnight's supply was all we thought we had to depend on. This was reported to the brigadier, and on these reports he acted in his communication to our relieving force, urging their immediate advance. There had been, however, a separate store of grain collected from various sources of which the military department had no knowledge. By the extraordinary foresight of Sir Henry Lawrence, the large plunge-bath under the banqueting-hall had been set apart for contributions. Whenever any rich native offered his services, Sir Henry used to take him at his word, and tell him to send in grain, hence this extra supply. The civil authorities had also taken occasion to add to this store."—"The Siege of Lucknow," by the Hon. Lady Inglis, page 156.

mind of General Havelock the necessity of speedy relief. It was high time that succour came, for the enemy's mines were daily becoming more dangerous, and the fidelity of the Native soldiers might have given way under a more prolonged and severe trial, and without their loyal aid it would have been impossible to hold the position. As General Inglis wrote: "If our Native force, who are losing confidence, leave us, I do not know how the defences are to be manned."[1]

Explosion of enemy's mine, 2nd Sikh Square.

Two days after the letter to General Havelock had been despatched, Lieutenant Mecham, 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry, Captain Adolphe Orr of the Military Police, and two sentries were at daylight on the lookout from a house on the south-west corner of the 2nd Sikh Square, when one of the sentries exclaimed, "Mind, sir!" No sooner were these words uttered than a crash of thunder followed,

[1] "Throughout the siege the mutineers lost no opportunity to try and make our Sepoys desert, by telling them that they would starve us all to death, if they could not take the place; and they tried to make them believe that the English were beaten all over India, and that there was not the least hope of our obtaining any relief; and there was so much delay in our reinforcement arriving, that many began to believe what they said; and had the relieving force been much longer in coming to our assistance, I am afraid that even the fidelty of our brave native troops might have been shaken."—"A Personal Journal of the Siege of Lucknow," by R. P. Anderson, page 86.

"In the general purport of this letter I agreed, but thought that the dangers of our position, especially as regards the supply of food, were exaggerated; and that General Havelock might be induced, on receipt of it, to attempt our relief with an insufficient force. I accordingly recommended some modification of the despatch, which might represent our prospects of defence in more hopeful terms. But to this the Brigadier would not consent. He informed me that he had consulted the officers of his staff, and that they concurred in the justice of his description."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 260.

and officers and sentries were blown into the air. The officers and a drummer descended inside the square, and though stunned, escaped without serious injury. Band-Sergeant Curtain of the 41st Native Infantry fell outside the works, and next day his headless trunk was seen on the road. When the smoky canopy drifted away, a wide chasm of thirty feet revealed itself, and the houses across the street were seen to be filled by the enemy. Then a mutineer, waving his sword and calling on his brethren to follow, bounded up the breach. He was struck dead by a musket-ball. Another took his place and shared his fate. The enemy had not the heart to face the storm of musketry from the Brigade Mess and make the home thrust which would have made them masters of the Residency. They preferred to maintain from their shelter a heavy fire on the yawning breach. Sharper than the singing of the musket-balls were the cries for assistance of the seven men buried beneath the ruins of the house, but it was impossible to succour them, and several were wounded in the attempt.

The moment the roar of the explosion was heard, the garrison were under arms, and straightway the Brigadier taking with him the reserves of the 84th (eighteen men) hurried to the Sikh squares, and placed them in a position which commanded the breach on the right. Boxes, doors, planks, and tents were swiftly brought down, and a temporary cover erected. A house between the two squares was pulled down, a road made to it, and by stiff work a 9-pounder got into a position which com-

manded the whole breach. The enemy by means of the barricaded lanes had in the meantime contrived to creep up and gain possession of the right flank of the first square; but the fire from a mortar and a 24-pounder howitzer drove away the main body, and at noon a sudden and gallant rush pushed back the rest. The Brigadier now determined to take back the breach. Soldier-like, in no flurry, musketry raining all the while, Brigadier, officers and men advanced, each holding a half door in front of him, till they reached the end of the square, and a barricade was hastily constructed across the breach. But it was too late to save those buried in the ruins, for they had long since died of suffocation and thirst. All the ground lost in the morning was regained. But the gallant Brigadier was not satisfied. Accompanied by Fulton and the Engineers, he headed a sortie from Gubbins' bastion and occupied the houses between it and the Sikh square. "No time was lost in destroying them, and by sunset 400 lbs. of gunpowder dust had cleared away many of the houses from which the enemy had most annoyed us. By this time the breach was securely barricaded against any sudden rush, and at night a working party completed it. . . . Nothing could exceed the zeal with which *all* Natives worked to secure the breach and make a road for a gun." The day which began so darkly was brightened by success before the sweltering sun sank behind the horizon.

On August 17th it had been decided to undermine and blow up the premises of Mr. Johannes, which consisted of two masonry buildings, a house with a

17th August. Destruction of Johannes' house.

tower and an adjoining shop, and the same afternoon a shaft was sunk and the mine started from the shops which abutted on the Martiniére. European miners were the only men employed on the work, and they were strictly enjoined to labour with as little noise as possible. Captain Fulton planned the measure, which was pushed on with unremitting exertion by Lieutenant Innes.[1]

On the evening of the 20th the mine was completed, and it was arranged to fire it the following morning. At the first streak of dawn a sharp fire of musketry was directed on Johannes' house and the buildings around. The enemy expecting an assault swarmed into them, and their lamps could be seen flitting like fire-flies here and there. When sufficient light broke, the hose was fired direct from the shaft; the earth shook and Johannes' house, with its tower from which the African eunuch, "Bob the Nailer" (so called by the soldiers because he nailed every man he fired at with his sporting rifle), used to fire with such deadly effect, "collapsed like a house of cards," and many of the enemy perished beneath the ruins.[2]

When the dust and vapour had cleared away, fifty Europeans under Captain McCabe[3] and Lieutenant

[1] Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C. "For sixty-four hours that officer scarcely rested." — "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 266.

[2] General McLeod Innes states ("Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," page 143) that the mine was fired in the morning. A staff officer writes: "Precisely at 5 P.M., the mine containing 400 lbs. of powder was sprung." But from the context it is evident that P.M. is an error for A.M. The error, however, is repeated by Gubbins (page 266).

[3] He had won his commission for planting the British standard on the walls of Multan.

Browne sallied forth; the latter with a few men attacked the enemy's battery, drove them from the two guns and spiked them.[1]

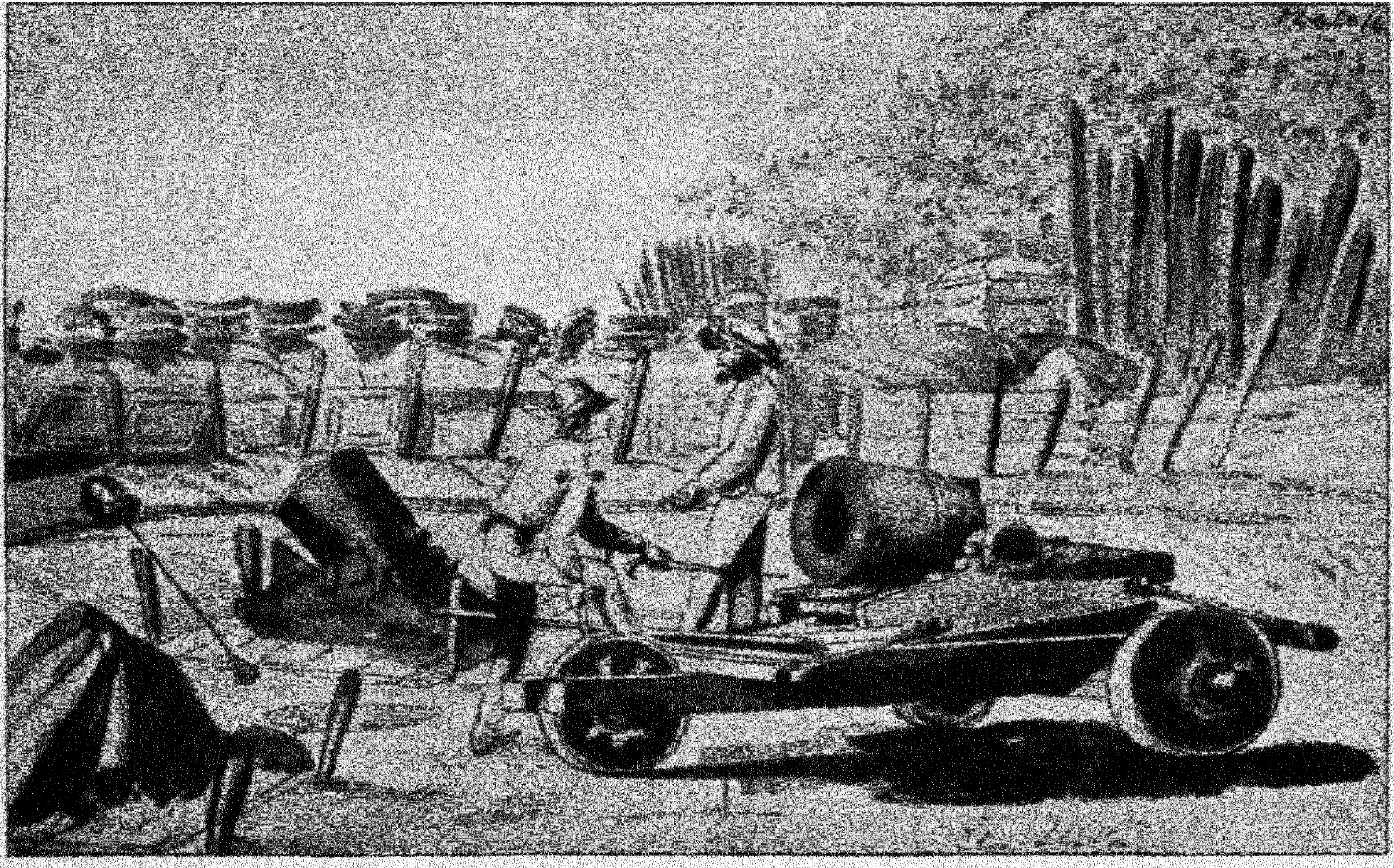
Meanwhile Captain McCabe and his party had reached the verandah of the shop, where they were found by Captain Fulton and the reserve "unable to get into the house by the route intended, and firing and being fired on." "I tried the doors," says Captain Fulton; "I found one I could move, got a peep of the enemy inside through the chinks, and then, calling the officer in charge, we got our backs against the barricade, our feet against the *chokarts*,[2] and 'Heave! Once, Twice, Thrice!' in went the door and I too, head over heels down eight feet of a narrow trench, got out to find only two men had yet followed in, got two of the enemy shot, then on at the breach where they had gone on a former occasion, got four grenadiers to follow me, and some others, and we fired into the breach." The enemy retired sulkily, not fast. Captain Fulton, after posting men to guard the approaches, got powder barrels laid, hose ready, and having sent back his comrades, "fired the port-fire and then laid it on." At that instant calls came from the lane that a wounded man was still to be got into our gate or sortie hole. "I

[1] "It was then attempted to spike the guns, but the touch-holes were found to be so large and damaged that it was impossible to do this effectually. Into the touch-hole of one of the guns two large spokes of unusual size were driven; with the other nothing could be done, and it was left. But so useless was this operation of spiking that ere the party had been four hours within the works both guns were again battering the Brigade Mess with undiminished effect."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 267.

[2] *Chaukhat*, door-sill.

removed the port-fire, had the word passed, and fired the train and left the house, happy to be the last out and the first in." The explosion was perfect and completely levelled the shop. The destruction of the Johannes buildings enabled the Cawnpore Battery to resume its duty of protecting the south-eastern angle of our position and its adjacent faces.

The enemy, however, did not relax their efforts to destroy this important post, and their guns played unceasingly against it and the Brigade Mess. The lower storey of the latter was sufficiently solid to withstand the heavy shot fired at the distance of seventy or eighty yards, but the guards' houses at the top were completely wrecked, and there was no longer any cover for our musketry to fire from. The Residency was so battered by round shot that the verandah on the west side came entirely down, and the whole building had become so unsafe that all the stores had to be removed from the lower storey. The Judicial Garrison had also been so severely damaged that it was found necessary to remove the women from it into the Begum Kotee. Anderson's and Deprat's Posts were now a mass of ruins, and Gubbins' House had been rendered almost uninhabitable by a new battery which had been erected in a lofty enclosure known as the "Buland Bagh," situated about five hundred yards from the south-west angle bastion. It consisted of a 24-pounder and a 12-pounder gun, and opened fire on the 26th of August. The heavy shot went crashing through the house, and the bastion had to be quickly evacuated, for against such heavy metal the 9-pounder with



"THE SHIP," OR THE MORTAR HOWITZER."

(Lieut. Bonham and Sergeant Bewsey.)

which it was armed was of no avail. Lieutenant Bonham, however, who had with considerable ingenuity mounted an eight-inch mortar as a howitzer, used it with considerable effect against the new battery.[1] But the battery was of considerable strength and required heavier metal to do it any permanent injury. The battery at the bastion was therefore altered, and by dint of hard work it was completed on the last day of the month and an 18-pounder gun dragged into it and put into position. Two days previously the upper rooms of Gubbins' House had to be abandoned owing to the numbers of round shot sent through them from the 24-pounder battery which the enemy had constructed opposite Innes' Post. The ladies were removed, but much difficulty was experienced in finding quarters for them. Every place was crowded, and they were already huddled four and five together in small badly ventilated native buildings. "We all slept (that is eleven ladies and seven children) on the floor of the Tye Khana, where

[1] "To replace in some degree our lost 8-inch howitzer, and enable us to throw our shells horizontally as well as vertically, Lieutenant Bonham had contrived an engine which went by the name of the 'Ship.' It was made by placing an 8-inch mortar upon a strong wooden frame, upon which the piece lay horizontally, the large wedge in front having been withdrawn. Strong lashings secured the mortar to the wooden frame, which was mounted upon cast-iron wheels by which the ship was rendered movable. The elevation desired was given by small wedges or coignes placed below the muzzle, and which required careful adjustment."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 271.

"Mrs. Bankes (Banks) moved from Mr. Gubbins's house to some room near Mrs. Cooper's. She gave Mrs. Inglis a dreadful account of the number of round shot which went into the upper storey of Mr. Gubbins's house. One came in while Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins were in bed ; it struck the foot of the bed, and made them jump up a good deal frightened."—"Day by Day at Lucknow," by Mrs. Case, page 176.

we spread mattresses and got into each other like bits in a puzzle so as best to feel the punkah. The gentlemen slept upstairs in a long verandah sort of room on the side of the house least exposed to fire. My bed consists of a purdah and a pillow. In the morning we all roll up our bedding, and pile them in heaps against the wall. We have only room for very few chairs down there, which are assigned to invalids, and most of us take our meals seated on the floor, with our plates on our knees. We are always obliged to light a candle for breakfast and dinner, as the room is perfectly dark. Our usual fare consists of stew, as being easiest to cook; it is brought up in a large *deckger*,[1] so as not to dirty a dish, and a portion ladled out to each person. Of course we can get no bread or butter, so *chapatthies* are the disagreeable substitute."

The deficiency in many articles of food grew serious as the month of August advanced. The tea and sugar, except a small store kept for invalids, were exhausted. The tobacco[2] was also gone, and Europeans and Natives suffered greatly from the want of it. The soldiers yearned for a pipe after a hard day's work, and smoked dry leaves as the only substitute they could obtain. A few casks of porter remained to be guarded as a treasure. Sixteen pounds were paid for a dozen of brandy and seven pounds for a dozen of beer. The price of a

[1] Copper stewpan.

[2] "I have given up smoking tobacco, and have taken to tea-leaves and neem-leaves, and guava fruit leaves instead, which the poor soldiers are also constantly using."—"Siege of Lucknow," by L. E. R. Rees, page 205.

ham was seven pounds; four pounds were given for a quart bottle of honey; four pounds for two small tins of preserved soup, and three pounds for a cake of chocolate. Soap was not to be purchased with money. Strange and unwholesome diet and the stench arising from the drains and the half-buried bodies of men, horses, and bullocks, increased the sickness. Three hundred Europeans had perished from the commencement of the siege. Daily some went into silence. On August 23rd: "There was Divine Service and the Holy Communion in the Mess Room this morning. It was a melancholy Sunday indeed; three more men killed." "It was very affecting," says another, "to see so many newly-made widows assembled together; there were five in the same room." In the afternoon the enemy fired heavily from their guns and did considerable damage to the defences. It had now become difficult to find from the weak, harassed and daily diminishing garrison fatigue-parties to repair them. "The Europeans were capable of but little exertion, as from want of sleep, hard work night and day, and constant exposure their bodily strength was greatly diminished."

Mining operations.

The mining contest strained the powers of our few Engineers to the utmost, and unceasing had to be their exertions in watching the listening galleries and driving shafts. On the 28th of August the enemy were hard at work near the Brigade Mess. "They worked day, we worked nights; they got alarmed, I think, and I, boring and working alone, broke into their gallery. I went in and took their lantern and

28th August. Enemy's mine near Brigade Mess.

oil and candle, great loot! got powder and went up their gallery; the brutes heard me, and I rather feared to follow up 50 to 60 yards of mine, so going about 15 yards I blew up their gallery and destroyed it. Well, I admit it is exciting, and mud and dirt and water did not cool my ardour, but I got the whip hand of my enemies and defeated a very serious attempt on a most important post filled with ladies and children."[1]

Ungud's return.

That same night the faithful Ungud again crept into the entrenchment bringing a letter from General Havelock, dated Cawnpore, the 24th instant. He wrote: "I have your letter of the 16th. Sir Colin Campbell, who came out at a day's notice to command on hearing of General Anson's death, promises me fresh troops, and you shall be my first care. The reinforcements may reach me in about twenty to twenty-five days, and I will prepare everything for a march on Lucknow. Do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand."

Letter from General Havelock.

It was a gloomy prospect to have to wait for another twenty-five days. "It is a long period," wrote a member of the garrison, "to look forward to, but still it serves as a bright beacon to lessen the darkness of despair." Meanwhile the enemy continued unceasingly his mining efforts, and their iron ring played day and night against the defences, which fell away in flakes. On the 31st of August a 32-pounder which they had got into position at the Lutkun Durwaza or Clock Tower—about one hundred yards from the Bailey Guard Gate—

31st August. Enemy's battery at Lutkun Durwaza.

[1] Captain Fulton's MS. Diary.

plunged directly into it, smashing two ammunition waggons with which it was barricaded. The sepoys of the 13th Native Infantry, under the superintendence of the Engineers, at once set to work tracing a fresh battery between the Treasury and the Bailey Guard Gate.

CHAPTER XVI.

1st September. THUS August wore away. September 1st was a fine breezy morning. "Here we are," writes one, "in the partridge shooting season of merry England, but here in India we shoot black men instead." Ungud again went forth with a letter from the Brigadier for General Havelock. He wrote: "I must be frank and tell you that my force is daily diminishing from the enemy's musketry fire and our defences are daily weaker. Should the enemy make a really determined effort to storm the place, I shall find it difficult to repulse them, owing to my paucity in numbers, and to the weak and harassed state of the force. Our losses since the commencement of hostilities here have been, in Europeans only, upwards of 300. We are continually harassed in countermining the enemy, who have about twenty guns in position, many of them of large calibre. Any advance of yours towards this place will act beneficially in our favour, and greatly inspirit the native part of my garrison, who have up to this time behaved like faithful and good soldiers. If you can possibly communicate any intelligence of your intended advance, pray do so by letter. Give the bearer the password 'Agra,' and tell him to give it to me in person."

Fresh mining operations. With marvellous tenacity and perseverance the insurgents continued their mining operations. On

Again they were heard working at the old gallery, and a fresh shaft had to be sunk by our engineers and a gallery driven out west. On the 24th September they had driven twenty-two feet, reached brickwork, and pierced through it. "We heard the miners driving onwards in our direction, so we halted; and then it appeared shortly that they were not coming quite straight, only very close to us. It then struck our engineer that the enemy on reaching this brickwork would think it was the wall of the post, and would immediately stop work, in order to arrange to load and explode the mine. This proved to be the case. On meeting the wall they ceased working. We picked quietly into the mine, enlarged the opening, and found the gallery full of light at the other end, with one of the miners seated in it. Before he could be shot or captured, one of our party sneezed; the lights were at once put out, and the miner had disappeared. But we had gained possession of the mine; as, however, the enemy commanded its entrance, we exploded it, using a double charge to destroy more of the ground; a safe operation, as it was at a considerable distance from our own line of defence."[1]

4th September. Completion of New Battery, Bailey Gate.

The new battery in the Treasury Post was now nearly complete, and an 18-pounder intended for it was got down and put in position.[2] The battery was

[1] "Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, V.C., page 138.

[2] "Defence of Lucknow, by a Staff Officer," page 145. "Its armament was an eighteen-pounder gun, and a twenty-four-pounder howitzer."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 145

sixteen feet thick, besides the wall in front, and it was constructed under a heavy fire by sepoys and Engineers worn with fighting, watching, and want of sufficient food. The joy of the sepoys at having completed their heavy task was marred by the loss of their gallant commander, Major Bruere. A brave soldier and a splendid shot, he had done good service by picking off the enemy's gunners. This afternoon (4th September) he was on the top of the Brigade Mess, and in his anxiety to get a shot at some of the rebel riflemen he somehow recklessly exposed himself and was shot by a rifle ball through the chest, which almost immediately proved fatal. "Those who brought his body down had to crawl on hands and knees." They brought it to "his poor wife, who had seen him only a few minutes before." "She had four children, and had lost one during our troubles." In the evening they took the father away. The Brahmin sepoys, to whom the touch of a corpse involved the terrible penalty of loss of caste, insisted on carrying the remains[1] of their beloved commander to the grave, and around it stood every man of the corps who could be spared from the trenches.

Death of Major Bruere.

All day the heavy guns of the enemy battered the outpost, and in the evening the massive underwall on the top of the Mess House fell with a loud crash. No one was hurt, though the women and children had a narrow escape. Several of them, however, refused to abandon the shattered building,

[1] "The Siege of Lucknow: A Diary," by the Hon'ble Lady Inglis, page 142.

preferring the chance of a round shot or musket-ball to the fetid, close atmosphere of an already over-crowded hovel in the interior of our position which, after all, was scarcely safer from the fire of the enemy.

5th September. Fourth Assault.

The 5th at daylight the besiegers' fire was resumed with great violence, and when the sun rose large masses of the enemy were seen moving round the Residency as if they meant to storm. Every man of the small garrison was soon under arms, and for some hours they patiently awaited, under an unremitting fire of cannon, the enemy's onset. At ten o'clock a low rumbling sound was heard, and the earth quaked; the houses were shaken, and a huge cloud of smoke shrouded Gubbins' Bastion. The garrison seizing their arms rushed toward it expecting to find a yawning chasm. The enemy had, however, miscalculated their distance and the bastion was safe. When the whirling clouds of smoke and dust had rolled away, the yelling assailants rushed forth and swarmed around its base. Applying a huge ladder with a double row of rungs they speedily began to mount. A few reached the embrasure, when they were struck down by hand-grenades, and a concentrated fire of musketry dashed them to earth. Again and again they attempted to clamber up the ladder. It was all in vain. After an hour they retreated in dark groups to the houses from whence they had come, leaving at the foot of the bastion a pile of their dead.

Attack on Gubbins' Bastion.

Attack on the Brigade Mess.

Shortly after the explosion of the mine at Gubbins' Bastion the enemy sprung another mine close to the

comfortable if we did not hear it." Soon after noon Captain Fulton with a few sepoys made a sortie to blow up a house near Innes's Post which, owing to the enemy having loopholed it, had become dangerous. Descending the wall which formed our defence by a ladder, Captain Fulton and a few men captured the house by a gallant rush. "I put two barrels of powder in it and retired, and to my disgust found some of the people who had gone with me loitering. The consequence was, I was delayed, and the powder going off, half buried me in ruins. A sepoy by my side was buried up to his waist, and I got a very severe contusion, which I thought, rather the Doctor thought, had broken my arm, but it is mending fast, so could not have been broken."[1] In these few simple words a brave soldier records a generous and noble act. After the barrels had been placed in the house Fulton, as he tells, ordered the sepoys to retire. He then fired the train and ran back to mount the ladder, but found his command had been disobeyed, for the sepoys had loitered to gather some wood. Not a moment was to be lost. A few yards from him was the house containing two barrels of gunpowder. The train had been fired. The danger was imminent. But the sepoys must not perish for their disobedience. He bid them mount swiftly. But before the last man could place his foot on the lowest rung the explosion took place burying him to the waist, and a piece of timber struck Fulton. "His escape was marvel-

[1] MS. Diary of Captain Fulton, R.E.

lous, for the wall which was blown down was not ten feet distant from where he stood."[1]

Destruction of a mine at the Brigade Mess.

Four days later Fulton, undeterred by his wound, went forth on another voyage of discovery. "At one o'clock," he wrote, "I went to a suspected spot, and after failing, owing to my arm, to get on a cross wall to get a bit of a peep, I got a clever little corporal to go, and we discovered another mine under the church wall. We went down, broke into the house, the enemy bolted leaving one sepoy's jacket, three pairs of shoes and three baskets. They had progressed twenty-five feet. We destroyed the house, with their works, with two barrels of powder."[2]

Death of Captain Fulton, 14th September.

This is the last entry in the Diary of Captain Fulton. On the 14th September, while reconnoitring from a battery in Mr. Gubbins' Post, he was struck dead by a round shot. "He was lying at full length in one of the embrasures, with a telescope in his hand. He turned his face with a smile on it and said, 'They are just going to fire;' and sure enough they did. The shot took away the whole of the back of Captain Fulton's head, leaving his face like a mask still on his neck. When he was laid on his back on a bed we could not see how he had been killed."[3] So died George

1 "The Mutinies in Oudh," by M. Gubbins, page 287.

2 MS. Diary of Captain Fulton.

3 Captain Birch's account: "The Siege of Lucknow: A Diary," by the Honourable Lady Inglis, page 146.

"When I met two men carrying a litter with the too familiar officer stretched out on it under a bloodstained cloth and, asking who it was, heard it was Fulton, I felt that we had sustained as great a blow as

Fulton, a soldier whose valour no danger could appal, whose confidence and resource no trial could exhaust. His courtesy and kindness made him dear to officers and men, and his cheerful bearing and noble temper inspired them with his own energy and cool determination. His name will stand, for unto him his comrades have given the proud title of "The Defender of Lucknow."[1]

16th September. Ungud takes letter from General Inglis.

On the 16th of September Ungud, the pensioner, was again sent forth with a letter, done up in a piece of quill, to take to General Havelock at Cawnpore. General Inglis wrote: "Since the date of my last letter, the enemy have continued to persevere unceasingly in their efforts against this position, and the firing has never ceased either day or night. . . . I shall be quite out of rum for the men in eight days; but we have been living on reduced rations, so I hope to be able to get on pretty well until the 18th proximo. If you have not relieved us by that time, we shall have no meat left, as I must keep some bullocks to move my guns about the

when Sir Henry died, and I felt sad for the loss of so noble a fellow, when lifting the cloth I saw the pallid face of my friend with the top of the head carried away."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

[1] "He was a highly gifted, cool, brave and chivalrous officer, fertile in resources, and a favourite both with officers and men."—"Defence of Lucknow, by a Staff Officer," page 159.

"And with his shrewd and resolute face, and his cheerful bearing, he did more than any other twenty men to keep up the spirits of the garrison. Wherever he appeared, it was the signal to be up and doing."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, page 154.

"He was 'The Defender of Lucknow,' and was the heart and soul of the contest that was so long and energetically waged against such fearful odds. I knew him well and shared fully all the admiration."—MS. Diary of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

position; as it is, I have had to kill nearly all the gun bullocks, as my men could not perform the hard work without animal food. I am most anxious to hear of your advance to reassure the native soldiers."

An impression had arisen among the natives of the garrison, and was growing stronger day by day, that further resistance was hopeless. The belief was current among them that Ungud's stories were false and that no relieving force was nigh. Some officers also had their misgivings as to the possibility of relief. Havelock might draw near, but would he be able with a small force to cut his way through a labyrinth of streets stoutly barricaded and held by a large and disciplined body of men? Indeed, it would have been strange if there had been no moments of despondency. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by want of proper food, continued watching, and cruel anxiety; and it was no small aggravation of their sufferings that no shelter could be obtained from the autumnal rains, which were unusually heavy. Eighty-four days of constant battering had destroyed the roofs of the houses. "The shot fired by the enemy were yesterday (September 7) collected, and 280 round shot, varying in size from a 24 to a 3-pounder, were gathered from the roof of the brigade-mess alone."[1] The buildings were dismantled on all sides by the enemy's cannon, and many breaches were opened. But as the works began to give way, the more determined were the garrison to rely on their own

[1] "Defence of Lucknow, by a Staff Officer," page 152.

bravery and strength. It was resolved that when the outer fortifications had crumbled to pieces they would retire to the inner posts and defend them to their last breath. No man or woman or child should fall alive into the hands of the rebels.

The courage of the women had never faltered. But the heart of the most sanguine grew sick with hope deferred. "Oh these sad scenes of death and sorrow," wrote one of them, "when are they to come to an end?" On the 18th there was a partial eclipse of the sun. "To many of our weary hearts sunshine has been eclipsed for a long, long time; who knows how soon it may appear again." Now after a long night of sorrow the day of rejoicing was approaching.

Sunday, 20th September.

On Sunday morning, September 20th, the garrison, as was their wont, assembled for the service of God at the Brigade Mess. That holy day there came home to the captives the heart of the meaning of the noble Psalms appointed to be read, and out of their souls' travail went forth the appeal: "Hide not Thy face from me in the time of trouble; incline Thine ear unto me when I call; Oh hear me, and that right soon." And they were reminded that "This shall be written for those that come after." "Out of the heaven did the Lord behold the earth: That He might heed the mournings of such as are in captivity and deliver the children appointed unto death." The Lord heard their mournings and He pitied them according to the multitude of His mercies. On Tuesday, September 22nd, there came to "the children appointed unto death" glad tidings of deliverance.

Ungud crept into the entrenchment late at night, bringing with him a letter from General Outram, dated September 20th. "The army crossed the river yesterday," he wrote, "and all the material being over now, marches towards you to-morrow, and with the blessing of God will now relieve you. The rebels, we hear, intend making one desperate assault on you as we approach the city, and will be on the watch in expectation of your weakening your garrison to make a diversion in our favour as we attack the city. I beg to warn you against being enticed to venture far from your works. When you see us engaged in your vicinity, such diversion as you could make without in any way risking your position should only be attempted." Hope that they should soon be saved filled the hearts of all with gladness.

Letter from General Outram.

Next morning, September 23rd, the rain ceased, the sun came out and the clouds rolled away, and the sound of distant guns in the direction of Cawnpore was heard. As the day wore on the reports became louder and more frequent. "Each boom seemed to say, We are coming to save you." Expectation grew more intense. Several imagined they heard musketry. Great was the joy and exultation. "The fire keeps approaching, hurrah!" The sepoys, whose faith and loyalty had been sorely tried, began to realise that the relief so often foretold and expected was now at hand. Ungud literally danced with joy, exclaiming as each shot was heard: "Our troops have arrived (Humara kumpoo âgeea)," and jeering and snapping his fingers at his incredulous comrades

23rd September.

he asked, "Who is the liar now?"[1] Till sunset the distant cannonade could be heard from time to time, and then all was quiet throughout the night. There was, however, but little sleep in the garrison.

24th September. In the morning the distant cannonade was again heard, and large bodies of the enemy were seen moving through the city to the right and left. No news of any kind, however, had reached the garrison, and as the day crept on their anxiety grew more intense. Some argued that the advancing force must have met with a check. The natives again began to lose hope. Ungud was silent. So listening, scrutinising, and guessing, they spent that long day. When evening fell the flashes of our guns could be seen in the far distance like the beacon that glittereth above the dark ocean and giveth hope and courage to the storm-tossed mariner.

25th September. On the 25th at dawn of day the garrison again heard in the distance the growl of cannon, and by sunrise it had grown into a loud sullen roar. At 10 A.M. a sepoy penetrated into Gubbins' Post, and as the surprised sentry was about to floor him with his musket, he produced a letter and was recognised as a friendly messenger. The letter was from General Outram, but it had been written before his of the 20th, and it only announced his intention shortly to cross the Ganges. The messenger could give no account of the advancing force beyond its having reached the outskirts of the city.

About 11 A.M. the cannonade died away, but in a few minutes two large fires were seen blazing in the

[1] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by Martin Gubbins, page 298.

city and crowds moving to and fro in the streets. The muttered rattle of musketry fell on their ears and volumes of black smoke were seen rolling over the house-tops. All the garrison was on the alert, and the excitement amongst these brave men was painful to behold. About 1 P.M. fugitive families were seen like a swarm of ants passing across the bridges with bundles on their heads. Soon after armed men and sepoys accompanied by large bodies of cavalry were descried following in their footsteps, and from every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear a constant shower of heavy missiles was poured upon the flying troops. But the assailants were still in activity and determined not to release the entrenchment from their iron grasp. The breaching batteries all around continued to play with astounding rapidity, and from every loophole there streamed a swift discharge of musketry. Then, as a flight of bullets swept over the head of the garrison a whistling sound was heard and a cry arose from the soldiers, "It is the Minié!" At once they understood that friends were near, and they gazed searchingly about the lines, but they could only see the enemy firing swiftly and heavily from the flat roofs of the houses. Then, after the lapse of five long minutes, they beheld our soldiers fighting their way through one of the main streets. Many fell at every step, but straight on they came fighting man to man. Now at the sight of them, "from every pit, trench, and battery, from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses, from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer." Many of the

wounded crawled forth from the hospital to join in that gallant shout of welcome. And when darkness came near, Havelock and Outram, accompanied by a few Highlanders and Sikhs, were at the Bailey Guard Gate. It had been barricaded and a bank of earth thrown up inside, and so the Generals entered in by the embrasure at Aitken's battery, which, having been well knocked about, admitted them—the staff, and many of the soldiers who had kept pace with their mounted leaders. "We hardly expected you in before to-morrow," said Brigadier Inglis. General Havelock answered, "When I saw your battered gate I determined to be in before nightfall."

Arrival of Generals Havelock and Outram.

The welcome.

Soon after the earth was removed the battered gate was thrown open, and through the archway of the Bailey Guard Gate streamed Havelock's force. Men, and women with their children, were there to welcome them. The big, rough-bearded soldiers seized "the little children out of our arms, kissing them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanking God they had come in time to save them from the fate of Cawnpore. . . . Every one's tongue seemed going at once with so much to ask and tell, and the faces of utter strangers beamed upon each other like those of dearest friends and brothers." [1] For eighty-seven days the garrison had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside. Wives who had long mourned their husbands as dead were again restored to them; others, fondly looking for-

[1] "A Lady's (Mrs. G. Harris's) Diary of the Siege of Lucknow," page 120.

ward to glad meetings with those near and dear to them, now for the first time learnt that they were no more. A woman who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us how on hearing the cheering her first thought was of her husband, whether he had accompanied the reinforcement. "And I was not long left in suspense, for the first officer I spoke to told me he was coming up with them, and that they had shared the same *doolie* on the previous night. My first impulse was to thank God that he had come, and then I ran out with baby amongst the crowd to see if I could find him, and walked up and down the road to the Bailey Guard Gate, watching the face of every one that came in; but I looked in vain for the one that I wanted to see, and then I was told that my husband was with the heavy artillery, and would not be in till the next morning, so I went back to my own room. I could not sleep that night." At dawn she dressed herself "and baby in the one clean dress which I had kept for him throughout the siege until his father should come." She then took him out and met a friend who told her that her husband was just coming in, that they had been sharing the same tent on the march, and that he was in high spirits at the thought of meeting his wife and child again. "I waited expecting to see him, but he did not come." All that day she sat at the door watching for him "again full of happiness." "I felt he was so near to me that at any moment we might be together again." In the evening she took the babe up to the top of the Residency to look down the road, "but I could

not see him coming and returned back to my room disappointed." Dawn found her watching for her husband, "and still he came not, and my heart was growing very sick with anxiety." In the afternoon a friend came to see her. "He looked so kindly and so sadly in my face, and I said to him, 'How strange it is my husband does not come in?' 'Yes,' he said, 'it *is* strange!' and turned round and went out of the room. Then the thought struck me. Something has happened which they do not like to tell me! But this was agony too great almost to endure, to hear that he had been struck down at our very gates." And there burst from her the same cry that Andromache wailing with deep sobs spake among the women of Troy: "My poor little fatherless boy! who is to care for us now?"

Remarks on the Siege.

The story of the defence of the Lucknow Residency is a tale which will always stir the hearts of Englishmen and Englishwomen, for there does not stand recorded in the annals of war an achievement more truly heroic. The scene of that memorable defence was no fortress strong by nature and art, no walled city, like Saragossa and Londonderry, manned by its own inhabitants, but a range of fragile buildings encircled by such entrenchments as could hastily be thrown up in a few days. The garrison consisted, not of a brigade or European regiment, but of a portion of one British regiment, some hundred and fifty loyal sepoys, and a motley gathering of civilians. Day by day they dwindled away, worn out by wounds, disease, and insufficient food, heat by day

and cold by night, heart-sickness and the insufferable stench of putrefying corpses. The steady waste of precious lives is illustrated by the following figures. Of the 927 Europeans and East Indian men present on the 1st of July, only 577 remained alive on the day of relief (25th September), and of these many were sick or wounded. Of 765 Natives, 130 were dead and 230 had deserted. Thus, in 87 days the garrison had fallen from 1692 to 982, and this included many sick and wounded. The casualties among the Artillery officers bear testimony to the severity of the losses. On the 1st July there were nine officers present, of these five were killed or died of wounds. One was three times wounded and survived; two were once wounded and recovered; and one alone remained untouched.[1] Against this small and daily decreasing band of men were arrayed six thousand trained soldiers and a vast host of armed men animated by an insane and bloodthirsty fanaticism. Their heavy guns, posted almost in security within fifty yards of the entrenchment, poured forth for three months a nearly incessant fire, and their musketry was so searching that it penetrated the innermost retreat of the women and children and of the wounded. The combats before the walls were of frequent occurrence, and desperate attempts repeatedly made to force an entry after blowing in the defences had to be repelled. Such

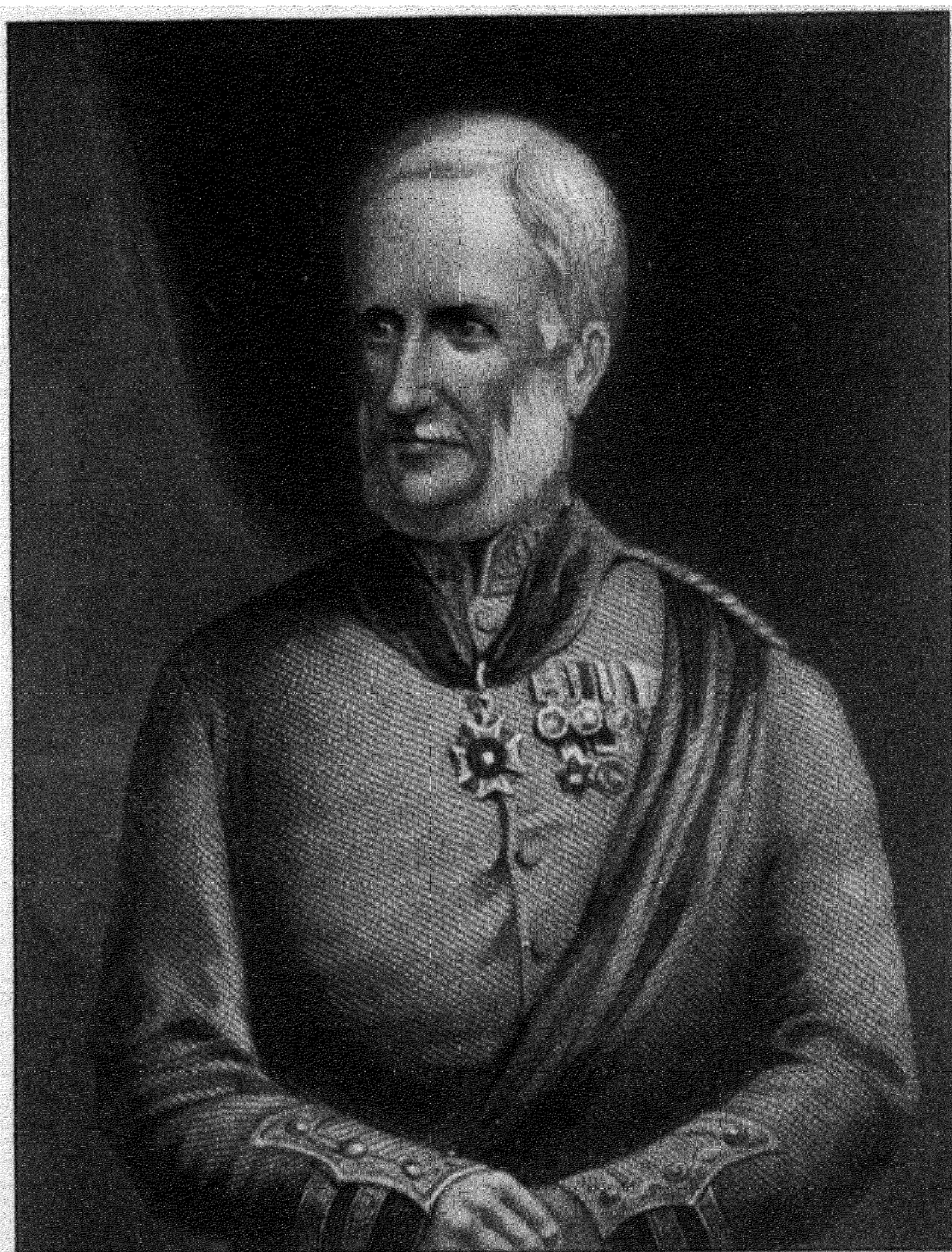
[1] "A Lecture on the Relief of Lucknow," by General Sir Henry Norman, page 6.

"Two ladies were killed during the siege, and nine wives of officers and uncovenanted gentlemen died, with no less than 53 European or East Indian children."

were the main features of this famous siege of which Lord Canning wrote:—

"That defence has not only called forth all the energy and daring which belongs to Englishmen in the hour of active conflict, but it has exhibited, continuously, and in the highest degree, that noble and sustained courage which against enormous odds and fearful disadvantages, against hope deferred, and through unceasing toil and wear of body and mind, still holds on day after day and triumphs."[1]

[1] General Order, by the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council, dated Fort William, 8th December 1857. "State Papers," vol. ii., page 55.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

CHAPTER XVII

FORTY-TWO years before the relief of the garrison at Lucknow, Henry Havelock became Second-Lieutenant in the old Ninety-fifth, now the Rifle Brigade. He was assigned to the company commanded by Captain Harry Smith, who had served in the Peninsular War, from the battle of Vimiera to that of Corunna, and lives in history as the victor of Aliwal. Havelock took up his work as a soldier in earnest, and not only did he apply himself to the practical duty he had to perform, but he read with close attention all the military history to which he could obtain access. After eight years' service in England, feeling that India presented a wider field for action, he exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, sailed for Calcutta, and landed in the capital of Bengal in May 1823. He arrived in India fully prepared for his work, and he had not been a twelvemonth there before he was called upon to test his professional knowledge in the exacting school of experience. When the first Burmese War had been declared, Havelock's military attainments having become known, he was appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General in the headquarter staff of the expedition. During the campaign he showed not only great administrative ability, but coolness and promptitude when commanding troops in

Henry Havelock, Second-Lieutenant, 1815.

Lands in India, 1823.

First Burmese War.

action.[1] At the close of the war Havelock returned to regimental duty at Dinapore, for a few months, when he was appointed to the Adjutancy of the depot of King's troops at Chinsura, the old Dutch settlement. Here he remained three years, taking charge of the recruits as they arrived from England, and drilling them and forwarding them to their respective corps. The facts of the Burmese Campaign had, however, left a strong impression on his mind, for he had seen things done which did not correspond with his ideas of exactitude and foresight. He had studied the theory of war from the day he had become a soldier, and had meditated upon its principles. He had followed Cæsar and Alexander, and had critically analysed the structure of the campaigns of Marlborough, Frederick, Wellington, and Napoleon; he, therefore, determined to write "A Sketch of the Military Events of the First War against the Barbarians of Ava." "I wish to present my pages,"

Adjutant at Chinsura.

[1] A party to which he had been attached was sent to capture a stockade "which," as he wrote to Lieutenant Gardner, "was situated in the midst of a jungle horribly thick and tangled, and most disrespectfully near our position. The senior officer, who had just risen from a sick-bed, was exhausted by fatigue, and unable to act, and I, as the only staff officer present, seized the reins at rather a critical moment. The troops did not support me, as other soldiers would have done; not that they evinced any disposition to go about, but they stood wasting ammunition in an exposed position, when they should have pushed *en avant*, and used their bayonets, as I bid them do. I had sixteen of my friends of the 13th killed and wounded, and poor Barrett's right arm shot off. After this my pioneers (Madrassees) fairly flung down the ladders and would not budge, though I coaxed, harangued, and thrashed them by turns, all under the best fire our feeble enemy could keep up, and within pistol-shot of the work. At length, with European aid, I got my ladders fixed, and carried my point just when darkness rendered the capture useless."—"Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.," by John Clark Marshman, page 22.

he wrote, "uniformly with the Napoleon Memoirs. I hope neither you, nor the world, will attribute this species of imitation to vanity; I think it is the best form of Military History. It is, in fact, a very trifling improvement on the plan of the Commentaries of the Roman Dictator." "The Campaigns in Ava" was published at Serampore early in 1828. Havelock, a man of intellectual vigour, had left Charterhouse[1] a good scholar, and during all his busy, military career he studied the majestic works of the Old World. He loved Homer, and took pattern by Thucydides.[2] The materials of "The Campaigns in Ava" were collected with the most scrupulous care; the events are related with the strictest impartiality and wonderful clearness in detail. Havelock told the commanders their faults and suggested such remedies as the study of great campaigns had suggested to him. But his bold strictures on their tactics made many enemies, and created a prejudice against him. This prejudice

"The Campaigns in Ava."

[1] Nearly contemporary with him "were Connop Thirlwall, now Bishop of St. David's; George Waddington, Dean of Durham, distinguished as a scholar and a man of letters; George Grote, the historian of Greece; Archdeacon Hale, now Master of the Charter House; Alderman Thompson, member for Northumberland; Sir William Macnaghten, the talented but unfortunate envoy at Cabul; the Right Hon. Fox Maule, now secretary-at-war; Eastlake, the painter; and Yates, the actor."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.," by John Clark Marshman, page 7.

[2] The preface of his work consists of a long quotation from Thucydides (Lib. VI., Cap. 11 and 12) in the original Greek and without a translation; and the following quotation from Bacon's Essay "Of Empire":—

"Neither is the opinion of some of the schoolmen to be received: 'that a war cannot justly be made, but upon a precedent injury or provocation.' For there is no question but a just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a lawful cause of a war."

was somewhat heightened by Havelock's deficiency in that buoyancy of temper which enables one to take life easily. His intellect was grave and concentrated.[1] He was a Puritan soldier, and he had the old Puritans' great confidence in God's government, their view and sense of a close relation with the Unseen; to him, as to them, the trials of life were divinely appointed, and sorrow was to be borne and work done in sure and certain hope. When stationed at Chinsura he was near Serampore, the home of the noble missionary brotherhood. He often visited them, and took a deep interest in their work.

[1] "It is the fashion, especially in his own corps, to sneer at him; his manners are cold, while his religious opinions (Baptist) seclude him from Society; but the whole of them together would not compensate for his loss. Brave to admiration, imperturbably cool, looking at his profession as a science, and, as far as I can see or judge, correct in his views."—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 39.

Henry Havelock wrote to Major Broadfoot, 6th May 1843: "But now, before quitting this subject, on which I have too long dilated, let me ask, my good friend, what it is you mean exactly by *prejudices* against me, the mention of which you reiterate? Tell me plainly. I am not aware of any. Old Willoughby Cotton, indeed, and others used to tell me that it was believed at Horse Guards and in other quarters that I professed to fear God as well as honour the Queen, and that Lord Hill and sundry other wise persons had made up their minds that no man could, at once, be *a saint* and a soldier. Now I dare say such great authorities must be right, notwithstanding the examples of Colonel Gardiner, and Cromwell, and Gustavus Adolphus (all that I can think of just now); but, if so, all that I can say is that their bit of red ribbon was very ill bestowed upon me; for I humbly trust that in that great matter I should not change my opinions and practice though it rained garters and coronets as the reward of apostasy. So if these be the grounds of the *prejudices*, they are like to be sempiternal; but if they be any others that I know not of, tell me, my good friend, plainly and roundly. *Quo lapsus, quid feci?* It is well to be upon one's guard."—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 191.

His strong religious beliefs impelled him to join their community, and on the 9th February, 1829, he married Hannah, the daughter of Dr. Marshman, one of the most eminent of that illustrious band of scholars and Christian workers. Twenty-six years after, he wrote to his wife, on the anniversary of their wedding-day: "I have not repented, that I will seriously assert and maintain. On the contrary, my submission to the 'yoke' has been the source of nearly all the satisfaction and happiness which retrospect presents to me on the chequered map of my sixty years' experience." The letters to his wife and children exhibit the tenderness of disposition possessed by the resolute and strict Puritan soldier, whose chief characteristic was faithful, single-hearted devotion. Three things occupied his heart: his family, his religion, and his profession. He did not allow his piety to detract from his military duties. A holy ambition guided him. The day after his first victory he wrote: "One of the prayers, often repeated throughout my life, since my school days, has been answered, and I have had to command in a successful action." But he had to wait in patience for the atoning hour to come.

The year 1838 may be regarded as the turning-point in Havelock's career; for it was then, after twenty years' service, he obtained, at the age of forty-three, the rank of Captain, and the war with Afghanistan gave him the opportunity of again showing his military capacity in the field. The two most striking incidents in that unfortunate campaign, and the ones which most rivet the imagination, are the

Captain, 5th June 1838.

First Afghan War.

storming of Ghazni, and the heroic defence of Jellalabad. In both Havelock played a subordinate, yet not obscure, part. He has given us a vigorous account of how the "forlorn hope" at Ghazni "won gradually their way onward, till at length its commanders, and their leading files, beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two, and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place."[1]

Capture of Ghazni

After the occupation of Kabul, as the country seemed fairly tranquil, the army of the Indus was broken up, and only a small force left to maintain order. Sir Willoughby Cotton, who commanded the division, pressed Havelock, who was his aide-de-camp, to stay with him, and offered him, in addition, the post of Persian interpreter. But Havelock had kept careful notes of the campaign, and was anxious to publish them before the interest in the war should abate. "I am too old for fame," he wrote; "bare *lucre* for my boys' education is the only object." He therefore declined the offer, and hastened to Serampore, where he quickly moulded his notes into form, working from night to morn at the task. The work was set up in type at that station and despatched with all speed to England, where it was published in two duodecimo volumes; but it brought the author neither fame nor lucre. The war had never excited any enthusiasm in England, and all interest in it had ceased after the occupation of Kabul. The book

"Narrative of the War in Afghanistan."

[1] "Narrative of the War in Afghanistan in 1838-39," by Captain Henry Havelock, vol. ii., page 76.

had no sale, and was little read, though it deserved a better fate. It is a clear and impartial narrative, containing scenes not unworthy to rank with the account of the storming of Badajoz, and the dark retreat from Astorga to Corunna.

Returns to Afghanistan.

Disappointed at the reception of his book, Havelock again turned his thoughts to Afghanistan, and in the beginning of 1841 he returned to Kabul as Persian interpreter on the staff of General William Elphinstone, who had succeeded General Cotton. A few months after his return the wild tribes began to make raids, and block the passes, and the 13th Regiment and 35th Native Infantry, under Brigadier-General Sir R. Sale, had to be sent to punish them, and open the road. Havelock obtained leave to accompany his own regiment. On entering the Khoord Kabul Pass the brigade was so vigorously attacked that Sale, who had been severely wounded, leaving an advance guard to watch the mouth of the Pass, fell back to Buthkak, the camping-ground, one march from Kabul in the direction of Jellalabad. He sent Havelock to Kabul to bring supplies and troops, who after a week returned with them. Sale's force, now considerably strengthened, pushed its way by sheer hard fighting—in which Havelock had his share—through the Pass till it reached Gundamuk, thirty miles on the Kabul side of Jellalabad.[1] Here

[1] Major Broadfoot wrote: "Sale's Camp, Gundumuk, 4th November 1841: Suffice it to say that we have had military operations far more serious than was expected; instructive professionally by showing that against even Afghans no rules of military science can be neglected with impunity, and interesting to those much employed from the difficulty of the country and the boldness of the enemy."—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 38.

tidings reached them of the insurrection at Kabul, and Sale was asked by our Envoy to return through the Passes. On receipt of the request the General summoned a council of war, at which Havelock was present. Not being a commanding officer he had no vote, but took part in the discussion, and urged many cogent reasons for not retracing their steps. Five or six thousand men at Kabul, well furnished with all the munitions of war, he argued, should be able to hold their own against an armed population. Sale's brigade was small, and it had been weakened by every step in advance. It had been barely able to fight its way to Gundamuk, and now it would have to fight every yard of the way through the mountains, amidst appalling difficulties. The supply of cartridges was scanty. The snow was on the mountains; the cold was intense; the force badly clothed; and the deficiency in transport would compel them to abandon their tents. The sick and wounded, amounting to three hundred, must be placed in a position of safety. To leave them at Gundamuk meant certain destruction; in Jellalabad they would be safe. The occupation of that fortress would give the Kabul force a point on which to retire, and secure a fortified *point d'appui* on the road to India, to which a relieving force might advance. The council resolved to move on Jellalabad.[1]

[1] The decision has been much questioned. Sir Herbert Edwardes has said: "Of course it will always remain a moot point whether Sale could have returned or not; and if he had returned, whether it would have saved the Kabul force. From Sale's own account it is probable he could not have returned in a state of efficiency; but there were at least two men with Sale's brigade who would have made all the difference:—one

On the 12th of November Sale's brigades encamped under the walls of Jellalabad. During the siege the sound judgment of Havelock was of the utmost service in the council of war; his wide knowledge of his profession, in repairing the works; and his coolness and courage, in leading the sorties. He firmly, though unostentatiously, supported Major Broadfoot in preventing the capitulation, and in persuading General Sale to make the decisive attack on the besiegers on 7th April. A wound prevented Major Broadfoot from taking a part in the engagement, and his misfortune "brought conspicuously forward one of the best officers in the service—Captain Havelock of the 13th, who that day, to the public advantage, took my place." To Havelock was given the command of the third right column, and it was in a great measure due to his skill and daring that a complete victory was won. Nine days after, General Pollock reached Jellalabad, and the relieving force was played into camp by the band of the 13th, to the tune, "Oh, but ye've bin lang o' comin'!" Havelock was informed that he had been appointed by the Commander-in-Chief in India Deputy Adjutant-General of the Infantry Division, and in that capacity he accompanied the avenging army to Kabul. He was present at the clearing of the Jugdalak Pass, and at Tezin where the Afghans made

Siege of Jellalabad.

Tezin.

—Henry Havelock—who would have recalled the discipline and spirit of poor Elphinstone's subordinates, if mortal man could do it; the other—George Broadfoot—who, in the last resort, would have dared to supply the army with a leader."—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 41.

their final stand.[1] On September the 15th Pollock marched unmolested to Kabul. Havelock accompanied the expedition promptly sent to succour the captives, and after their release he proceeded as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General with the force sent under the command of General McCaskell to take the virgin fortress of Istaliff. To Havelock the success of the expedition and the brilliant victory gained were mainly due.[2] On the 17th of December 1842, the Governor-General received with considerable pomp the war-worn regiments from Afghanistan —the "illustrious garrison" of Jellalabad being the first to march across the bridge of boats over the broad waters of the Sutlej. "I crossed it," wrote Havelock, "in the suite of Sir Robert Sale, borrowed for the hour as a part of the triumphant pageant with which India's ruler greeted him who was truly regarded as, under Providence, its preserver. Thus auspiciously terminated my four years' connection with Afghanistan." For his services in Afghanistan Havelock was made a C.B. He had begun the campaign as a Captain, and a Captain he came out at its close; and as his staff appointment terminated

[1] "When the British troops ascended the hills to drive the Afghans off, a determined struggle ensued: the Afghans came down to meet them, and in more places than one on that day there was a practical exhibition of sword *versus* bayonet."—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 160.

[2] "Eldred Pottinger, who was present, and whose services on that occasion were of great value, recognizing Havelock's worth, said to him that his presence at Kabul during the time of trial there would have altered the aspect of affairs. To him Havelock replied, 'I will not undertake to say that I could have saved Cabul; but I feel confident that George Broadfoot would have done it.'"—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 163.

with the war he returned to the command of a company of the 13th Light Infantry.

On the 30th of June 1843, Havelock got his majority[1] without purchase, and soon after his promotion he was made Persian interpreter on the staff of the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, whose camp he joined at Cawnpore, in time to take part in the Gwalior Campaign. On the 28th of December 1843, at Maharajpore, the English once more encountered the Mahrattas, who fought with all their ancient valour, but had, after a desperate resistance, to yield to British bayonets. In the very crisis of its success Havelock rallied the 56th Native Infantry that were advancing at too slow a pace, reminded them that they were fighting under the very eye of their Commander-in-Chief, and placing himself at their head led them, amidst a storm of shot, against the batteries of the enemy. For Maharajpore he received his Brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy, when he had been a soldier twenty-eight years.

Major, 30th June 1843.

Maharajpore, 28th December 1843.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

Two years after the Gwalior Campaign the first Sikh War began, and Havelock was by the side of his chief wherever peril was greatest. At Moodki he had two horses shot under him. His old charger, Feroze, which had carried him through the Afghan

First Sikh War.

[1] He wrote to Major Broadfoot: "This perhaps was not a great boon after twenty-eight years' service, twenty of them in India; but it was conceded with the air of one, it being urged that the retirements were nearly all filled up, and the applicants for them of very low standing. Pattison being allowed to go out in my favour, was therefore made an act of grace to me, with the innuendo, I expect, that it closed the door to all further claim for the last Afghan campaign."—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 198.

Campaign, being killed by a round shot, Broadfoot remounted him on a pony belonging to one of his escort, which, before he had proceeded far, was wounded by a musket-ball in the mouth. Broadfoot again mounted him with the remark that it "appeared to be of little use to give him horses, as he was sure to lose them." At Ferozeshah fell the gallant Broadfoot,[1] and the same conflict deprived Havelock of another friend — his old chief, Sir Robert Sale, who closed a long career of glory by that death which he coveted—death on the field. Havelock was present at the crowning victory of Sobraon, and again had a horse shot under him. It was a hair-breadth escape, as the ball struck the saddle-cloth and passed within an inch of his thigh. The charger fell, but Havelock escaped unhurt.

At the close of the first Sikh War, Havelock, on the recommendation of the Governor-General, was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay, by the Duke of Wellington. Lord Hardinge mentioned to the Duke his extraordinary military merits; but Havelock never used his abilities to magnify himself. He regarded the campaign merely as a useful school for learning the actual lessons of war. "I entered on this campaign," he wrote, after Sobraon, "fancying myself

[1] "I have now to conclude this despatch by expressing my deep concern for the loss, in the action of the 21st instant, of that most invaluable officer, Major Broadfoot, my Political Agent for these States. He was wounded and thrown off his horse at my side, but I failed in prevailing on him to retire. He remounted his horse, and shortly after received a mortal wound in leading on the troops against the battery in our front."—"The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., page 399.

something of a soldier. I have now learnt that I knew nothing. Well! I am even yet not too old to learn."

When the Second Sikh War broke out, Havelock obtained permission from Sir Willoughby Cotton, who commanded the Bombay Army, to vacate his staff appointment, and join the 53rd, to which he now belonged.[1] It had been forwarded to the front, and Havelock started with full speed for the Punjab. But on his journey he received a peremptory order to return to his post, and a reprimand for having left it without orders from the Commander-in-Chief in India. Havelock acknowledged that he had acted wrong, and keenly felt the reprimand. "But now am I to sit down in despair? Not I, by God's blessing. If health and life be spared I hope to retrieve all."

The time had now come for him to quit the trying climate, which he had braved six-and-twenty years. In November, 1849, he arrived in England, and the next two years were spent renewing his health and his intercourse with the friends of his youth. Then he returned to his old post at Bombay, which he held till the spring of 1854, when Lord Hardinge appointed him Quartermaster-General of the Queen's troops in India. On the 20th of June of the same year he obtained his regimental Lieutenant-Colonelcy and brevet Colonelcy, and a few months later, the office of Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops in

Furlough to England.

[1] He had exchanged from the 13th Light Infantry into the 39th Regiment before the Sutlej Campaign, and he had since exchanged into the 53rd.

India having become vacant, he was transferred to that post. Two years after, when war with Persia was declared (1st November 1856), Havelock was appointed, at the request of Sir James Outram, to command a division of the force which was about to proceed under the command of that officer to the Persian Gulf. Havelock joined Outram at Bushire after the first blow had been struck at the Persians, and their army routed at Kushab. Outram determined to follow up his success by an advance to the Persian capital, and directed Havelock to prepare for an attack on Mohamerah, a strongly fortified town on the Euphrates. Havelock drew up the plan of operations which was in the main adopted by Outram, and proved completely successful. On the 26th of March the forts were occupied, but all further advance was stopped by news reaching the camp (5th April) that peace with Persia had been signed at Paris.

War with Persia, 1856.

Return from Persia.

On the 15th of May Havelock sailed for Bombay, and reached that capital on the 26th, when he heard "the astounding intelligence" that the native regiments had mutinied, and that Delhi was in the hands of the rebels. He could not reach the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, by the direct land route, so he determined to go by sea to Calcutta, "prepared to give Lord Canning and Birch strong advice if they consult me. This is the most tremendous convulsion I have ever witnessed, though I was in the thick of Kabul affairs: the crisis is eventful."

On the 12th of June he embarked in the steam-

ship *Erin* for Galle. The vessel was wrecked on the coast of Ceylon, and for some hours it was momentarily expected to go to pieces; and during that time it was mainly due to Havelock that order was kept among the panic-stricken crew. At dawn all were safely landed, and on reaching shore Havelock called on all to do what the little company of Pilgrim Fathers did when they landed on the barren coast of Massachusetts—return thanks to Almighty God. "The folly of man," he wrote, "threw us on shore; the mercy of God found us a soft place near Caltura."

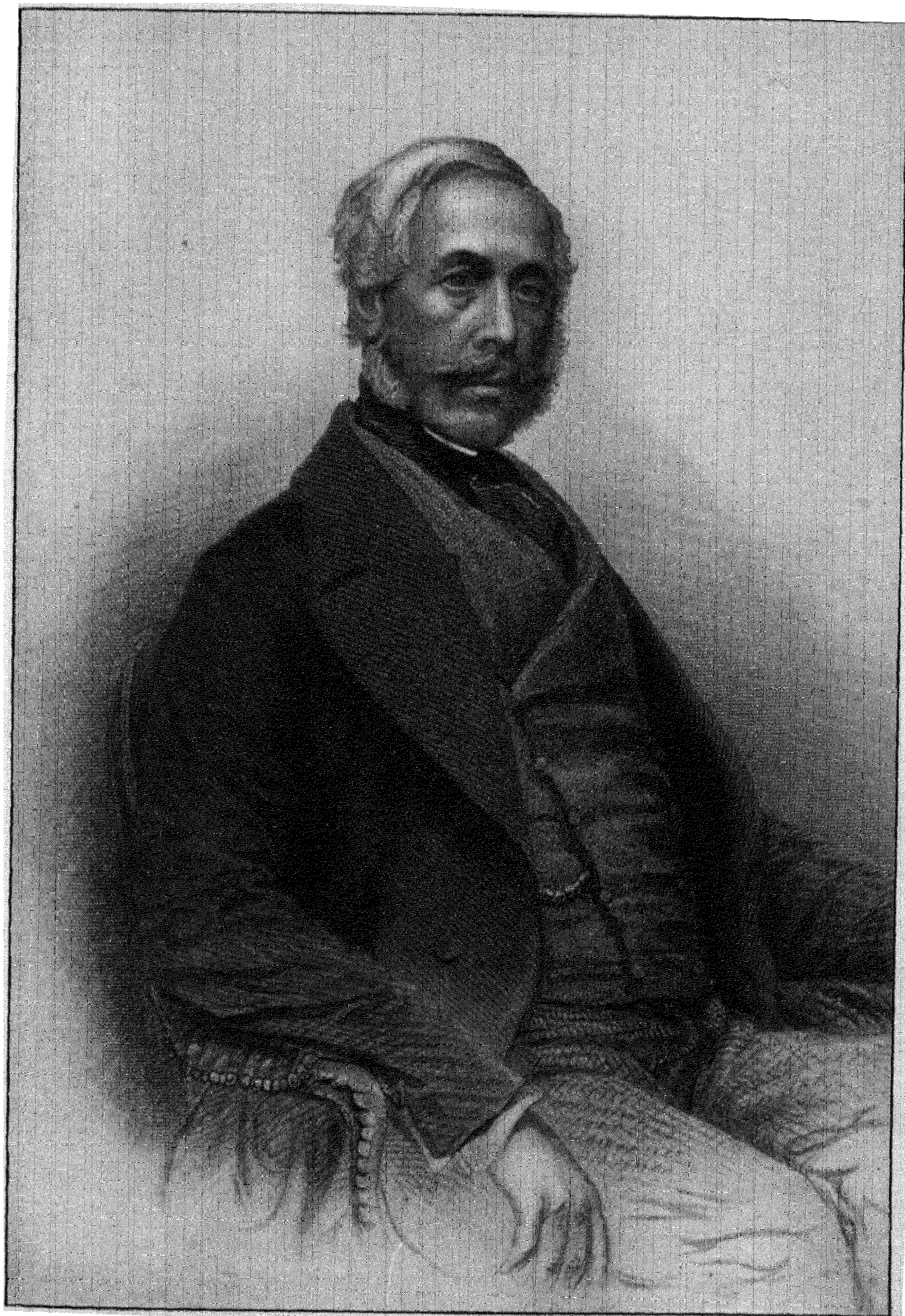
Embarks for Galle.

From Caltura Havelock hastened to Galle, and embarked on the *Fire Queen*, which reached Madras on the 13th of June. Here he learned that General Anson had died (27th of May), and Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, had been summoned to Calcutta. Grant was an old comrade of Havelock's,—they had ridden side by side at Maharajpore and Moodki; and the two Generals went together to Calcutta, arriving there on the 17th of June. On the following morning Grant introduced Havelock to Lord Canning: "Your Excellency, I have brought you the man." Lord Hardinge had, some years before, said, "If India is ever in danger, the Government have only to put Havelock in command of an army, and it will be saved." India was now in danger, and Havelock was put in command, not of an army, but a small column of troops. It was to be formed at Allahabad, and was to consist, in addition to some artillery and a few other troops, of the 64th and 78th High-

Arrives at Calcutta, 17th June.

landers, whom he had commanded on the Euphrates. Havelock was re-commissioned Brigadier-General,[1] and received instructions that "after quelling all disturbances at Allahabad he should not lose a moment in supporting Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, and Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore; and that he should take prompt measures for dispersing and utterly destroying all mutineers and insurgents." There was to be as little delay as possible in carrying out these measures. "It was not possible at the moment to give him any more precise or definite instructions, but he must necessarily be guided by circumstances; and the Commander-in-Chief had entire confidence in his well-known and often proved high ability, vigour, and judgment." The confidence of the Commander-in-Chief was not, however, shared by all. Havelock's appointment was sharply criticised, and he was called "an old fossil, dug up and only fit to be turned into pipe-clay." "General Havelock," wrote Lady Canning, "is not in fashion, but all the same we believe he will do well. No doubt he is fussy and tiresome, but his little, old, stiff figure looks as active and fit for use as if he were made of steel." On the 25th of June that "little stiff figure" went forth from Calcutta to prove himself a great military leader and win the gratitude of his country.

[1] "Colonel Havelock was made Brigadier-General in Persia, and, oddly enough, here he is just appointed Brigadier again, and commanding the identical regiments he had little more than a month ago at Mohumra—the 64th and 78th Highlanders, with some artillery and a few other troops."—"The Story of Two Noble Lives," vol. ii. p. 218.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. G. NEILL.

CHAPTER XVIII

SOME weeks before Havelock reached Calcutta Colonel Neill had arrived there from Madras, bringing with him the 1st Madras Fusiliers, of which he was chief.[1] The commander was a soldier of extraordinary energy, valour, daring, and activity, who had seen active service in Burma and the Crimea, and who had, as Adjutant, done much to maintain the discipline and proud traditions of the corps. On the 16th of May news reached Madras from Calcutta of the mutiny of the troops at Meerut, and the capture of Delhi by the rebels, and Neill received orders "to hold his regiment in readiness to embark, fully equipped for service." "We embarked," wrote Neill, "early in the morning of the 18th, and arrived at Calcutta on the afternoon of the 23rd." A man of untiring zeal and activity, before noon he

Colonel Neill arrives at Calcutta, May 23rd.

[1] It was named the 1st Madras European Regiment, of which Neill in 1843 published an account, "Historical Record of the Hon'ble East India Company's First Madras European Regiment, by a Staff Officer." The book, written with considerable care and ability, is well worth reading. "The First Madras European Regiment ranks the second corps in the services of the Honourable East India Company, and next to the Bombay Regiment raised in 1661 by Charles II. for the occupation and defence of the island of Bombay, and transferred to the East India Company on the 23rd September 1668." The 1st Madras European Regiment was consolidated into a regular battalion by its first commandant, the famous Colonel Stringer Lawrence, who taught Clive to be a soldier.

had his men transferred to flats on the river, ready to proceed to Benares, where the Government had begun to send the few troops they could spare. It was important to secure the safety of that city, not only because it was the stronghold of Brahmanism, the home of every fallen royal family, the heart and brain of every intrigue, but also on account of it being an important point on the road to Allahabad. At Benares the river and road communications meet, and then proceed side by side to Allahabad, whose strong fortress, built at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges, commands on one side the river, and on the other the road. The magazines of the fortress were stored with immense quantities of arms and ammunition; but they were guarded by native troops, and the safety of the fortress, whose strategic importance the Duke of Wellington had pointed out,[1] depended on the loyalty of mercenary troops. When news of the revolt at Meerut reached Lord Canning he must have recalled to mind how earnestly Outram had pleaded the year before for immediate measures being taken for the better security of the fortress

[1] The Duke of Wellington wrote: "In addition to these, I would earnestly recommend that the state of the fortress of Allahabad, at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges, should be examined, and that its works and buildings should be put in repair, and measures adopted to fill its magazines with ordnance and stores, so as to render that fortress likewise of utility in the general defence of the frontier in case of attack from the North-West, and in case of the necessity for operations in Bundelcund, or towards Gwalior or Hindostan."—"History of the Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough," p. 236.

of Allahabad.[1] "Allahabad is one of the most anxious cases," wrote Lady Canning; "it is very important, and there are no Europeans. Some invalids from Chunar have been sent to it, and there are some very good Sikhs." Had the measures proposed by Outram been adopted by the authorities, a European regiment would have been retained at Cawnpore to supply the Allahabad garrison. Lord Canning's first object was to remedy this grave error. As soon as the tidings of the outbreak at Meerut reached him, he began to

[1] "During the three days I passed at Calcutta when on my way home on sick-leave, in May 1856, I had an interview with Lord Canning, my chief object in seeking which was to entreat his Lordship to take immediate measures for the better security of the fortress of Allahabad. I informed him that the gates were held only by sepoy guards, and that if a Sevajee should arise, he might any day obtain possession by corrupting the sepoys, or by introducing any number of followers with concealed arms among the crowds of Hindoo devotees who were allowed access on certain festival days to pay their devotions at the shrines within the fort. True, the rule was to leave their arms at the gates; but then those gates were only protected by sepoys, and even if they had not been gained over, how very easy it would be for determined men to overpower them by a sudden rush from the interior, wielding knives, *kookrus*, and other weapons they might have concealed on their persons, while allies distracted the garrison's attention from the outside. So urgent did I consider the necessity, that I arranged with General Penny, as I passed through Cawnpore, to have 200 European troops in readiness to despatch by bullock-train to Allahabad so soon as he should receive the order from Calcutta, and I entreated his Lordship to send the order without delay. He made a note of my suggestion, and appeared impressed with the advisability of carrying it out. I then wrote to General Anson, Commander-in-Chief, informing him of what I had recommended, and begged his Excellency to see it done without delay. I then sailed, and was astonished to find on my return to Calcutta from Persia that *nothing had been done*."—"James Outram," by Major-General Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I., vol. ii. p. 122.

send to Benares and Allahabad every man he could spare. On the 21st of May Lady Canning wrote: "Some of the Queen's 84th go by fast dawk[1] in small detachments to Benares—eighteen a-day only at first, and afterwards twenty-five a-day; but they travel fast. The bullock-train[2] carries a hundred thirty miles a-day, faster than marching, but deplorably slow for such long distances. The river is of little use, for it is necessary to gó round by the Sunderbund, now that it is so low, and the distance so immense."

It was determined to send a portion of the Madras Fusiliers on steamers by the river route, and some were to be "entrained" by detachments. The railway terminus was on the bank of the river, almost opposite the fort at Howrah. "There is a landing-place and jetty," wrote Neill; "the train was to start at 8.30 P.M. My men were all on board flats in the river, where they were cool and comfortable, and out of the way of mischief. When a party of 100 men were intended to go by train, the flat on which they were was hauled into the jetty. On the night on which the second party left, the flat was hauled in, but there was a squall,

[1] *Dawk*, "H. and M. *dāk* post—*i.e.*, properly transport by relays of men and horses, and thence the mail or letter-post, as well as any arrangement for travelling or transmitting articles by such relays."—"Hobson-Jobson," by Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., and A. C. Burnell, Ph.D., C.I.E. By fast dawk is meant, go by carriage drawn by relays of horses. The carriage was called dawk gharry. It was built in the shape of a palankin, and was on four strong wheels of equal size.

[2] An organised train of waggons drawn by relays of bullocks, which were picketed at regular stages along the road.

and consequent delay. The railway people on shore gave no assistance. As we neared the jetty a jack-in-office station-master called out to me very insolently that I was late, and that the train would not wait for me a moment. He would send it off without me. A little altercation ensued. Our men were landed by their officers, and went making the best of their way up to the carriages. The fellow was still insolent, and threatened to start the train, so I put him under charge of a sergeant's guard, with orders not to allow him to move until I gave permission. The other officials were equally threatening and impertinent. One gentleman told me I might command a regiment, but that I did not command them ; they had authority there, and that he would start the train without my men. I then placed a guard over the engineer and stoker, got all my men safely into the train, and then released the railway people: off went the train, only ten minutes after time. . . . I told the gentlemen that their conduct was that of traitors and rebels, and fortunate it was for them that I had not to deal with them. The matter has been brought to the notice of Government. I have heard nothing more than that Lord Canning thinks I did what was right; and the railway people are now most painfully civil and polite."

On the 3rd of June Colonel Neill arrived at Benares with a detachment of his regiment, and found sixty of his men and three officers who had preceded him there. He had arranged to start with a detachment of his corps for Cawnpore the follow-

ing afternoon, but in the course of the day, the 4th, news arrived of the mutiny at Azimghur. The native garrison at Benares consisted at the time of the 37th Native Infantry, the Loodianah Sikh regiment, which was composed only very partially of Sikhs and largely of Hindustanees, and a part of a regiment of Irregular Cavalry. Brigadier Ponsonby, "whose gallantry has never been surpassed even in the annals of old Roman heroism,"[1] commanded the station, and he at once consulted Colonel Neill as to the expediency of disarming the 37th, "who had been suspected of disaffection for some time."[2] "He proposed waiting until the following morning to do this: I urged its being done at once, to which he agreed, and left my quarters to make his arrangements, directing me to be present with the Europeans at 5 P.M.[3] The Loodianah regiment, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon placed much confidence, and a party of about seventy of the Irregular Cavalry, were to join the Europeans in their demonstration."

Disarming of the troops at Benares, 4th June.

The lines of the 37th were in the centre of the parade, almost midway between those occupied by

[1] "At the Battle of Purwundurrah, in the 1st Afghan War," Kaye writes, "the English officers who led our cavalry to the attack covered themselves with glory. The native troopers fled like sheep. . . . Captains Fraser and Ponsonby, whose gallantry has never been surpassed even in the annals of old Roman heroism, still live to show their honourable scars, and to tell with mingled pride and humiliation the story of that melancholy day."—"The War in Afghanistan," J. W. Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 94, 95.

[2] "Annals of the Indian Rebellion," p. 381.

[3] Three guns of No. 12 Field Battery and 30 men, under Captain Olpherts; Her Majesty's 10th, 150 men and 3 officers; Madras Fusiliers, 60 men and 3 officers.

the Sikhs and by the artillery. At the hour appointed Brigadier Ponsonby arrived, "but I observed that he appeared far from well, and perfectly unable to act with energy or the vigour required for the emergency." The Europeans and artillery were ordered to advance from the left, the Sikh and Irregular Cavalry from the right. "On approaching the bells of arms of the 37th the sepoys of that corps seized their arms, loaded them, and opened fire upon us."[1] Some of our men fell wounded. The Europeans promptly returned the fire, and Captain William Olpherts poured in a shower of grape, and the sepoys fell back on their lines. Brigadier Ponsonby was now struck down by the sun, and begged that Neill would at once assume the command, "which I accordingly did, and directed a dash on the lines with the Europeans and Sikhs in line on each flank of the artillery." But the Sikhs did not move from their position, for they were startled by a shot being fired in their rear. Captain Guise, commanding the Irregular Cavalry, had been shot by a sepoy of the 37th while going to parade, and Captain Dodgson, the Brigade-Major, was ordered to take command of the corps. No sooner had he ridden up to them and called upon them to follow him, when a trooper fired at him, and attempted to cut him down. On hearing the shot and turmoil in their rear, the Sikhs, apprehensive of treachery, turned round and began to fire at their officers. A sepoy levelled his musket

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Neill, of the Madras Army, to the Adjutant-General of the Bengal Army, Benares, June the 6th.

at Colonel Gordon, the gallant and popular commander, and a Sikh stepping forward held his arms in front of the Colonel and received the bullet. Then another Sikh aimed at his commander, but was promptly shot down by two of his comrades. Shouting and yelling frantically, the Sikhs now began to fire wildly in all directions, and some of their bullets went whistling through the English battery. Olpherts, after the British infantry had gone in pursuit of the 37th Native Infantry, thinking his work was done, began to limber up his guns; but on hearing the tumult in his rear he promptly ordered them to be unlimbered again and swung them round. In a wild storm of rage, panic, and madness the Sikhs surged forward, and Olpherts opened fire. Twice, thrice, they made impetuous charges to capture the half battery of three guns, manned by thirty Englishmen; but storms of grape sheared them away, and, recoiling, they broke and fled in a chaotic manner towards the infantry line. And with them went the Irregular Cavalry. Olpherts had done his work right well, and Neill completed it by driving the mutineers out of cantonments. By their daring and prompt action they saved Benares, and the retention of our authority at that important base enabled Neill to succour Allahabad,—"That point," as Lord Canning wrote, "the most precious in India at the present moment." [1]

[1] The late General Sir William Olpherts, V.C., K.C.B., gave me in a long personal conversation a full detailed account of what occurred at Benares. Lord Canning wrote at the time that the disarming "was done hurriedly and not judiciously." "A portion

On the 5th of June news of the mutiny at Benares reached Allahabad. The same day an order came from Sir Hugh Wheeler, Brigadier at Cawnpore, "to man the fort with every available European, and make a good stand." Preparations were instantly made: all the ladies and all non-combatants were ordered into the fort. Many of the latter obeyed, and were formed into a Volunteer company, under the officer commanding the garrison; but a large number, believing it to be a false alarm, remained outside. The garrison now consisted of the sixty artillery pensioners sent from Chunar, a few commissariat and magazine sergeants, and the Volunteers mustering about one hundred men. There were also four hundred men belonging to an Irregular Sikh regiment under Captain Brasyer, and

Mutiny at Allahabad.

of a regiment of the Sikhs," he wrote to the President of the India Board, "was drawn into resistance, who, had they been properly dealt with, would, I fully believe, have remained faithful." General Olpherts remarks, "Not so, as the result proved. It was done promptly and effectually. The regiment had a large number of Hindustanees who were traitors at heart, though it did not suit Colonel Gordon or others to say so." General Olpherts also let me read two letters, one written by General D. T. Dodgson, K.C.B., the other by Major-General W. Tweedie, C.S.I., who were both present, which confirm his opinion and disprove the assertion that the Sikhs were drawn into resistance. "I am most positive," wrote Dodgson, "you did not open fire on the Loodianah Regiment until they had fired on your men and on the infantry (European), and had fired on their own Commanding Officer and Adjutant, and had actually mortally wounded Ensign Hayter, and most severely wounded Ensigns Chapman and Tweedie. I saw them shot down by the Sikhs. . . . I know a good many of the Sikhs were loyal, but a great many were disloyal. . . . Gordon had evidently the greatest difficulty in getting the Loodianah Regiment to move up in front of the 37th; else why should Ponsonby have ordered me twice to go and urge him to come up at once? And when he did get the regiment to move, it wavered and stopped more than once during the advance."

eighty of the 6th Native Infantry, the remainder being cantoned in the station about two miles away. But on receipt of the intelligence from Benares a company was sent down with two guns, under the command of Lieutenant Harward of the artillery, to the bridge of boats to prevent the rebels from crossing. At the same time Lieutenant Alexander, with 150 troopers of the 3rd Oudh Irregulars, was also sent to occupy the Alopi Bagh, a garden between the fort and bridge of boats which commanded the approaches to the station.

Colonel Simpson's telegram to the Governor-General.

On the 2nd of June Colonel Simpson, commanding the 6th Native Infantry, sent the following telegram to the Governor-General: "The 6th Regiment of Native Infantry has volunteered to serve against the mutineers at Delhi, if required. The effect of this in the city of Allahabad will be most beneficial. The Europeans are passing through daily to Cawnpore, and quickly. All quiet here at present." Promptly came back the reply: "The thanks of the Governor-General in Council to the 6th Regiment of Native Infantry. Their declaration of loyalty and soldier-like offer to march to Delhi will be announced in the Gazette. Inform the regiment of this." On the 4th of June appeared the General Order thanking the whole regiment of the 6th Native Infantry, and the three companies of the 34th Regiment of Native Infantry at Barrackpore, who had "expressed themselves in the same soldier-like manner," for this mark of their devotion, and directed that this tender of their services, at a time when so many misguided soldiers

Reply of the Governor-General.

General Order, 4th June.

of the Bengal Army have swerved from their allegiance to the State, should be placed among the records of Government, and should be read at the head of every regiment and company at a parade ordered for the purpose.[1] At six o'clock on Saturday evening, the 6th of June, the 6th Native Infantry were paraded to hear the message from the Governor-General. They received it with loud "European cheers," and declared their readiness to die for the "Kampane Bahadoor."[2]

Mutiny of the 6th Native Infantry.

Three hours later the officers of the "loyal 6th Native Infantry" were seated around their mess-table, discussing the foregoing event of the day, when the bugle sounded the alarm, and in the far distance was heard the rattle of musketry. Now, they thought, the mutineers from Benares had arrived, and that the company of the 6th were keeping the bridge against the rebels. They rushed forth from the room, "each eager to take the head of his company, and to conduct it against the rebels." On arriving at the parade they found one of their companies drawn up. They called out to the men: the answer was a volley which laid five of them dead on the ground.[3] Then the sepoys spread far and wide, slaying every European or East Indian they met. Seven young ensigns, who had been posted to the model 6th Native Infantry to learn their drill before joining their respective regiments, were shot dead outside the mess-house. One of

Massacre of Europeans.

[1] Fort William, 4th June 1857.
[2] The great and noble Company.
[3] Plunkett, Stewart, Hawes, Pringle, and Munro.

Arthur Cheek.

the raw recruits, a lad of sixteen, who had arrived at Calcutta only in May, was left for dead on the field; but he managed, though severely wounded, to drag himself to a neighbouring ravine. At the bottom flowed a rivulet, and during the day he concealed himself in the bushes which lined its banks, and at night he contrived to scramble into a tree to save himself from the wild beasts. So passed five days and nights. Then he was discovered and taken before an insurgent leader, who ordered him to be confined in a caravanserai. His fellow-prisoner was Gopinatt, a native catechist. The young lad was suffering excruciating pain from his neglected wounds, and cruel fever racked his bones. "Not the least of his sufferings was from thirst, and all night and day he was calling out for water. In the midst of all his sufferings he exhorted Gopinatt to stand firm, saying, 'Padre Sahib, hold on to your faith; don't give it up.' When the Mohammedans saw Gopinatt trying to show kindness to Cheek, they put him at a distance, and tried to prevent all further intercourse between them." On the 16th of June Gopinatt and his youthful companion were brought into the fort, but "poor Cheek died in the fort this evening from exposure and the long neglect of his wounds." Thus the gallant lad was cut off as soon as he had donned his first uniform, but not before he had won his way to glory. At the time all England rang with the story, and of all the most glorious actions which make the Indian Mutiny the epic of our race, none better deserves a place in its annals.

When the garrison in the fort heard the discharge of firearms, they raced up to the ramparts in breathless silence to ascertain the cause. "The firing grew heavier, and we all thought that the insurgents had entered the station, and were being beaten off by the regiment. So steady was the musketry, regular file-firing; on, on it continued, volley after volley. Then the firing grew fainter in the far distance, as if they were driving a force out of the station." But soon the truth was known. In about half an hour Harward rode up to the glacis of the fort, and called out that the sepoys of the 6th Regiment had mutinied and taken the guns away. Harward had done his best to save them. On finding that the sepoys refused to take the guns to the fort as they had been commanded, but were determined to march with them to the cantonments, he hastened to the Alopi Bagh to bring up the Irregular Cavalry. "Alexander immediately had his horse ready, and giving one to Harward, got several men into the saddle as soon as possible, and started. They approached the party with the guns, near the large tank just before Mr Lowther's house on the fort road. There Alexander made an attempt to charge them in the rear. He rushed on at a gallop, and had just raised himself in his saddle to strike a sepoy down with his sword, when the man raised the muzzle of his musket to Alexander's breast and shot him through the heart." He instantly fell from his horse; most of the native cavalry deserted and joined the mutineers, and Harward, finding resist-

In the fort.

ance hopeless, turned his horse, and "old Smuggler dashed through the sepoys like an old trump as he is, and brought his rider safe to the fort." [1]

In the fort the danger was extreme—a hundred men of the mutinous 6th held the main gate. It was imperative to disarm them at once: there was a grave apprehension whether the 400 Sikhs, who had heard of the punishment meted out to their countrymen at Benares, would afford any aid to the handful of Englishmen, or even remain neutral. Happily they were commanded by Captain Brasyer, a man whose active courage was combined with those rare qualities which attract the admiration and confidence of soldiers, and compel them to submit to the restraints of military discipline.[2] And never did they appear more conspicuous than at this grave and imminent crisis. When news of the mutiny at Benares reached the fort, two guns, loaded with grape, had been placed in a position commanding the main gate, to guard against an attack of the rebels from that station, hourly expected. As soon as Harward had brought news of the revolt of the 6th, and it was determined to disarm their comrades, the Volunteers were drawn up around the guns "with loaded muskets cocked, and fingers on the triggers." In front were the sepoy guard, "with muskets capped contrary to orders." A fuse having been lighted, the command

[1] "Narrative of the Outbreak in Allahabad—extracted from the Journal of the Rev. J. Owen."

[2] He had risen from the ranks, having been promoted for daring and cool courage displayed during the Sutlej campaign. He had been originally posted to the Sikh regiment as Quartermaster.

was given to the guard to "pile arms." A moment's hesitation, and it was obeyed. Then some, more daring than the rest, rushed forward to seize them again. At this critical moment the Sikhs wavered: pride, ambition, and revenge impelled them to throw in their lot with the sepoys. But under the spell of Brasyer, whose presence had an irresistible power, they stood quiet, till the words were quickly passed, "The Sikhs are staunch." The sepoys, seeing the Sikhs firm, fell back and trooped through the gate to join their comrades. The fort was saved, — but all else was lost. The mutineers released the prisoners, some two thousand in number, from the jails, and Allahabad became a scene of wild and desperate wickedness. The rabble not only wreaked their vengeance on the Europeans, but peaceful Hindu pilgrims who had come to the sacred city to wash their sins away were also savagely robbed, and the houses of wealthy natives were gutted and set on fire. All night long the Europeans saw from the ramparts the lurid glare of the conflagration.

"Morning came," says one, "such a dismal morning I have seldom seen." It was Sunday, and divine service was held in the verandah of the barracks at noon. "The service was very short, and attended by few. Most of the gentlemen were engaged in watching the fort, and several ladies were overwhelmed with grief at the recent loss of their husbands; and *all* of them had just been reduced to a state of beggary." The burning and plundering of the city went on during the day.

Towards evening the garrison was cheered by the arrival of fifty Fusiliers under the command of Lieutenant Arnold, who had been sent forward by Neill. Two days after and another detachment arrived; but those within the fort were still in considerable danger. They were threatened without by the mutineers, who had begun to invest the place; while the fidelity of the Sikhs within was doubtful. There was great scarcity of food, and for several days famine seemed to stare them in the face. The arrival of Neill on the 11th, however, swiftly altered the aspect of affairs. On the evening of the 9th, accompanied by a party of fifty-three men and an officer of the Madras Fusiliers, he started from Benares. It was the most trying season of the year, and much delay was occasioned by the roads being deserted and all the post-horses taken away by the insurgents. After two days and two nights of strenuous labour Neill arrived near Allahabad, and found it closely invested, the bridge of boats partly destroyed and in the possession of the enemy. It was a blazing afternoon, and four of his men had already perished by sunstroke. He managed to bribe some natives to bring a boat over to the left bank of the Ganges, in which he embarked part of his men. "The people in the fort, having by this time seen us, sent over boats some way down; by these means we all got into the fort, almost completely exhausted from an over-long night march and the intense heat."[1] As Neill entered the gate

Arrival of Neill, 11th June.

[1] Letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Neill to the Deputy Adjutant-General, Allahabad, 17th June 1857.

the sentry said, "Thank God, sir; you'll save us yet."

Neill took immediate measures for re-establishing authority at Allahabad. He was exhausted by his dash from Benares, but no bodily weakness could affect that intrepid spirit. "I could only stand up for a few minutes at a time," he wrote to his wife; "and when our attacks were going on I was obliged to sit down in the batteries and give my orders and directions." The attacks were crowned with success. The day after his arrival Neill recovered the bridge, and secured a safe passage for another detachment of a hundred men of the Fusiliers from Benares. On the 13th he attacked the insurgents in an adjacent village,[1] on the left bank of the Jumna, and drove them out with loss. "On the 14th I could do little or nothing. All the soldiers, Europeans and Sikhs, were drinking to excess. Total disorganisation would soon have ensued, and the consequence to us and the safety of the fort been fatal." By the aid of Brasyer the Sikh corps were moved out of the fort, and the liquor destroyed or handed over to the commissariat. Active operations were resumed and the insurgents driven from the surrounding hamlets. On the 17th of June the English magistrate resumed his duties in the city, and British administration was again established in Allahabad.

Order re-established in Allahabad.

Neill now set to work with impetuous energy to equip a small force to send forward to the relief of Cawnpore. On the 23rd of June he telegraphed to the Government of India: "Lightly equipping four

Equipment of force for Cawnpore.

[1] Kydgunge.

hundred Europeans, and two 9-pounders with veteran European soldiers; three hundred Sikhs, with all the cavalry here, taking twenty days' rations to move by marches on Cawnpore. It will be four days at least before I can start,—carriage and provisions difficult as yet to get: things improving."

But things did not improve as swiftly as the sanguine Neill expected. On the 28th he had to telegraph to Government: "The column will certainly march from this on the 30th towards Cawnpore; Major Renaud, Madras Fusiliers, will command. I have the utmost confidence in him. They are well Europeaned, and must get on well."

CHAPTER XIX

ON the 30th of June, the day on which the siege of the Lucknow Residency began, Havelock arrived at Allahabad and took over command. The following day he telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief: "A column marched towards Cawnpore yesterday, under Major Renaud, consisting of 400 Europeans, 300 Sikhs, 120 Irregular Cavalry, and two 9-pounders. I trust it will relieve Sir Hugh Wheeler." Two hours later Havelock informed the Commander-in-Chief: "A report of the fall of Cawnpore received from Lawrence, but is not believed by the authorities at Allahabad. A steamer with 100 Europeans armed with Minié rifles and two 6-pounders start [*sic*] to-morrow to endeavour to relieve Wheeler, or co-operate with the column under Major Renaud, 1st Madras Fusiliers."[1] At one o'clock A.M. on July 3rd, Lieutenant Chalmers rode in from Renaud's column with the news of the destruction of Sir Hugh Wheeler's force; and at dawn Havelock telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief, "The news of the entire destruction of the Cawnpore force confirmed by *cossid*,[2] who, carrying letters from Lucknow to Allahabad, witnessed it."[3]

Arrival of Brigadier-General Havelock at Allahabad.

[1] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 78.
[2] *Cossid*, Arab. *kāsid*, a courier or running messenger.
[3] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 78.

The answer came back, "If you are satisfied of the truth of the account given by the *cossid*, you should halt Renaud's force until Havelock's column can support him."[1] The message was addressed to the officer commanding at Allahabad, and Neill replied: "I feel confident Wheeler still holds out. General Havelock has halted Renaud's force. I would not, as it is strong enough for anything that could be brought against it; and if the report is true, should move on steadily to Futtehpore, to be there to be overtaken by the General." Neill also informed Sir Patrick Grant that the river steamer, with 100 Fusiliers and two guns (under the command of Captain Spurgin of that corps), had started that morning, and he added: "The steamer, besides the great effect it will produce on the Ganges, will co-operate with the advance by land. If the river is open we can transport troops and stores, and have much land carriage. My opinion is we ought never, if possible, to stand, but always be advancing, if only three or four miles a-day."[2] Havelock had sent back Lieutenant Chalmers to Major Renaud with an acknowledgment of his letter of the previous day, which, as the General remarked, appeared to leave no doubt of the destruction of the Cawnpore force. "Halt, therefore," he said, "at Lohanga, and keep a good look-out to rear, front, and flanks. I will then strongly reinforce you with the column that is to march to-morrow, the 4th instant. Burn no more villages, unless actually occupied by insurgents, and spare your European troops as much

[1] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 79.   [2] Ibid.

as possible."[1] Neill, with a confidence and indiscretion displaying a total blindness to the real state of affairs, telegraphed both to the Commander-in-Chief and to the Governor-General as follows: "A letter from Renaud yesterday, at Kutonghun. Had a note from Sir H. Lawrence of 28th ultimo. All well there; but he says he has reason to believe General Wheeler and his force had been destroyed by treachery, and directing Renaud to stand fast on the ground his note reaches him, or, according to the number of the enemy, fall back on this. I still do not believe that Cawnpore has fallen. Renaud has, I regret to say, not only halted but sent in [for] reinforcements, and has written to Captain Spurgin to join him. I only hope Spurgin will not obey him. Immediately I heard this I expressed my extreme disapproval to General Havelock. He promised to send out an order that Captain Spurgin should not leave the steamer. I wrote at the same time to Renaud by express, and trust it will reach him in time."[2] At Lohanga Major Renaud had received instructions not only from General Havelock but also, as Neill stated, from Sir Henry Lawrence, thus pithily expressed, "Halt where you now stand, or, if necessary, fall back." He also received orders diametrically opposite, forwarded by Calcutta from Sir Patrick Grant, who, no doubt influenced by Neill's telegrams, advised him "that the fall of Cawnpore is a fabrication, and therefore to

[1] "Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.," by John Clark Marshman, p. 287.
[2] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 80.

push on thither." The next day Major Renaud marched to Kutinghee, seven miles, where he opened communication with the steamer. On the 10th July he had pushed on to Arrahpore, about ten miles from Futtehpore, when news reached him that Havelock was within five miles of him, and would join him next morning. Renaud was, however, anxious to capture Futtehpore before the General reached him. He had been wrongly informed that it was defended by only a few matchlock-men; but the Nana with a large force was making down upon it in the hope of annihilating him, and, if he had made the attempt, not a man of his force would have lived to tell the tale.

General Havelock starts from Allahabad, 7th July.

On the afternoon of the 7th of July Havelock started forth to the relief of Lucknow. His force was composed as follows:—

	Men.
3rd Company, 8th Battalion, Royal Artillery	76
Her Majesty's 64th Regiment	435
78th Highlanders	284
84th Regiment	190
Volunteer Cavalry [1]	20
Natives.	
Sikhs	150
Irregular Cavalry	30

Havelock's force, including Renaud's party, amounted to 1964 men, all told. Of these 1964

[1] The Volunteer Cavalry consisted of "officers of regiments which had mutinied or had been disbanded; of indigo-planters, of patrols, of burnt-out shopkeepers; in short, of all who were willing to join him."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.," by John Clark Marshman, p. 280.

men 1403 were British and 561 Natives,—a handful of men to march through a hostile country, held by a host of well-disciplined soldiers. But no disparity of numbers, no disadvantages of season, could hold back these chivalrous spirits. The weather had set in with torrents of rain, which had utterly soaked tents and baggage; and it was falling heavily as the column marched through the native city of Allahabad. "The inhabitants lined the streets, and swarmed on to the house-tops in gloomy silence, curious to behold the first really offensive demonstration of their Feringhee masters since the commencement of the outbreak." That night the column camped in a snipe-swamp, with the rain still pouring on them.

The morning was fine. "The rain ceased—the sun came out and dried our draggled feathers—the Grand Trunk Road, along which our route lay, was in splendid order, and the force moved briskly on through a beautiful, flat, fertile, well-wooded country, like the Weald of Kent without the hedges."[1] For three days they proceeded by regular marches, the General not caring to press his men till they had become inured to marching and the intense heat. On the 10th instant, however, news reached Havelock that Major Renaud's position had become critical.[2] He therefore deter-

[1] "Saturday Review," September 19th, 1857, p. 260.

[2] "Cawnpore had suddenly fallen by an act of treachery unequalled in our annals, save by one fatal event beyond the Indus; and the rebel force thus freed from occupation had rapidly pushed down a force to the vicinity of this place, within five miles of which the Major would arrive on the morning of the 12th. He would thus be exposed to the

mined to push forward and overtake him. No time was to be lost. Accordingly the column pressed onward along the same noble road, which Dalhousie had made, till it reached Syanee, fifteen miles distant. Exhausted by a frightful sun the men rested for a few hours, and resumed their course at eleven at night; and in the dim grey of the morning of the 12th of July they joined Major Renaud on the road. "We drew up in line by the side of the road to receive them. We shall not (need we say) soon forget the scene. Up came the brave band, the 78th Highlanders playing on their bagpipes the 'Campbells are coming,' while all along our line a cheer arose as we welcomed them." The united force marched some seventeen miles more, and reaching Betinda, four miles from Futtehpore, halted to encamp on a fine open plain. "Arms were piled in line, ground was taken up for each corps, and the weary, wayworn men, overcome by the oppressive heat and brilliant sunshine, lay down in groups, a little in the rear, anxiously expecting the arrival of the tents and baggage, which were close behind." [1]

General Havelock's force joins Major Renaud's.

Havelock, having taken up his position, sent out Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler, with the Volunteer cavalry, to investigate a little. Tytler pushed forward close to Futtehpore, and was taking a good survey of the place when a swarm of the enemy's horse rushed out on him and his few sabres, and

Battle of Futtehpore, 12th July.

attack of 3500 rebels, with twelve guns." (From Brigadier-General Havelock to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, dated Futtehpore, 12th July 1857.)

[1] "Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 40.

he was obliged swiftly to return, with the enemy in full pursuit. As soon as their white uniforms were seen emerging from some trees on the edge of the plain, the assembly was sounded, the toil-worn men sprang to their feet, unpiled arms, fell in, and stood all ready.[1]

The rebels, thinking they had only Major Renaud's force in front, insolently pushed forward two guns and a force of cavalry and infantry, cannonaded our front, and threatened our flanks. Havelock, earnestly wishing to give his harassed soldiers rest, made no counter-disposition beyond posting 300 Enfield riflemen (64th) in an advanced copse. "But the enemy maintained his attack with the audacity which his first supposition had inspired and my inertness fostered. It would have injured the *morale* of my troops to permit them thus to be bearded, so I determined at once to bring on an action."[2]

His dispositions were quickly made. The guns, eight in number, were formed in the centre under Captain Maude, R.A., protected and aided by one hundred Enfield riflemen of the 64th; the infantry were formed in quarter-distance columns at deploying distance behind, whilst the Volunteer Horse and

[1] "Immediately the alarm was sounded, and the troops all fell out so quickly and steadily it was quite charming to see them. The camp was beautifully laid out, the guns in the centre of the road and the troops on both sides, so they had only to move from their tents to come to the front. Out they came, eager for the fray, like so many bulldogs, and as jolly as possible, although just off a long march." (Letter from a Volunteer, dated Kulleanpore, ninety-one miles from Allahabad, July 15th.)

[2] From Brigadier-General Havelock to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, dated Futtehpore, 12th July 1857. "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 86.

Irregular Cavalry guarded the flanks. And now the word to advance being given, the artillery pushed on in line with the Enfield rifles, and soon came into action with the enemy's guns. Maude's fire electrified them. "We could see the round-shot ploughing them up, and the grape falling on all sides, and shells bursting over their heads. It was most refreshing. They could not stand it."[1] And the rifle-fire reaching them at an unexpected distance increased their dismay. They fled from their guns and retreated to a second battery placed on the road in the rear. Here they again made a stand. Maude pushed his guns on through flanking swamps, in which the wheels sank deep, till after much pulling by tired bullocks and gunners they surmounted the difficulties of the ground, and arrived within point-blank range. Then the guns on both sides again exchanged salutations. In the rear of the enemy's principal battery was a large body of infantry, and moving to and fro among them, giving orders, could be seen the leader, on a richly caparisoned elephant. Maude dismounted, laid the gun "at line of metal," and the first shot, striking the poor beast in the rear, came out at

[1] "Our shot went rolling in among them just as if the old Allahabad Eleven were playing the Futtehpore." (Letter from a Volunteer, Kulleanpore, ninety-one miles from Allahabad, July 15th.)

"I cannot omit to mention one first-rate shot by the artillery. We aimed at and killed the elephant on which the Syed was mounted: drilled him clean through with a round-shot." (Letter of an officer present.)

"And among the many unfortunates was to be seen a disembowelled elephant, whose fate it had been to carry the generals into the field." (Letter from a Volunteer, dated Kulleanpore, ninety-one miles from Allahabad, July 15th.)

the chest, and the Nana's general's fighting was suddenly all done.[1] The rebels, on seeing their leader fall, abandoned their guns and retreated. "In succession they were driven by skirmishers and columns from the garden enclosures, from a strong barricade on the road, from the town wall, into all the rough, out of and beyond the town."[2] They endeavoured to make a stand a mile in advance of it, and Palliser's Native Irregulars being sent to the front, suddenly came on a party of about thirty of the mutineers of the 2nd Light Cavalry. "On seeing the enemy, Palliser called the men to charge, and dashed on; but the scoundrels scarcely altered their speed, and met the enemy at the same speed that they came down upon us. Their design was evident; they came waving their swords to our men, and riding round our party, making signs to them to come over to their side. We could not dash out upon them, as we were only four to their thirty; and when our men hung back, a dash out would only have ended in our being cut up. One or two came in at us, and one or two blows were exchanged. Palliser was unseated by his horse swerving suddenly, and then the row commenced.

[1] Colonel Maude writes: "Stuart Beatson (our Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General) and Fraser-Tytler (Deputy Quartermaster-General) were at this time close beside me on the road, and urged me to 'knock over that chap on the elephant.' Accordingly I dismounted and laid the gun myself, a 9-pounder, at 'line of metal' (700 yards) range, and, as luck would have it, my first shot went in under the beast's tail and came out at its chest, of course rolling it over, and giving its rider a bad fall."—"Memoirs of the Mutiny," by Colonel Francis Maude, V.C., C.B., and John Walter Sherer, C.S.I., vol. i. p. 43.

[2] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 87.

The 2nd Cavalry tried to get at him, and his native officers closed round him to save him, and they certainly fought like good men and true—the few of them." While the scrimmage was proceeding Palliser's rear men turned their horses and galloped back as hard as their horses could go, and the whole body of the enemy's cavalry appearing from behind some trees, the small band had to do the same. "I never rode so hard in my life. It was a regular run for our necks, for the whole of the fellows were behind our small party thirsting for our blood. I had a couple of fellows just behind me, but my old horse managed to carry me along. I write this with shame and grief; but it was no fault of Palliser's or ours. If the rascals had not left us so shamefully we could have ridden over the thirty men, and have returned steadily before the rest of the cavalry came up. They had an immense number of regulars and irregulars. For the moment I fully believed that our men were about to join the 2nd Cavalry, and leave us to their mercy: you may imagine how jolly I felt. The poor ressaldar of Hardinge's regiment, Najub Khan, a tall, fine fellow, with a black beard, after saving Palliser, fell with his horse on crossing a ditch we had to pass, and was cruelly cut up."

Meanwhile the guns and riflemen were again with great labour pushed to the front. "Their fire soon put the enemy to final and irretrievable flight, and my force took up its present position in triumph, and parked twelve captured guns."[1]

[1] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 88.

Futtehpore was Havelock's first victory. The same night he wrote to his wife: "One of the prayers oft repeated throughout my life since my school-days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action. . . . The enemy . . . insulted my camp. . . . We fought, and in ten minutes' time the affair was decided. . . . But away with vainglory! Thanks to Almighty God, who gave me the victory. I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's whole force to the winds."[1]

Next day the force halted for a much-needed rest, and to secure and destroy the cannon and ammunition which could not be carried on owing to want of bullocks. On the 14th of July the force marched again, and on reaching camp in the evening the opportunity was taken of quietly dismounting and disarming the Irregulars, who, in addition to their misbehaviour before the enemy at Futtehpore, had, on the march, attempted to drive away Havelock's baggage. The General, however, kept them on public duty, and informed them that every deserter would be punished with death. Their horses were given to the Volunteer cavalry.[2]

14th July. The Irregulars disarmed.

On the 15th the column started at dawn, with the knowledge that the village of Aong was strongly occupied by the enemy: that he was intrenched across the road, and had two garrison guns in position. Havelock therefore reinforced the

15th July. Capture of Aong.

[1] "Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, pp. 296-298.

[2] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 91.

advanced-guard, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler, by attaching to him, in addition to the small body of Volunteer cavalry, six guns of Maude's battery and the detachment of Her Majesty's 64th Regiment. Directly the Volunteer cavalry came within range of the two guns behind the intrenchment, they opened fire, and the mutineers poured forth from the village and garden enclosures in perfect skirmishing order. A party pushed boldly forward and took possession of a hamlet two hundred yards in front of their position. Both sides were soon hotly engaged; but owing to the country being thickly wooded, the rebels were enabled to maintain themselves for some time against our fire, during which interval large bodies of cavalry advanced on the flanks and made repeated attempts to cut into the main column. Havelock, having only twenty horse, was compelled to protect his flanks with the infantry in second line and by artillery-fire,[1] and this he did with such success that the enemy, finding all their attempts fruitless, rode away to the rear, and made a last strenuous effort to capture the baggage. The hospital sergeant of the 25th Native Infantry, however, collecting all the invalids and stragglers in the rear, formed a small rallying square of about a hundred men, and received them with such a fire of musketry that they rode off discomfited, leaving many dead behind them.[2]

[1] From Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, dated Camp Pandoo Nuddee, 15th July 1857.—"State Papers," vol. ii. p. 92.

[2] "Saturday Review," vol. iv. p. 260.

Meantime the Madras Fusiliers had, under the gallant Renaud,[1] carried the hamlet with a rush; Maude's guns and the withering fire of the sharp-shooters began to tell; and our men, gradually advancing, captured the intrenchment and drove the rebels back upon the village. Here they fought fiercely; but they were thrust forth at the point of the bayonet. The artillery passed through, and the troops were halted for rest beneath the welcome shelter of some friendly mango-groves. "Most grateful was their shade, inviting to repose after recent exposure to the fiery sunbeams, which seemed literally to pierce and seethe the brain. The relief was unimaginable." [2]

Passage of the Pandoo river.

But the rest was of short duration. Authentic information reached Havelock that the bridge over the Pandoo river was not destroyed, but defended by intrenchments and two guns of garrison calibre. He also heard that the enemy intended, as a last resource, to blow it up, and, as the river was in flood, the destruction of the bridge would seriously

[1] "Major Renaud, 1st Madras Fusiliers, to whose gallantry and intelligence I have been under great obligations. His left thigh was broken by a musket-ball in the skirmish at Aong, but I hope from the fortitude with which he endures all suffering a favourable result." (From Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, dated Camp Pandoo Nuddee, 15th July 1857.)—"State Papers," vol. ii. p. 93.

"The zealous, daring Renaud, Madras Fusiliers, whose courage and fortitude were proverbial! He sank rapidly after the amputation of his left leg above the knee. I had gone to see him, found him in cheerful spirits, hoped for his ultimate recovery, and now he is not. Sad realities of ruthless war!"—"Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 81.

[2] "Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 51.

retard his advance on Cawnpore. Not a moment was to be lost. The assembly again sounded: the soldiers resumed their arms, and a stirring British cheer, which made the welkin ring, marked their appreciation of their General, and his readiness again to engage the rebels. The heat was intense, but the excitement of battle kept them up. After marching two miles they suddenly, by a bend in the road, came in sight of the river, swollen by the rains, and still spanned by a narrow stone bridge. Two white puffs of smoke rose from a low ridge, a loud report followed, and a couple of 24-pounder shot crashed right into the column. Another, and another, followed in rapid succession. Several fell wounded, and a stalwart Highlander was shot dead, "half of his head having been taken off by a round-shot."[1]

Our dispositions were soon made. Fortunately the bridge was at a salient bend of the river in our direction, and Captain Maude at once suggested to the General his desire to envelop it with his artillery-fire, by placing three guns in the road and three on either flank. The whole of the Madras Fusiliers, being the most practised marksmen in the force, were extended as Enfield riflemen: they lined the banks of the stream and opened a biting fire. As the column marched along the road the enemy kept up a continuous and effective cannonade; and it being found impossible for the troops to preserve this formation, they deployed, and advanced with great steadiness, in parade order, in support of the

[1] "Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 54.

guns and riflemen. Animated by his accustomed daring, Maude's battery moved resolutely up to within three hundred yards of the bridge, unlimbered, opened fire, and quickly silenced the heavy guns of the enemy. Then a vast cloud of smoke and dust rose from the bridge, and a loud crash, like the clatter of falling bricks, was heard. From the chief to the private soldier, all thought the bridge had fallen, and that they were baffled. But when the cloud rolled along the river they saw the parapet walls had gone, but the arch stood sound; and at this critical moment the right wing of the Fusiliers, suddenly closing, threw themselves upon the bridge, carried it, and captured both guns. The day was won. Havelock pushed his force a mile beyond the bridge, a halt was made, and the men, utterly exhausted, threw themselves on the ground.

"During twelve hours our troops had been under arms and twice engaged, and their endurance tested to the uttermost. The scorching sun glared down its unpitying rays upon their arms, which glittered with intolerable radiance, till the brain reeled and eyeballs ached with the intensity of that dazzling sheen.

"Yet their indomitable energy rose superior to every trial: instinct with the dignity of manhood, they uttered no complaint, but bore on nobly. Night had again closed when their long fast was terminated by a meal."[1]

[1] "Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, pp. 56, 57.

"Night had set in before the bullocks could be slaughtered and skinned, and the meat delivered to the men, who were, in many cases,

Battle of Cawnpore.

Late that night a rumour spread through camp that a heavier fight awaited them on the morrow. The General had ascertained that the Nana with a large force had come down to meet him, and had taken up a strong position at the village of Aherwa, about four miles from Cawnpore, where the Grand Trunk Road unites with that which leads direct to the military cantonment of Cawnpore. He had also learnt that a large party of women and children were prisoners at Cawnpore, and must be rescued at all hazards. Time was of the utmost value, so, soon after daylight, the bugle sounded, the ranks fell in, and the column again began to march. After proceeding fifteen miles, the village of Maharajpore was reached, and the troops bivouacked in some mango-groves to cool and gain shelter from a burning sun. On the arrival of the baggage, food was cooked and eaten, and the baggage being kept back under proper escort, at 1.30 P.M. the column was again on the march. In the full midday heat of the worst season of the year did the troops start, each man fully armed and accoutred, with his sixty rounds of ball ammunition on him. The sun struck down with frightful force. At every step a man reeled out of the ranks, and threw himself fainting by the side of the road: the calls for water were incessant all along the line. On they trudged till they reached

too wearied to get up and care for a meal. Many of them were obliged to content themselves with biscuit and porter. The night was insufferably hot, and much of the meat which had thus been neglected to be cooked was spoiled before morning, and then thrown away by the men in disgust."—"Life of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.," by John Clark Marshman, p. 302.

the junction of the two roads, and found the enemy posted about a mile behind the fork. "His intrenchments cut and rendered impassable both roads, and his guns, seven in number, two light and five of siege calibre, were disposed along his position, which consisted of a series of villages; behind these his infantry, consisting of mutineers and his own armed followers, was disposed for defence." It was evident that an attack in front would expose Havelock's force, numbering only 1100 British and 300 Sikhs, to a murderous fire from the enemy's heavy guns sheltered in his intrenchments. The General resolved, therefore, to manœuvre to turn his left. He had been a close student of the great Frederick's campaigns, and he determined to pursue the tactics of "Old Frederick" at Leuthen. Like Leuthen, "this Country, for many miles round, has nothing that could be called a hill; it is definable as a bare, wide-waving champaign, with slight bumps on it, . . . and reedy meres, or mires, drained in our day. It is dotted with hamlets of the usual kind."[1] In front of the rebels' left, and nearly parallel with it, ran a line of mango-groves, which acted as a screen for Havelock, as the Scheuberg "Borne Rise" did for Frederick. Placing his cavalry and some skirmishers near the fork to attract the attention of the enemy, Havelock changed the direction of the main column, and his troops defiling at a steady pace, and screened by the clumps of mango, began to circle round the enemy's left. For some time the

[1] "History of Frederick the Great," by Thomas Carlyle, vol. v. p. 246.

rebels knew not what he was about; but when the column did again come in sight they understood the object of the march, and the utmost excitement prevailed among them. They pushed forward on their left a large body of horse, and opened fire from the whole of their guns. Not a shot was fired in return; but through a storm of round-shot and shrapnel, led by their General, our troops marched in silence, breathing courage, eager at heart to give courage man to man. Many fell struck by the enemy's bullets; more fell struck by the burning sun. But on they tramped till the enemy's left was wholly opened to their attack. They then swiftly formed line, and advanced in direct echelon of regiments and batteries from the right: a wing of the Fusiliers again covered the advance, extended as riflemen. Now the British guns replied to the rebels' cannon, and the skirmishers were soon hotly engaged. But Maude's light pieces could not silence their heavy guns, strongly posted in a lofty hamlet well intrenched, from behind whose cover the infantry kept up a bickering fire. The opportunity, for which the General had long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th had arrived. He gave the order to advance and take the village. The Highlanders, led by their old commander Colonel Hamilton, moved forward with sloped arms and measured tread, regardless of the hail of grape that fell thick and fast among them. Bearing onwards, with the pipes sounding the pibroch, they approached within a hundred yards of the hamlet: when the word to charge was given,

a cheer, loud and long, arose, and the Highlanders with level bayonets plunged into the village. The struggle was fierce and the slaughter great. The enemy, driven forth, fell back to the centre of their position, and rallied round a howitzer placed there. Havelock having halted his men, quite breathless by the rush, was now joined by Major Stirling with the 64th, who had, on the left, been equally successful against another village, and had captured three guns. After a short rest, re-forming his troops, the General placed himself in their front, and pointing to the dense masses of the enemy and the frowning gun, said, "Now, Highlanders, another charge like that wins the day." The soldiers clamoured applause. Then again Highlanders and 64th drove forward, and Havelock led them, pressing straight onwards till the centre and its guns were ours. Now the 78th, worn by the labour of battle, were halted; but the 64th, 84th, and the Sikhs sweeping on, rolled up the enemy's right, and took the two guns that defended it. At this moment the Volunteer cavalry rode up. On a tumbrel in their rear was Captain Beatson, the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General. That morning he had been attacked with cholera. He was too weak to ride, but he would not lose his share of the fight, so he had himself carried into action. On seeing the retreating enemy he ordered the Volunteer Horse to follow them. Barrow, their brave commander, hiding his spurs, called out to his little band—eighteen sabres, all told—"Come on!" and with a loud shout away they rode after him, faster

and faster as they neared the flying foe. A whole regiment of cavalry covered the enemy's rear, and seeing their pursuers, they stood to stop their way. But Barrow and his men, giving their steeds their heads, rushed to the attack, and the rebel horse turned and rode off at full speed. "Give point, lads; damn cuts and guards!" shouted Barrow; and again and again they goaded the retreating mutineers till, six out of the eighteen being disabled,[1] they were compelled to draw rein. As they rode back the soldiers greeted them with a cheer, and the old General exclaimed, "Well done, gentlemen Volunteers! I am proud to command you."

The enemy were in full retreat, but the victory was not won. After proceeding about a mile the fugitives rallied, and with a couple of guns occupied a village sheltered by a mango-tope. As our infantry approached it the rebels opened on them a heavy fire, and they had to shift their ground a little, for our guns came up but slowly, in consequence of having been obliged to diverge from the direct road and advance through heavy, broken ground. As the wearied column pressed forward the fire grew warmer, and many fell. "Our noble General seemed gifted with ubiquity, as, scornful of

[1] "One trooper had been killed, and another wounded; two horses were killed, and two unable to move from wounds."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.," by John Clark Marshman, p. 309.

A cavalry Volunteer wrote from the camp: "We lost one of our Volunteers in the charge, and I am going to attend his funeral this evening. His brother was with us, and it was sad to see the poor boy sobbing in the ranks, with his brother lying hacked all over within a few yards. The poor little fellow never asked to be allowed to leave the troop."

danger, confronting death, and burning with the lust of victory, he was present wherever most needed." Again the clear tone of his peculiar voice raised to highest pitch the courage of his men, as he turned towards the Highlanders and said, "Come, who'll take this village—the Highlanders or 64th?"[1] There was no pause to answer. Abreast the two regiments raced at the village, and drove the enemy out of it; whilst the Madras Fusiliers cleared the plantation on the right.

But the day's work was not done. No sooner had our troops, being re-formed, resumed their march, when, most unexpectedly, they beheld a 24-pounder planted in the road, and behind it they saw stretched on the plain, in the form of a gentle crescent, the rebel infantry in battle array, supported by numerous horsemen and guns on their flanks. They were only some yards distant, and an immediate collision was inevitable. The scene was magnificent, and yet overawing: banners were flying, bugles sounding, drums beating, as their General rode among the serried battalions of infantry and the gathering ranks of cavalry opened to make way for him. It was the Nana himself, who had come down from Cawnpore to strike for victory. He had an army consisting of ten thousand highly-trained men; and opposed to him were nine hundred English soldiers, worn with marching and fighting during the whole of a burning Indian day. The artillery cattle, wearied by the length of the march, had not brought up the guns; the Sikhs

[1] "Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 64.

were in the rear. The head of the column had no sooner halted than, all at once, fire from the 24-pounder was opened, and in the next moment a round-shot went tearing through the column. Our men were ordered to lie down. The enemy, seeing their foe on the ground, insolently set their drums and trumpets to sound the advance, and their infantry advanced as if to envelop our flanks, whilst their cavalry, galloping to the rear, cut up the wounded men. Their missiles fell faster and thicker. Six men of the 64th were killed, and Captain Currie, of the 84th, was struck by a round-shot, which carried away nearly the whole of his back. "Other poor fellows had their legs taken off, and others their arms." Havelock resolved that this state of things should not last. His charger had been shot under him, but mounting a pony he appeared before the men—"the only man who dared raise his head, so close and thick was the fire that rained upon us. He instantly, with clear and firm tone, gave the order, 'The line will advance.'" Then the English line, not amounting to nine hundred men, and led by their General, went forward. "It was irresistible. The enemy sent round-shot into our ranks until we were within three hundred yards, and then poured in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the 64th, led by Major Stirling and by my aide-de-camp,[1] who had placed himself in their front, were

[1] General Sir Havelock-Allan, whose recent untimely death must be fresh in universal memory. On the 18th August 1857, Sir Henry Havelock recommended Lieutenant Crowe, 78th Highlanders, for the Victoria Cross, and without the knowledge of his son, who was not

not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewed with wounded; but on they steadily and

aware of the circumstance until after his father's death, he added the following: "I recommend for the same decoration Lieutenant Havelock, 10th Foot. In the combat at Cawnpore he was my aide-de-camp. The 64th Regiment had been much under artillery-fire, from which it had severely suffered. The whole of the infantry were lying down in line, when, perceiving that the enemy had brought down the last reserved gun (a 24-pounder) and were rallying round it, I called up the regiment to rise and advance. Without any word from me Lieutenant Havelock placed himself on his horse in front of the centre of the 64th, opposite the muzzle of the gun. Major Stirling, commanding the regiment, was in front, dismounted, but the Lieutenant continued to move steadily on in front of the regiment, at a foot-pace on his horse. The gun discharged shot until the troops were within a short distance, when they fired grape. In went the corps, led by the Lieutenant, who still steered steadily on the gun's muzzle, until it was mastered by a rush of the 64th." When the Gazette conferring the Victoria Cross on Lieutenant Havelock reached India the officers of the 64th, feeling that the recommendation and its terms reflected on them, addressed a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief in India, by whom it was forwarded to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. In his letter to the Adjutant-General Sir Colin Campbell stated: "This instance is one of many in which, since the institution of the Victoria Cross, advantage has been taken by young aides-de-camp and other staff officers to place themselves in prominent situations for the purpose of attracting attention. To them life is of little value as compared with the gain of public honour, but they do not reflect, and the Generals to whom they belong do not reflect, on the cruel injustice thus done to gallant officers, who, beside the excitement of the moment of action, have all the responsibility attendant on the situation. The Commander-in-Chief added: "By such despatches as the one above alluded to, it is made to appear to the world that a regiment would have proved wanting in courage except for an accidental circumstance; such a reflection is most galling to British soldiers, indeed it is almost intolerable, and the fact is remembered against it by all the other corps in her Majesty's service. Soldiers feel such things most keenly. I would, therefore, again beg leave to dwell on the injustice sometimes done by General officers when they give a public preference to those attached to them over the officers who are charged with the most difficult and responsible duties." Sir Colin Campbell's words were forcible, and applicable not only to the particular event. The Commander-in-Chief, when he used the words "to those attached to them," did not intend, as has been stated, to bring a

silently came, then with a cheer charged and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour."[1]

After a hurried fire of musketry the enemy gave way in total rout. The Highlanders would have poured a withering volley on their retreating foe, but they had to caution each other not to fire, as their General, who had led the determined onslaught, was in front. Four of our guns, however, came up and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade, and as it grew dark the roofless artillery barracks were discovered in the advance, and Havelock's troops bivouacked that night without food or tents two miles from the cantonment of Cawnpore. "I bivouacked in good spirits," he wrote, "though without dinner, my waterproof

charge of nepotism against Havelock, but was referring to officers in general on the personal staff. Havelock could have had no intention of making it appear that the 64th would have proved wanting in courage except for an accidental circumstance, for in his order wired the day after the battle he signalled them out for special praise. "Your fire was reserved till you saw the colour of your enemies' moustachios—this gave you the victory." He did not consider a man should get the Victoria Cross for merely doing his duty, leading his regiment into action, but he successfully recommended Major Stirling, "a man of romantic bravery," for promotion. The Victoria Cross, he considered, was a reward for an exceptional act of bravery, and for that reason he recommended his son for it. Sir Colin Campbell, when called upon to express an official opinion, had to consider what wide operation an action of this nature must exercise, how many discussions and passions it would necessarily excite, and how much injustice it might cause.

"The 64th needs no eulogy from anybody. Stirling was romantically brave, as his death, a little later, amply showed; while 'Young Harry' was well worthy of the honours which he won, and which he has since increased in other fields of action."—"Memories of the Mutiny," by Colonel F. C. Maude, V.C., C.B., and John W. Sherer, C.S.I., vol. i. p. 213.

[1] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 100.

coat serving me for a couch on the damp ground." Such were the principal circumstances of the battle of Cawnpore, with its three distinct actions.

In nine days Havelock and his veterans had marched 126 miles under an Indian sun in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying a heavy weight of ammunition, and had won four pitched battles and sundry combats against highly disciplined troops far exceeding them in number. During the four days' fighting they had killed or wounded many hundreds of their enemies, and had captured twenty-three pieces of artillery. Their advance had been one of suffering, of privation, and of fatigue; but the burning desire to save the captive women and children nourished the energy of the British soldier. Battle after battle was won by desperate fighting; the cholera and the sunstroke slew many survivors of the combat, but on they went with unflinching resolution till the outskirts of Cawnpore were reached. Then on the morning after their crowning victory, as they were about to fall in, news reached the men which quenched the hope that had burned clear in them through all the weary marching and hard fighting. And when they entered the city the evil tidings were confirmed, and they saw a scene which drove them mad with horror and excitement. But the firm hand of their commander held them in check.

CHAPTER XX

City of Cawnpore.

THE city of Cawnpore, distant little more than six hundred miles from Calcutta, two hundred and fifty miles south-east from Delhi, and forty miles south-west from Lucknow, is indebted for its importance to the commercial and strategical advantages of its position. Situated on the southern bank of the Ganges, navigable for light craft downwards to the sea a thousand miles, and up the country three hundred miles, no place is better fitted to be an emporium of the traffic of the rich plains of Bengal and of that vast tract of open country which stretches from Bengal north-westward to the Himalayas. Moreover, besides being the natural highway, the Ganges formed from very ancient times the frontier defence of the people of Oudh and Bengal against their northern neighbours. When Clive decided to maintain and strengthen Oudh as a friendly state interposed between Bengal and Northern India, he selected Cawnpore on account of its advanced and commanding position as the best station in the Nawab of Oudh's dominion to canton the brigade lent to him, subject to a subsidy, for the protection of his frontier. In 1801 the security of the subsidy was established on the solid basis of territorial possession, and Cawnpore being comprehended within the limits of the Company's power, attained the pro-

minent military position of being the headquarters of the field command in Bengal, a command which, including the King's and Company's troops, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, amounted to 40,000 effective.[1] The advance of our frontier to the north, however, occasioned a revisal of our military position, and Cawnpore was unwisely denuded by degrees of its entire European force.[2] In the spring of 1857 sixty-one European artillerymen, with six guns, were the only representatives of the English army at Cawnpore. The native troops consisted of the 1st, 53rd, and 56th Native Infantry, the 2nd Cavalry, and the natives attached to the battery: in all, about 3000 in number.

The cantonments at Cawnpore.

The cantonments lay in a semicircular form along the bank of the river over a tract extending six miles from the north-west to the south-east, and covered about ten miles of area. At the north-western extremity, about a mile from the river, were the principal houses of the civil officials, the treasury, the jail, and the museum premises. Not far from the jail, and close upon the Ganges, stood the magazine, a spacious building surrounded by lofty walls. Three miles from the magazine, in a straight line along the stream towards the south-east, on a slight elevation gently sloping down to the water,

1 "Tour along the Ganges," by Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest, p. 159.

2 "They even went further: at the end of 1856 they ordered the wing of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, which had been temporarily detained at Cawnpore at the request of the Chief Commander of Oudh, to proceed to Umballa."—"The Mutiny of the Bengal Army. An historical narrative. By one who has served under Sir Charles Napier," p. 123.

were the assembly rooms, and the church with its white tower soaring above a clump of trees. Behind the church spread the modern city, like Gallipoli, with "narrow tortuous streets of tumble-down houses, densely packed with sixty thousand inhabitants."[1] Beyond the town to the south-east, and separated from it by the Ganges Canal, were on a wide plain the old barracks of the European troops, the lines of the respective native regiments, with their military bazaar, containing a population of about fifty thousand, and the houses of the officers, standing in extensive compounds or paddocks.

Sir Hugh Wheeler.

In May 1857 the officer in command of the Cawnpore division was Major-General Sir Hugh Wheeler, K.C.B., a soldier of noble Celtic blood,[2] whose long military career had been a life of honour. He entered the Company's army in 1803 as Ensign in the 48th, and the following year was present at the hard-fought contest which made Lord Lake master of Delhi. Rising slowly through the intermediate ranks, he became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1835, and commanded the 48th Bengal Native Infantry at the storm and capture of Ghazni. For his services during the first Afghan campaign he received a C.B., and in 1846 reached the rank of Colonel. The

[1] "My Diary in India," by William Howard Russell, p. 179.

"The city had an evil reputation. Situated on the frontier of two distinct jurisdictions, it swarmed with rascals from Oudh on their way to seek obscurity in British territory, and rascals from our north-west provinces on their way to seek impunity in the dominions of the Nawab."—"Cawnpore, by the Right Hon'ble Sir George Trevelyan, Bart," p. 50.

[2] He was the son of Captain Hugh Wheeler by his wife Margaret, second daughter of Hugh, first Lord Massy.

same year he was appointed Brigadier, and he commanded a brigade of infantry at the battle of Moodki, wherein he was wounded, but although then suffering from the wounds, he energetically headed his brigade at the decisive and glorious action of Aliwal.[1] He commanded a division of Sir Hugh Gough's army of the Punjab, 1848-49, and for his eminent services in the Sikh campaigns he was made a K.C.B. in 1850, and four years later he became a Major-General.[2] At the time of the outbreak at Meerut he had for upwards of fifty years been attached to the Bengal Army, had served with it in quarters and in the field; he had

[1] Received medal, clasp, and made an A.D.C. to the Queen.

[2] The Sutlej despatches bear testimony to the splendid services rendered by General Wheeler. In October 1848 he effected the reduction of the strong fortress of Rungur Nuggul with the loss of only a single man, and by his conduct on this occasion earned the warmest approval of Lord Gough, then Commander-in-Chief, who formally congratulated the Brigadier on the result, which in his opinion was "entirely to be ascribed to the soldier-like and judicious arrangement of that gallant officer." In the following November Lord Gough, in a despatch addressed to the Governor-General, states that he "has directed the Adjutant-General to convey to Brigadier-General Wheeler his hearty congratulations and thanks for the important services which he and the brave troops under his command have rendered in the reduction of the fortress of Kullawalha." Again, in a despatch from the Adjutant-General to the Governor-General, dated Camp before Chillianwallah, January 30th, 1849, it is stated that Brigadier Wheeler, in command of the Punjab division and of the Jullundur Field Force, supported by Major Butler and Lieutenant Hodson, assaulted and captured the heights of Dulla in the course of his operations against the rebel Ram Sing, in spite of the difficulties presented by rivers almost unfordable and mountains deemed impregnable. In the General Order issued by the Governor-General (April 2nd, 1849) at the termination of the war we have the following: "Brigadier-General Wheeler, C.B., has executed the several duties which have been committed to him with skill and with success, and the Governor-General has been happy to convey to him his thanks."

fought and bled in its ranks, and he had a pride in the courage and devotion of the sepoy, and a thorough knowledge of his language and his mode of life. He had proved himself in the hour of danger so brave, so resolute, and so fertile of resource that Sir Henry Lawrence wrote to him, "You are a tower of strength to us at this juncture."[1]

News of the revolt at Meerut reaches Cawnpore, 14th May.

On the 14th of May news reached Sir Hugh Wheeler of the revolt at Meerut and the subsequent events at Delhi. Two days after, he telegraphed to the Governor-General of India: "As far as I have means of judging, the troops here and at Allahabad are at present well disposed; however, there is much excitement in consequence of events elsewhere." On the 18th May he informed the Governor-General: "All at Cawnpore quiet, but excitement continues among the people."

Telegram to Governor-General, 18th May.

He also forwarded a message received that morning from Agra:[2] "All goes on excellently here. Levies of light horse will soon clear the Doab of plunderers. Troops are hurrying from the hills and Punjab, and the final advance on Delhi will soon be made. The insurgents can only be about 3000 in number, and are said to cling to the walls of Delhi, where they have put up a puppet king.

[1] Lady Canning in her Diary writes: "*June 21st.*—Cawnpore is now the most anxious position, but every one speaks alike of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his brave spirit. There is not a better soldier, and all say if any one can hold it, he will."

[2] Sir George Trevelyan gives the message as if it came from Sir Hugh Wheeler, and omits the words "Copy of Message received this morning from Agra."

"State Papers," vol. ii. p. 106.

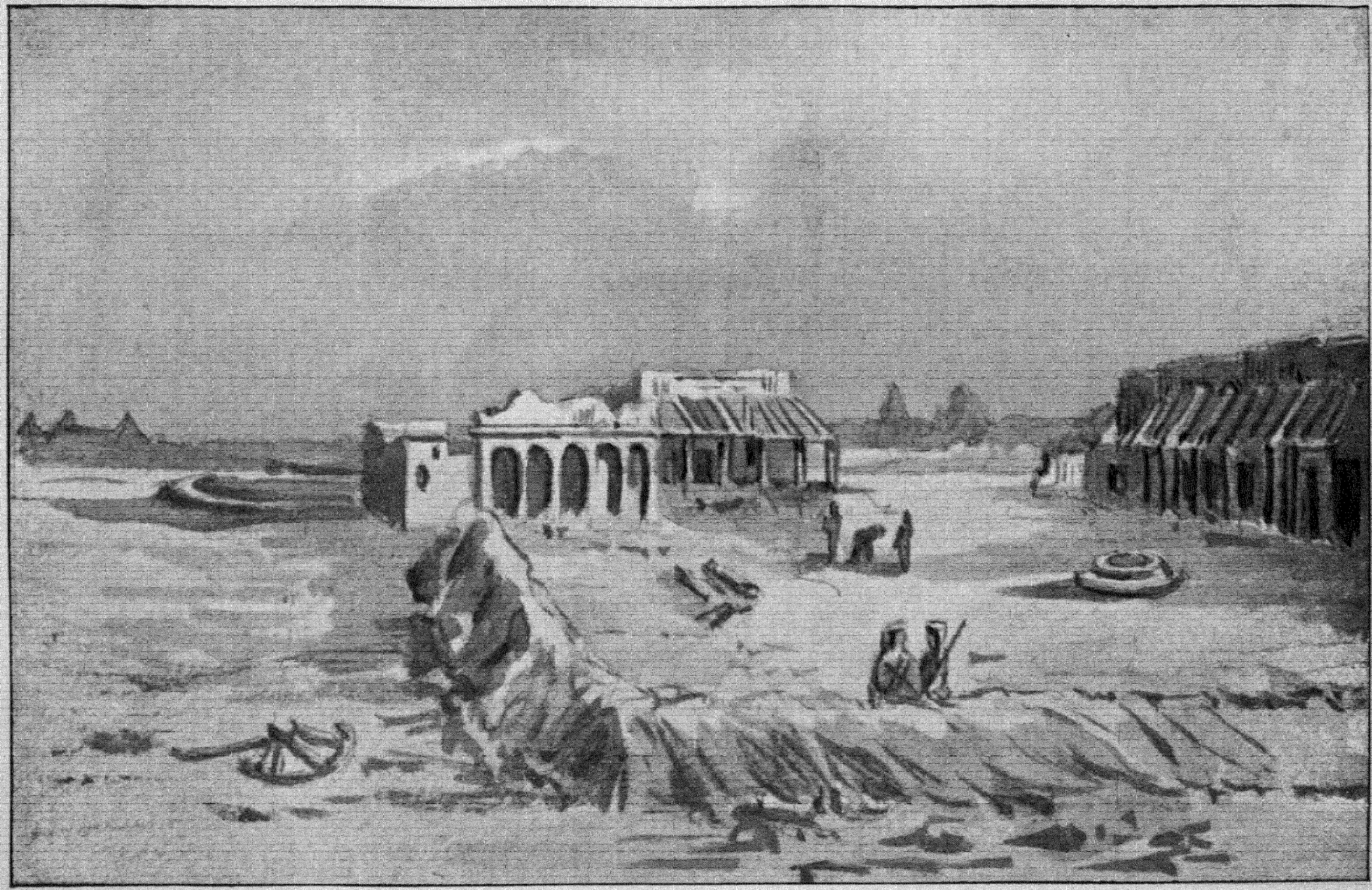
I grudge the escape of one of them. Disorder has not come below the Haupper, and the country around Meerut will soon be quite restored to order. In our lower districts they are watched, and calm and expert policy will soon reassure the public mind; the plague is in truth stayed." The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces committed a grave blunder when he stated that the plague was stayed; and that his message must have had an influence momentous in its consequences on Sir Hugh Wheeler's course of action cannot be doubtful. If a final advance was soon to be made on Delhi, held by only 3000 men, and if order was about to be restored in the North-West, it was incumbent on the General to preserve, by the display of unshaken courage and confidence, the loyalty of his troops till the famed imperial city had again fallen under our control. There was room for hope that the fall of Delhi might shake the counsels of the disloyal, and altogether avert the catastrophe which threatened him. On the other hand, the General had to be governed by the necessity of providing shelter for the European residents against any outbreak due to a sudden gust of passion and fanaticism. He knew that the religious mind of the Empire had been dangerously shocked, and that the Hindus, although by nature a kind and good-humoured race, were fierce in the matter of religion. It was suggested to him that he should occupy the magazine, with its strong walls, at once,—no one would have prevented him; almost everything belonging to his force might have been saved; and he

has been severely criticised for not having gone there.[1] But against this plan there were two cogent reasons: the magazine was situated six miles from the native lines, and to withdraw the officers so far from their men was to deprive them of the moral force which alone could keep them loyal, and the removal of the sepoy guard from the magazine was affronting a great risk of producing the explosion which he was attempting to avert. His decision was finally determined by a telegram which he received from the Government of India on the 19th of May: "You are requested to begin immediately to make all preparations for the accommodation of a European force, and to let it be known that you are doing so." The buildings most suitable for the accommodation of a European force were two large barracks,[2] formerly the hospital barracks of a Dragoon regiment, and at the time occupied by the depot of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, consisting of the sick, invalid women, and children of the regiment. They were single-storeyed buildings,

Telegram from the Governor-General.

[1] "General Wheeler," wrote Neill, "ought to have gone there" (the magazine).

[2] These barracks (the hospital barracks) were situated in the centre of a very large plain, with a tolerably clear space all round them. In front was the cricket-ground, a very clear space, bounded on its left and left-front by unfinished barracks, then in the course of construction; on its right was the road, and beyond it another level plain of smaller extent terminating in a row of houses; beyond these another road, another row of houses, and then the river. To the left and left-rear of the barracks was another extensive plain, upon which the European regiments, on passing through the station, were wont to encamp: to the right and right-rear the description I have already given of the country to the right of the cricket-ground applies.—"The Mutiny of the Bengal Army. An historical narrative. By one who has served under Sir Charles Napier," p. 125.



THE INTRENCHMENT AT CAWNPORE.

intended each for the accommodation of a company of 100 men: one of them was thatched, and both were surrounded by a flat-roofed arcade or verandah. The walls were of brick, and the usual out-offices were attached to the building.[1] In order that they might resist a sudden attack, a trench was dug around these barracks and the earth thrown up on the outside so as to form a parapet about five feet high, and they were armed at their principal points by artillery. Ten guns constituted the sole defence by artillery of the intrenchment, and a mud wall, not even bullet-proof, at the crest was its sole bulwark. But General Wheeler had every reason to consider that they were needed not to withstand a siege, but for the more urgent purpose of enabling the garrison to resist a sudden attack.

The intrenchment.

On the very day Sir Hugh began their construction (20th May) he telegraphed to the Government of India: "All well here, and excitement less." He also forwarded another message from Agra, which declared the tide had turned: "Very few days will now see the end of it, unless the mutineers shut themselves up in Delhi and a siege be necessary, whence some little delay must occur." The bloody lesson had to be read.

Telegram to Governor-General, 20th May.

No sooner had General Wheeler despatched his message to the Government than a good deal of excitement and some alarm were aroused by the conduct of the 2nd Cavalry. "That corps," as he informed the Governor-General next day, "had sent

21st May.

[1] "Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoy Army," by Colonel George Bourchier, C.B., p. 193.

emissaries into the camps of the three native infantry corps, asking if they would support them in the event of an outrage. Their avowed cause of discontent was that their horses, arms, &c., were to be taken from them and made over to the Europeans —I need not add how entirely without foundation. But reports of the most absurd kind are constantly circulated, and are no sooner disposed of than another takes their place. The Europeans shall be cared for; no mention is made of the number or when they are expected; the sooner the better." The telegram closed with the ominous announcement: "Reports just received that a crisis is approaching here." That evening the women and children were all ordered into the barracks, the officers still sleeping at the quarter-guards in the lines with their respective corps.[1] "Among our men," wrote a young subaltern, "I believe we are perfectly safe, and if they do mutiny, we should at all events have the satisfaction of being at our posts."

22nd May. On the following day (May 22nd) General Wheeler informed the Government of India, "Matters took a favourable turn about half-past 7 P.M. yesterday. Up to that time it appears that an outbreak was most imminent. I placed the guns in position, and made every preparation to meet it. The danger gave way before a quiet address to the men by their commandant through some native officers. At 11 P.M. fifty-five Europeans of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment and about 240 troopers, Oudh Irregular Cavalry, arrived, sent by Sir Henry Lawrence to

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 30.

my aid. This morning two guns and about 300 men of all arms were brought in by the Maharajah of Bithoor. Their being Mahrattas, they are not likely to coalesce with others. Once the Europeans from Calcutta arrived, I should hope that all would be beyond danger. I have the most cordial co-operation from Mr Hillersdon, the Magistrate. At present things appear quiet, but it is impossible to say what a moment may bring forth." [1]

The Maharajah of Bithoor mentioned by Sir Hugh Wheeler was Teerek Dhundu Punt, who is better known by the familiar appellation of "the Nana," a title common among the Mahrattas. Born at a small hamlet at the foot of the Ghauts thirty miles east of Bombay, he was adopted by Baji Rao II., the seventh and last of the Brahmin Peshwas or Mayors of the Palace, who were the real heads of the great Mahratta confederacy. During our operations against the freebooting bands of Central India, Baji Rao seized an opportunity to commence war without a declaration, and he attacked and burnt the house of the British Resident. At the battle of Kirkee (30th October 1817) his army was totally routed, and the remainder of the campaign was the pursuit of a fugitive prince. Baji Rao's troops were swiftly scattered, his forts were taken, and he himself was so hotly pursued that he finally surrendered upon the following assurance: "Baji Rao shall receive a liberal pension from the Company's Government for the support of himself and family. The amount of this pension will be fixed by the Governor- The Nana.

[1] "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 108.

General; but Brigadier-General Malcolm takes upon himself to engage that it shall not be less than eight lakhs of rupees per annum." Lord Hastings, the Governor-General, was annoyed at the prodigality of these terms, but felt himself bound in honour to ratify them. A proclamation having been issued before the surrender that his dominions had been forfeited, and that the Peshwa and his family were for ever excluded from the throne, Baji Rao and his family were conducted to Bithoor, a small town twelve miles up the river from Cawnpore. Here he lived in regal state, and at his death in 1851 he left all his property, amounting to £280,000, to his adopted son Dhundu Punt.[1] The Government of India acknowledged the adopted son's title to this immense fortune, and out of their own beneficence they continued to him the jaghir or grant of land on which Baji Rao had resided in the North-Western Province. But the annual sum of eight lakhs paid to Baji Rao they decided was a mere life grant which ceased with him. And there cannot be a shadow of doubt that the allowance was a life annuity meant for the support of the Peshwa and his family. In the agreement no mention is made of heirs. Sir John Malcolm, who made it, wrote at the time of "the life pension granted to Baji Rao," and the Governor-General who ratified it regarded the allowance as a personal allowance. Baji Rao stipulated that he should have a handsome allowance for the support of himself and family, and there is ample evidence in the State

[1] It was stated by the Peshwa's widows that the will was forged.

documents to show that he was well aware that the annuity granted was merely for his life. The contention of the Nana that the agreement made with Baji Rao after his dominions had been declared forfeited was a cession treaty and the annuity a perpetual rent-charge, was contrary to all the facts, and could not be supported by any great appearance of reason. The suggestion that Lord Dalhousie was to some extent responsible for the Mutiny, in consequence of his harsh action towards the Nana, is also not warranted by the facts. Lord Dalhousie merely carried out the views of the Local Government of the North-Western Provinces.

The Nana appealed to the Government at home against the decision of the Government of India, and despatched his confidential man of business, Azemoolah Khan, a clever Mahomedan adventurer, to London to press his claim.[1] His mission was in vain. On his way back to India Azemoolah stayed at Constantinople just after the repulse of the Allies in their assault on Sebastopol, 18th June, and he crossed over to the Crimea in order to see, as he stated, "those great Roostums, the Russians, who

Azemoolah Khan.

[1] "Azimoolah was originally a *khitmutghar* (waiter at table) in some Anglo-Indian family: profiting by the opportunity thus afforded him, he acquired a thorough acquaintance with the English and French languages, so as to be able to read and converse fluently, and write accurately in them both. He afterwards became a pupil, and subsequently a teacher, in the Cawnpore Government schools, and from the last-named position he was selected to become the vakeel or prime agent of the Nana. On account of his numerous qualifications he was deputed to visit England, and press upon the authorities in Leadenhall Street the application for the continuance of Bajee Rao's pension. Azimoolah accordingly reached London in the season of 1854."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 54.

have beaten French and English together." He paid a visit to the trenches, and as he watched with marked interest the fire of the Russians he remarked laughingly, "I think you will never take that strong place."[1] Azemoolah returned to his disappointed master fully convinced that the power of the English was on the wane.

Causes of the Nana's discontent.

The failure in his attempt to have the pension continued has been stated to be the chief cause of the grudge which the Nana owed our nation.[2] It was, however, natural enough that the Nana should hate those whom his adopted father had always hated, and who had compelled him to embrace the condition of perpetual banishment. Dhundu Punt was a Mahratta endowed with the strong social and religious prejudices and aspirations of the mountaineers who had struck the last blow for Hindu supremacy. He was an exile, but as the adopted son of the Peshwa he was the acknowledged head of the Mahratta confederacy: he was the chief of the race who had triumphed over the Portuguese, who had made the Moghul Emperor a

[1] "My Diary in India," by Sir William Howard Russell, vol. p. 167.

[2] Sir George Trevelyan, in the following characteristic passage, states: "But none the less did he never for an instant forget the grudge which he bore our nation. Whilst his face was all smiles, in his heart of hearts he was for ever brooding over his rejected claim. From his hour of repulse to his hour of vengeance, his life was one long irony. The lads who, with his sapphires and rubies glistening on their fingers, sat laughing round his table, had one and all been doomed to die by a warrant that admitted of no appeal. He had sworn that the injustice should be expiated by the blood of women who had never heard his grievance named; of babies who had been born years after the question of that grievance had passed into oblivion."—"Cawnpore," p. 63.

prisoner, and between whom and the English lay the prize of ascendancy. The power of the English, he had been told by his trusted agent, had begun to wane, and it would be strange if he did not think the time was opportune for striking another blow for Hindu supremacy. General Wheeler made a fatal blunder when he came to the conclusion that the followers of the Nana, being "Mahrattas, were not likely to coalesce with others." The Bengal sepoy and Mahratta freebooter belonged to different races, but their hopes and fears and daily habits represented the creed and philosophy of Brahmanism. Among the many lessons which the Indian Mutiny conveys to the historian and administrator, none is of greater importance than the warning that it is possible to have a revolution in which Brahmin and Sudra, Mahomedan and Hindu, are united against us, and that it is not safe to suppose that the peace and stability of our dominion in any great measure depends on the continent being inhabited by many different races with different religious systems, for they mutually understand and respect and take a part in each other's modes and ways and doings. A shock to Hindu prejudice at Calcutta is felt at the sacred shrine of Somnath, on the coast of Cambay. We became the masters of India because we were received as the welcome composers of political troubles, but the Mutiny of 1857 reminds us that our dominion rests on a thin crust ever likely to be rent by the titanic fires of social change and religious revolution.

Dhundu Punt was at the time of Baji Rao's death

Personal appearance of the Nana.

about thirty-two years of age, but he looked at least forty. For his personal appearance we are indebted to the account of a European traveller who visited him four years before the Mutiny: "His figure is very fat—in fact, the very expression made use of by his own moonshee[1] was that 'his highness was a tight man' (*tung admee*). His face is round, his eyes very wild, brilliant, and restless; his complexion, as is the case with most native gentlemen, is scarcely darker than a dark Spaniard, and his expression is on the whole of a jovial, somewhat rollicking character." His reputation for gaiety of disposition and good-humour was due not only to his outward appearance, but also to the lavish manner in which he entertained the European society at Cawnpore. He could not speak English, but he could take a keen interest in English life and home affairs. "He, through his moonshee, asked me many questions about the Queen, the nobility of England, particularly mentioning and asking after Lord Ellenborough (Burra, Bahut Burra Lord Sahib—a great, a very great nobleman), for whom—whether he knew him or not—he seemed to have a great respect and veneration. Whether this was assumed or not I cannot say. He then asked me many questions about the Hon'ble East India Company, and appeared exhaustless in his queries about the Board of Control."

The Nana gains the confidence of Mr Hillersdon.

The Nana, whose demeanour was singularly pleasing, had gained the confidence of Mr Hillersdon, the magistrate at Cawnpore, by the tact he

[1] Native secretary or interpreter.

displayed in business when wisdom enjoined concession. At the first symptoms of discontent among the sepoys, he commented on their folly in believing that the Government were plotting against their creed. Hypocritical professions of friendship were not spared. On the news of the outbreak at Meerut reaching Cawnpore, the Nana met Mr Hillersdon and suggested that his wife and the other ladies should be sent to Bithoor, where he could protect them against any number of sepoys. He also undertook to protect the treasury in conjunction with our own sepoy guard. His services were accepted, and on the 22nd of May 200 Mahrattas of all arms, with two guns, moved from Bithoor and took up their quarters at the treasury. The Nana, attended by his body-guard, accompanied them and took up his residence in the civil quarter adjoining the cantonment.

CHAPTER XXI

24th May. On the 24th of May, the day on which the many millions beneath her gracious sway commemorated the birth of her Imperial Majesty, no salute was fired at Cawnpore lest the natives should interpret the roar of the guns as a signal for revolt. In the evening Sir Hugh informed Lord Canning: "All is quiet here, but it is impossible to say how long it will continue so." The message had no sooner been despatched when "a report on very good authority" reached the General that there would be an outbreak that night or the following day. All possible preparations were made to meet it. "It was an awful day, full of agony and dread," wrote a brave woman, "and the night was more than poor human nature, unassisted, could endure. When my husband left me that night to go to his post I never expected to see him alive again, for some of his men had been overheard wildly talking of mutiny and murder, and had made a proposal to destroy their officers." The next day "seemed like heaven, for we went to our house and spent the day quietly there—at least with such quietness as was possible with the most terrible rumours coming throughout the day and reviving all our saddest apprehensions." To the General the position of things looked so
26th May. propitious that he telegraphed on the 26th of May:

"All tranquil here, and I think likely to continue. The disaffected, disconcerted by the efficient measures coolly but determinately taken to meet any outbreak that might be attempted, are sobering down. I have had a most anxious and tried [*sic*] time of it, nor is it at an end." Sir Hugh, however, added, "I have intrenched our position, and can hold it against large odds; but now I hope that I may preserve the peace of this very important station without bloodshed." Vain delusion!

Four days later (30th May) Sir Hugh informed Lord Canning: "The European 32nd Foot, sent by Sir Henry Lawrence, are preparing to return this evening in dâk carriages to Lucknow, where considerable uneasiness is felt; will be there to-morrow morning. Seventy-one men, 84th Foot, arrived up to this time. . . . All quiet here; but the public mind very anxious with regard to Delhi." On the 31st of May he reported to the Governor-General: "We are all right as yet, and I hope may continue so." And many a gallant soldier clung to the same belief, and conviction came too late to be of any use. "Thank God," wrote an officer attached to the 53rd Native Infantry to friends at home, "I am not one of the croakers here, and have never been troubled with the nervousness some people have shown; but I feel utterly disgusted with the whole army, and I only wish that I might get orders to go out with my regiment, or alone with my company, against some of these people, so that we could put the men to the test, and see whether they really mean to stick to us or not, and end this state of suspense. I must

30th May.

31st May.

now leave off and send this. If there is a row here, you may be sure I will stick to my company as long as we have any chance of their obeying us. I would give a great deal to see you all again, but I would give ten times as much to have a fair fight with these Lucknow or any other mutineers and our own regiment standing to us firmly, so that we might keep our good name amid all the disgrace the Bengal army has now fallen into."

So the days of May rolled on. General Wheeler visited the lines daily and had long conversations with the men, in the hope of maintaining their confidence and of allaying the feverish excitability which had risen on account of the belief that their religion was being endangered by the use of defiled cartridges. His son was his aide-de-camp, and the 1st Native Infantry, which bore among many honourable additions won under Lake and Gough the name of Plassey, was the young soldier's corps. The General sent him to the native officers to reason with them as to the folly and absurdity of the statements made regarding the cartridges. The General also gave the Hindu commissariat contractor four of the new cartridges, in order that he might convince himself of the absurdity of the story. But Sir Hugh Wheeler knew not that the Bengal sepoy at Dum-Dum had substantial grounds for believing that improper fat had been used in their manufacture,[1] and that

[1] "State Papers," vol. i. pp. 64-67; and statement of Hidayat Ali, subadar of the Bengal police battalion.—"Friend of India," 18th February 1858.

they had "written letters to all the other regiments in the service. From reading these letters the whole army were induced to believe that the time was come when the Government intended to force them to Christianity." The men conversed with the General and his son without reserve and without any sign of sullenness, but their fears were not allayed nor their anxiety lessened. On the 3rd 3rd June. of June General Wheeler reported to the Governor-General: "All well here, but subject to constant fits of excitement." At a late hour that evening he despatched another message to Lord Canning: "Sir Henry Lawrence having expressed some uneasiness, I have just sent him by dâk gharries out of my small force two officers and fifty men, Her Majesty's 84th Foot; conveyance for more not available. This leaves me weak, but I trust to holding my own until more Europeans arrive."

This was the last message that reached Lord Canning from Sir Hugh Wheeler, and it was worthy of the gallant soldier. He had at a comrade's call denuded his own scanty command, though every day brought him fresh reports of the mutinous intentions of some around him. The very evening that he sent forth fifty men to the aid of Henry Lawrence, news reached him that an outbreak of the cavalry was imminent, and he issued orders that the women and non-combatants should assemble within the intrenchment. And that night about eight hundred souls went to their prison-grave. Of these about four hundred were women and children. To guard them there were about

two hundred English soldiers of all arms, eighty officers, a few civilians, and a small band of loyal sepoys.[1]

4th June. On the 4th of June provisions for a month had been stored and one lakh of rupees was removed within the intrenchment, but nine lakhs still remained in the treasury. No steps had been taken to remove or secure the ammunition and stores which were in the ordnance and regimental magazines, for confidence in the Nana had not been lost, and few believed that any great danger was imminent. It had been brought to the notice of the magistrate that at dusk on the evening of the 1st of June the Nana and his brother had been for two hours in a boat holding a consultation with certain officers and men of the 2nd Cavalry. The Nana, however, plausibly accounted for the occurrence by stating that it was held for the adoption of measures that should keep the troops firm and loyal. The next day (2nd June) one of the troopers who was present at the consultation, whilst drinking at the house of a courtesan, informed her that in a few days the Peshwa's rule would be proclaimed and the Nana paramount at Cawnpore, when they

[1] "The European residents consisted of the officers attached to the Sepoy regiments; 60 men of the 84th Regiment; 74 men of the 32nd Regiment, who were invalided; 15 men of the Madras Fusiliers; and 59 men of the Company's Artillery,—about 300 combatants in all. In addition to these were the wives, children, and native servants of the officers; 300 half-caste children belonging to the Cawnpore school; merchants (some Europeans and other Eurasians); shopkeepers, railway officials and their families."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 23. See "Mr Shepherd's Narrative: State Papers," vol. ii. p. 125.

would fill her house not merely with rupees but with gold mohurs. The same night occurred an unfortunate incident of a cashiered officer firing on a patrol of the 2nd Cavalry. He was tried by court-martial the next day, and acquitted on the plea of being unconscious at the time from intoxication. The verdict caused grave dissatisfaction among the men of the 2nd Cavalry. They muttered angrily and openly that their own muskets might also be discharged by accident some day.

Outbreak at Cawnpore, 5th June.

It was the spark which set fire to the magazine. The following day the men of the 2nd sent their families to the city, and at one o'clock a native officer who was on picquet duty with fifty sowars near the intrenchments led them off towards Nawabgunge, the north-west suburb of Cawnpore, where lay the treasury and the magazine. The whole corps followed their example, taking with them horses, arms, colours, and the regimental treasure-chest. "The old soubhadar-major of the regiment defended the colours and treasure which were in the quarter-guard as long as he could, and the poor old fellow was found in the morning severely wounded and lying in his blood at his post."[1] Bhowany Sing was taken within the intrenchments, where he was killed by a shell during the siege. Like many a loyal sepoy, he gave his life for the alien Government he served.

Subadar-Major Bhowany Sing.

As the 2nd Cavalry proceeded towards Nawabgunge, they sent a message to the 1st Native

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 38.

Infantry asking the cause of their delay. The sepoys responded to the call, and without molesting their officers, who were urging them to be loyal, marched away to join the troopers.[1] The Adjutant of the 56th, on being informed by a native commissioned officer of what had occurred, immediately came forth from his tent, and proceeding to the parade ordered the regiment to form up in front of the quarter-guard. "I formed them up," states the native officer, "and made them ready. I received orders that if any cavalryman came, he was instantly to be shot. In this way we passed the night with our officers. No one took off his uniform." At daybreak the men, being dismissed, assisted in recovering the horses and arms abandoned by the troopers. The 53rd, who had also been under arms during the night, were dismissed. The lines of the Light Company of the 53rd and those of the Grenadier Company of the 56th were adjacent, and after their morning meal was finished four or five grenadiers went over to the neighbouring quarters and entered into conversation with a havildar and private of the Light Company. About this time (9 A.M.) a trooper of the 2nd Cavalry rode

[1] "It is to be spoken to the credit of the men of the 1st Native Infantry that, when they agreed to go away with the mutineers, they first begged of their officers (who had been for some time in the habit of sleeping in the quarter-guard of the regiment to ensure confidence) to leave them, and ultimately forced them to go away into the intrenchment without hurting them."—"Mr Shepherd's Narrative : State Papers," vol. ii. p. 122.

"An hour or two after the flight of the cavalry, the 1st Native Infantry also bolted, leaving the officers untouched upon the parade-ground."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 39.

up to the lines of the 53rd Native Infantry. He was the bearer of a message from the company of their corps that guarded the treasury, to the effect that they would not allow it to be plundered until their corps joined.[1] Then the havildar and private of the Light Company shouted, "Glory to the great God; be prepared, ye braves!" and a rush was made to the quarter-guard for the colours and the treasure-chest. The subadar who commanded the guard refused to play false, and fell wounded at his post. Now when the General became aware of the meeting in the lines, and heard the roar of the tumult, he ordered Ashe's battery to open fire. As a round-shot went crashing into the quarters of the 56th a sepoy shouted that they would all be killed, on which the entire corps dispersed and fled in disorder. The men of the 56th swiftly followed their example. Some of the panic-stricken sepoys concealed themselves in the neighbouring ravines, and readily joined on the sounding of the assembly by an officer of the 53rd.[2]

[1] "Synopsis of Evidence of the Cawnpore Mutiny," by Lieutenant-Colonel G. Williams. Captain Thomson writes: "The detachment of the 53rd posted at the treasury held their ground against the rebels about four hours."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 40.

[2] This corps (53rd) appears to have been the least tainted, and we may in charity suppose that many even of those who deserted and joined their mutinous comrades did so from fear of being implicated in the consequences of the revolt, notwithstanding the confidence in them evinced by their officers. As far as can be ascertained, the numbers that remained faithful, even after the return of the mutineers from Kullianpore, are as follows, but the list is not, of course, a complete one, and no depositions having been received from any of the 1st Native Infantry, their numbers are not known: 2nd Cavalry, one subadar, two havildars, four sirdars, one native doctor; 53rd Native

The action of General Wheeler in opening fire on the native lines has been cruelly judged. He has been accused of being "prompt with an ill-timed energy, and wary with a misplaced distrust."[1] It was, however, no longer possible to maintain even an ostensible trust. The 2nd Cavalry had mutinied and marched away towards Delhi. "Nearly the whole of the native commissioned officers (about thirty or thirty-five in number) came to the General and reported that their remonstrances to the sepoys were of no avail, who had also that morning been tampered with by the cavalry, and appeared determined to go off."[2] The roar and tumult in the

Infantry, six subadars, four jemadars, nine havildars, six naicks, and twenty-two sepoys; 56th Native Infantry, one jemadar, three sepoys, one musician, and one native doctor,—all these performed good service on the day of the outbreak, bringing in arms and ammunition from the regimental magazine.—"Synopsis of Evidence of the Cawnpore Mutiny," by Lieutenant-Colonel G. Williams.

[1] "Cawnpore," by the Right Hon'ble Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., p. 91.

[2] "Mr Shepherd's Narrative: State Papers," vol. ii. p. 122. Mr Shepherd adds: "While they were yet speaking the bugle sounded, and presently after we could see the two regiments drawn up in columns on their parade-ground, showing a defying front; but a shot or two from our long gun immediately dispersed them, and sent them at a full gallop round their lines on the outside road leading to Delhi, and branching off to Nawabgunge, where their rebellious brethren were then stationed." Captain Mowbray Thomson, however, writes: "The 53rd remained till, by some error of the General, they were fired into. I am at an utter loss to account for this proceeding. The men were peacefully occupied in their lines, cooking; no signs of mutiny had appeared amidst their ranks; they had refused all the solicitations of the deserters to accompany them, and seemed quite steadfast when Ashe's battery opened upon them by Sir Hugh Wheeler's command, and they were literally driven from us by nine-pounders. The only signal that had preceded this step was the calling into the intrenchment of the native officers of the regiment."—"The Story of Cawnpore," p. 39. Lieutenant-Colonel G. Williams, who,

lines confirmed the statement of the native officers; and the General, feeling that it was no longer possible to prevent the men from rising, fired two or three round-shot into their quarters, in order that the sepoys should disperse and join their rebellious comrades without attacking him or plundering the cantonment. Sir Hugh Wheeler's policy had been based on the supposition that, if the troops did mutiny, they would at once march to Delhi, and that the Nana would not take an active part against us. The regiments did move off towards Delhi, but at the last hour the Nana was persuaded to join in an enterprise which would regain him a throne and restore the power of the Mahratta confederacy.

Mutineers plunder the treasury.

On the 53rd and 56th joining the other two regiments at Nawabgunge, the mutineers proceeded to plunder the treasury, break open the jail, and burn and sack, with the aid of the released prisoners, the houses of the European residents. After the treasure, amounting to nearly two hundred thousand pounds, had been packed on carts and elephants, the whole force set forth about midday for Kullianpore, the first stage on the Delhi road.

Rebels march to Kullianpore.

though not present like Mr Shepherd and Captain Mowbray Thomson, thoroughly exhausted every available source of information, writes: "The uproar that ensued in both regiments becoming very great, two shots were fired from the intrenchments into the lines of the 53rd." Lieutenant Delafosse, who, like Captain Mowbray Thomson, belonged to the 53rd and survived the massacre, writes: "The 53rd and 56th Regiments appeared still loyal, remaining still in their lines; but as none of the officers were with the men, and there was no one to look after them, they also were off, without any one missing them, between 8 and 9 o'clock, taking with them the regimental treasure, colours, and as much ammunition as they could carry: that afternoon every house was burnt,—fires were to be seen in every direction."

A deputation of native officers visit the Nana.

Meanwhile, it is stated that a deputation of native officers from the 2nd Cavalry and 1st Native Infantry waited on the Nana and said to him: "Maharaja, a kingdom awaits you if you join our cause, but death if you side with our enemies." The ready reply was, "What have I to do with the British? I am altogether yours." He then laid his hands on the heads of the native officers and swore to join them. The deputation, quite satisfied, departed to join their comrades at Kullianpore.[1]

[1] Tantia Topee in his evidence attempted to show that the Nana acted under compulsion, but Tantia's evidence is the evidence of an accomplice who was at the time being tried for his life. His evidence was: "Two days afterwards the three regiments of infantry and the 2nd Light Cavalry surrounded us, and imprisoned the Nana and myself in the treasury, and plundered the magazines and treasury of everything they contained, leaving nothing in either. Of the treasure, the sepoys made over two lakhs and eleven thousand rupees to the Nana, keeping their own sentries over it. The Nana was also under the charge of these sentries, and the sepoys which were with us also joined the rebels. After this the whole army marched from that place, and the rebels took the Nana Sahib and myself and all our attendants along with them, and said, 'Come along to Delhi.' Having gone three kos (six miles) from Cawnpore, the Nana said that as the day was far spent it was far better to halt there then and march on the following day. They agreed to this and halted. In the morning the whole army told him (the Nana) to go with them towards Delhi. The Nana refused, and the army then said, 'Come with us to Cawnpore and fight there.' The Nana objected to this, but they would not attend to him. And so taking him with them as a prisoner, they went towards Cawnpore, and fighting commenced there." The Nana had a strong force of Mahrattas and two guns to protect him, and the sepoys could not so easily have made him a prisoner. They were anxious to proceed to Delhi, and that the Nana should not join Wheeler in attacking them. Nerput, the opium contractor of Cawnpore, in his diary states: "When the Nana saw that all the regiments were anxious to leave for Delhi, he called the officers and sepoys and told them it was not proper to go to Delhi until all Europeans, men, women, and children, were destroyed; they agreed to return; and the whole rebel army returned on June 6th, and encamped near subadar's tank." Another

On the deputation leaving, a consultation was held by the Nana, his brothers, and Azemoolah, when the last mentioned proceeded to point out the folly of proceeding to Delhi. At the imperial city they would be overshadowed by the Moghul Court and lose their individual power and influence. It would be far wiser for the Nana to seize Cawnpore and extend his power to the sea. Azemoolah reminded them that he enjoyed special opportunities of judging "the resources of the British. The number of Europeans in India was scarce one-fourth that of the native army, and now that the sepoy had mutinied the power of the English had vanished."[1] His arguments convinced them as to the proper course to be pursued, and the Nana, with his brother Baba Bhut and Azemoolah, at

native writer, who appears by his narrative of the movements of the rebel force to have been in close proximity with it during the siege, confirms Nerput's statement. He writes: "When Nana Dhundu Punt saw that the three native regiments and the 2nd Light Cavalry had completely thrown off their allegiance to the Company, and were thinking of going to Delhi, he, with joined hands, represented to the native officers that it would not be correct to proceed towards Delhi until they had entirely destroyed the officers and European soldiers and women and children of the Christian religion; and that they should, if possible by deceiving the officers, accomplish this grand object, or that they should be good for nothing. The native officers and sepoys approved this speech, and took counsel to kill all the Christians; and, plundering as they went, on Saturday, the 6th June, they returned to the subadar's tank."

[1] One of the two women who survived the Cawnpore massacre told me that when she was brought before Azemoolah he said to her, "Why are you crying? The Moghul Emperor has taken Delhi and driven the English from Northern India; when we take Cawnpore and Lucknow we will march to Calcutta and be masters of Southern India, and your husband [the sowar who captured her], who has now been made a Colonel, will then be a great man and you a great woman."

once hastened to Kullianpore. By the offer of unlimited plunder and a gold bangle to each sepoy, they gained the ready consent of the troops to their plans. The Brahmin sepoys saluted the adopted son of the Peshwa as their Raja, and Brahmin officers proceeded to assume command of their respective corps. Subadar Teeka Sing became chief of the 2nd Cavalry with the title of General, Jemadar Dugunjun Sing became Colonel of the 53rd Native Infantry, and Subabar Gungadeen, Colonel of the 56th Native Infantry.[1]

[1] Regarding the 1st Native Infantry there is no information.

CHAPTER XXII

The rebel forces with the Nana return to Cawnpore.

On the morning of the 6th of June the rebel force with the Nana at their head began their return march to Cawnpore. On entering the city their first act was to attack and pillage the houses of some leading Mahomedans, but as the day advanced the lust of plunder grew stronger, and, all distinction of sect and race being forgotten, many a Hindu goldsmith and banker endured cruel torment for refusing to reveal his cherished treasures. Meantime detachments of cavalry were sent into the cantonment, who, galloping hither and thither, some shouting "Victory to Raja Ram Chund!" others calling out "Shout, ye faithful army, Allah has routed the Kaffirs!" set fire to the houses. The wind was blowing furiously at the time, and the conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house taking fire. As the inmates—European, East Indian, or native converts—came forth, they were cut to pieces by the troopers, mad with the taste of blood. Four office clerks who lived together in a shop on the banks of the canal, fighting with the energy of despair, beat back their ferocious assailants. But the house was soon on fire, and when driven forth by the smoke they were killed as they fled. Women, children, and old men were slain, and in a few hours silence

settled over the charred ruins of the cantonment of Cawnpore.

The Nana proclaimed himself, by beat of drum, sovereign of the Mahrattas. Baba Bhut, his brother, with twenty horses, hastened to Bithoor to announce the commencement of Mahratta rule. And the inauguration of the new government was celebrated by the agent of the Peshwa's widows, and his family, being blown away from the guns.[1] The Peshwa's brother-in-law, and many Mahrattas obnoxious to the Nana, were put in irons. The Nana himself took up his residence in a house situated north of the intrenchment, where a gun had already been placed. At 10 A.M. on the 6th of June the first shot was fired on the besieged. But the mutineers were more intent that day on plundering than on fighting. Through the night the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from lust of plunder or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted.[2]

June 6th. First shot fired on the besieged.

The commencement of the siege, 6th June.

On the morning of the same day Sir Hugh Wheeler received a letter from the Nana announcing his intention of at once attacking him. The announcement produced a great sensation, and not without reason. All had considered that the mutineers were well on their way to Delhi, and that no grave danger now threatened them. They could easily hold their own against the city rabble

[1] Blowing away from guns was a very favourite form of punishment with the Mahrattas.

[2] "Every man did what came into his mind."—Native Diary.

till the European force, which they had been led to suppose was on its way from Calcutta, had arrived. Before the morning had far advanced, the crack of musketry and the roar of guns showed that the Nana's was no idle threat. At length the men and women gazing over the low wall saw with sad hearts the flames rising from their burning homes. The sound of the approaching foe grew nearer and nearer. Lieutenant Ashe, with about twenty or thirty volunteers, took out his guns to reconnoitre, but they had barely proceeded five hundred yards when they found the rebel troops arrayed in force on the canal-bank. The moment they made the discovery they returned at a trot, and no sooner had they got within the intrenchment than the first shot struck the crest of the mud wall and glided over into the smaller barrack.[1] The bugle sounded "All hands to your arms," and "every individual, from a drummer or writer to the regimental officer," took up his appointed post.

Distribution of the garrison.

Major Vibart of the 2nd Cavalry, who, like Wheeler, had been present at the storming of Ghazni and had won a bronze star at Punniar, held the Redan, a frail earthwork defending the whole of the northern side. His second in command was Captain Jenkins, of the same corps, who

The Redan

[1] "The first casualty occurred at the west battery, M'Guire, a gunner, being killed by a round-shot: the poor fellow was covered with a blanket and left in the trench till nightfall. Several of us saw the bullet bounding towards us, and he also evidently saw it, but, like many others whom I saw fall at different times, he seemed fascinated to the spot."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 66.

North-east battery.

had served at the siege of Multan. At the north-east battery Lieutenant Ashe of the Oudh Irregular Artillery, who had in the Burmese campaign proved himself a capable and brave soldier, commanded one 24-pounder howitzer and two 9-pounders, his second in command being Lieutenant Sotheby. The south side was intrusted to the charge of Captain Empland, 56th Native Infantry, who, too, had seen service in the Punjab campaign. Lieutenant Eckford of the artillery, assisted by Lieutenant Burney of the same corps and Lieutenant Delafosse of the 53rd Native Infantry, commanded the south-east battery. The main-guard from south to west was held by Captain Turnbull, 13th Native Infantry, who had won his medal and clasp at the battle of Gujerat. A little beyond the main-guard on the south was stationed a detachment under the command of Major Prout, 56th Native Infantry, who had served at Maharajpore, and here was placed the little rifled 3-pounder, flanking the west battery, consisting of three 9-pounders, which was commanded by Lieutenant Dempster, who had been present at Chillianwalla and Gujerat. His second in command was Lieutenant Martin. On the north-west Captain Whiting, who, too, had seen service in the Sutlej campaign, held the command. All the posts were commanded by men who were acquainted with the business of war, but they had to work their guns in batteries neither masked nor fortified in any way, and were assailed not only front and flank by the rebel batteries but also by a murderous fire of musketry from the adjacent

South side.

South-east battery.

Main-guard.

North-west battery.

houses. At each of the batteries, under cover of the mud wall, barely four feet high, were posted, fifteen paces apart, the infantry. The strength of every man was needed at the moment, and soldiers and civilians, each with his rifle with bayonet fixed and at least three loaded beside him, were ready to take instant part in repelling an assault, whenever the need might occur. Snatches of troubled sleep under the cover of the wall was all the rest they could obtain. "The ping-ping of rifle-bullets would break short dreams of home or of approaching relief, pleasant visions made horrible by waking to the state of things around. As often as the shout of our sentinels was heard each half-hour sounding the 'All's Well,' the spot from which the voices proceeded became the centre for hundreds of bullets."

Looking out in the early morning—the morning of Sunday, the 7th of June—the besieged saw the enemy busy erecting new batteries. Before long they had brought three new guns of larger calibre into position, and with these, some hours after sunrise, they opened fire. A 24-pounder shot went tearing through the barracks, and greater and greater every moment was the havoc wrought. As often as the shot struck the walls of the barracks, the shrieks of the women and children were terrific, "but after the initiation of that first day, they had learnt silence, and never uttered a sound except when groaning from the horrible mutilations they had to endure."[1] Daily the number of the enemy's guns increased, and daily they were brought nearer. On

7th June.

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 66.

the 11th they had playing on the intrenchments three mortars, two 24-pounders, three 18-pounders, one or two 12-pounders, the same number of 9-pounders, and one 6-pounder. Day and night they thundered, raging against the small prey. For the first few days the gunners in the unprotected batteries answered the storm, but then it was thought advisable not to exhaust the magazines, and our guns were only fired at intervals.

The line of barracks.

Not only by the strong and concentrated fire of the guns were the garrison cruelly tried, but they were incessantly plied with musketry from all the adjacent buildings. A small church situated on the south-east was strongly occupied, and the fire from it was most galling. On the south-western front the line of barracks, which were in course of erection when the siege began, furnished posts to cover the rebel skirmishers. They were constructed of red brick, and each measured some two hundred feet in length. The walls of No. 1 were seven feet high, No. 2 had been raised forty feet, No. 3 about the same height, No. 4 had a temporary roof over one of its verandahs. Nos. 5, 6, and 7 were about seven or eight feet in height.[1] Of these, 2, 3, and 4 were in close proximity to the intrenchment, the entire extent of which they commanded. On this account a detachment of the scanty garrison was stationed from the first day of the siege in barrack No. 4. It consisted chiefly of railway engineers, whose trained sharpness of vision and correct judgment of distances

No. 4 barrack.

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 69.

acquired in surveying made them invaluable as marksmen. For three days did the small band, without any professional commander, by sheer skill and courage, hold the post; but at the end of this period, as the enemy, creeping up by hundreds under the cover of the walls, began to press heavily upon them, it was thought advisable to place it under military command. Captain Jenkins of the 2nd Cavalry, conspicuous among brave men for his courage, was sent to head and guide these civilians,[1] sixteen in number, who had declared the honour of England unto the rebels. The enemy, foiled in their attempts to take them by surprise, occupied barrack No. 1. As a counterstroke, Lieutenant Glanville of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers was posted with a detachment of sixteen men in barrack No. 2. As it was only two hundred yards from the intrenchment, it became the key of our position, and seventeen men had to hold that vital post "against a black swarm compassing us about like bees." Hour after hour they stood watching for the approach of the rebels. By daylight they managed to get a little rest, as one or two were sufficient to keep watch. To avoid the blistering rays of the sun they used to "squeeze down between the sharp edges" of the bricks and "get a nap sweeter than that often obtained in

Captain Jenkins.

Lieut. Glanville.

No. 2 barrack.

[1] "The railway gentlemen held this post for three entire days, without any military superintendence whatever, and they distinguished themselves greatly by their skill and courage. I remember particularly Messrs Heberden, Latouche, and Miller as prominent in the midst of these undisciplined soldiers for their eminently good service." —"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 68.

beds of down." At night all hands were required for the look-out, and through the long and dead hours they stood with muskets at the charge, peering out into the darkness, "and as soon as a flash from the adjacent barrack indicated the whereabouts of the foe," they lodged their bullets in the same locality. But it was deep silence amidst the darkness which filled them with the greatest apprehension; for when the guns ceased firing, the enemy stealthily and silently crept forth from the shelter of the surrounding buildings and made a pounce on the barrack: then out of the vacant darkness English rifles opened on them and sent them flying back.

Glanville, while encouraging the men, was dangerously wounded. The command devolved on Captain Elms, 1st Native Infantry, but as his services were soon after required within the intrenchment, his place was supplied by Lieutenant Mowbray Thomson of the 53rd Native Infantry. His sixteen men consisted, in the first instance, of Ensign Henderson of the 56th Native Infantry, five or six of the Madras Fusiliers, two plate-layers from the railway works, and some men of the 84th Regiment. "This first instalment was soon disabled. The Madras Fusiliers were armed with the Enfield rifle, and consequently they had to bear the brunt of the attack: they were all shot at their posts. Several of the 84th also fell; but, in consequence of the importance of the position, as soon as a loss in my little corps was reported, Captain Moore sent

Captain Elms.

Lieut. Mowbray Thomson.

me over a reinforcement from the intrenchment. Sometimes a civilian, sometimes a soldier came. The orders given us were not to surrender with our lives, and we did our best to obey them."

Captain Moore.

Sir Hugh Wheeler, with the burden of seventy years on him, being physically incapable of enduring the exposure and fatigue involved in looking after the minute details of the defence and inspecting the outposts, upon Captain Moore was cast the duty of guiding the energy and valour of the garrison. And no man was more gifted by nature for the task. He was tall and fair, with the joyous light-blue eyes characteristic of his race, and a bearing so frank and genial that men loved him, so determined and self-possessed in the midst of danger that soldiers trusted him. Twice or thrice daily he visited every post, and his robust and sanguine nature brought sunlight and hope to help the toil of the defenders. His tender sympathy brought patience to the suffering women. He had an Irishman's love for bodily conflict, and though one of his arms had been severely injured at the beginning of the siege, he never lost the opportunity of being in the midst of a fray. "Wherever there appeared most danger, he was sure to be foremost, with his arm in a sling and a revolver-pistol in his belt, leading and directing the men to act."[1] He placed scouts upon the top of one of the barracks to watch the movements of the enemy. Whenever the signal was given that they were attempting to advance nearer, "Captain

[1] "Mr Shepherd's Narrative: State Papers," vol. ii. p. 127.

Moore would go out with about a dozen Europeans in the midst of the most brisk firing," expelling them from their covert. Their bugles sounded the advance and the charge, but no inducement could make them quit the safe side of Nos. 1 and 5. From the windows of these barracks they poured volleys of musketry thick as hail upon the defenders, and volleys, too, of foul abuse. After each discharge a din of hideous defiance rose in the air, and the rebels were seen at the windows brandishing their swords and dancing a war dance. "Some of these fanatics, under the influence of infuriating doses of bhang, would come out into the open and perform, but at the inevitable cost of life." The combined pickets used to sweep through these barracks once and sometimes twice a-day, in chase. The foe "scarcely ever stood for a hand-to-hand fight; but heaps of them were left dead as the result of these sallies."[1]

Life in the out-picket was one of intense suffering and full of danger, but it had an advantage. "We were somewhat removed from the sickening spectacles continually occurring in the intrenchment. We certainly had no diminished share of the conflict in the barracks, but we had not the heaps of wounded sufferers, nor the crowd of helpless ones whose agonies nothing could relieve." Men, women, and children fell victims to the enemy's fire. But the survivors were more to be pitied than the dead. The pressure of famine became every day more severe. "All were reduced to the monotonous and scanty allowance of one meal a-day, consisting of a

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 74.

handful of split peas and a handful of flour, certainly not more than half a pint together, for the daily ration."[1] Now and then the scanty fare was increased by some horse-flesh, and it became a more cherished object to shoot a horse than his rider.[2] "Our meal," writes one of the two women who survived the siege, "was a horse, but neither myself nor my parents partook of any: my poor little brother and sisters, they were dying from hunger, and would have eaten the most loathsome thing. Before we came to this pass I recollected throwing a bit of meat, which after a few days I carefully looked for, and finding it, fortunately, shared it amongst the children."[3] However, as the siege advanced, such was the extremity of distress that a dog was eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. The besieged were at the same time afflicted by thirst. There was only one well within the intrenchment

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Capt. Mowbray Thomson, pp. 78, 79.

[2] "Some of our famished Esaus would have made for the cannon's mouth, and have sold their lives, but it might not be; and our hungry disgust had wellnigh sunk into despair, when an old knacker came into range that had belonged to an Irregular Cavalry-man. He was down by a shot like lightning, brought into the barrack, and hewn up. We did not wait to skin the prey, nor waste any time in consultation upon its anatomical arrangements: no scientific butchery was considered necessary in its subdivision. Lump, thump, whack, went nondescript pieces of flesh into the fire, and, notwithstanding its decided claims to veneration on the score of antiquity, we thought it a more savoury meal than any of the *recherché* culinary curiosities of the lamented Soyer. The two pickets, thirty-four in number, disposed of the horse in two meals. The head, and some mysteries of the body, we stewed into soup, and liberally sent to fair friends in the intrenchment, without designating its nature, or without being required to satisfy any scruples upon that head."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, pp. 82, 83.

[3] MS. narrative written for the author.

rent the hearts of the soldiers, and at the cost of many brave lives it was procured.[1]

Besides the well within the intrenchment there was another about two hundred yards from the rampart, close to Barrack No. 3. "We drew no water there,—it was our cemetery; and in three weeks we buried therein two hundred and fifty of our number."[2] Under the cover of night, with stealthy step, the bodies were thrown into it. "I have seen the dead bodies of officers," wrote a survivor, "and tenderly brought-up young ladies of rank put outside the verandah amongst the ruin, to await the time when the fatigue party usually went round to carry the dead to the well as above; for there was scarcely room to shelter the living: the buildings were so sadly riddled that every safe corner available was considered a great object."

Soon there was no safe corner. On Friday, the 12th of June, shells were prepared by an invalid subadar of artillery, and were heated in the barracks near the racquet-court for the Nunkey Nawab's battery.[3] On the following evening "the thatched barrack in the intrenchment was set on fire by a ball from the Nunkey Nawab's battery fired by Reaz Ali (son of Kurreem Ali, the one-eyed), an invalid subadar of artillery, for which he received

12th June.

The thatched barrack burnt.

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 87.

[2] Ibid., p. 89.

[3] Nunkey Nir Nane Nawab, a Mahomedan nobleman, commanded the batteries at this racquet-court. At the commencement of the outbreak he had been made a prisoner and his houses plundered, but subsequently he and the Nana became close allies, and a command was given to him.

a reward of ninety rupees and a shawl." All the wounded and sick were in at the time, also the families of the soldiers and drummers. The breeze being strong, the flames spread swiftly. The enemy poured their grape upon the burning mass, out of which fled women and children. "The entreaties of the wounded to be helped out of the flames and from the falling building," writes a woman who witnessed the awful scene, "was more than one could bear, and their cries and dying groans heart-rending, for they were obliged to be dragged out without any regard being paid to their excruciating pain occasioned from wounds."[1] A few, more fortunate, perished in the flames, for they were spared a lingering death. In the burnt barracks all the medical stores were consumed, and not one of the surgical instruments was saved. From that time the agonies of the wounded became most intense. "It was heart-breaking work to see the poor sufferers parched with thirst that could be only most scantily relieved, and sinking from fever and mortification that we had no appliances wherewith to resist."[2]

It was long past midnight when the rolling clatter of the musketry ceased. Then the enemy in hundreds stealthily and silently crept forward with the intention of taking by storm Ashe's battery. As they came on, no movement was made to show that they were observed. They advanced to within sixty yards, and were preparing to make a

[1] MS. narrative written for the author.
[2] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 94.

final rush when Ashe and his garrison, standing up manfully, sent forth showers of grape, and every man, taking up the loaded guns by his side, poured into their midst a fire of musketry. In half an hour all had fled, leaving many slain on the field.

Dawn broke after a long night of fatigue and calamity. "When the ashes of the consumed barrack cooled, the men of the 32nd Regiment who had been stationed there raked them over with bayonets and swords, making diligent search for their lost medals."[1]

Deprived of the shelter of the barracks, two hundred women and children sought protection behind the breastwork, and sat on the ground twelve days and twelve nights.[2] It was June, and efforts were at first made to shelter them from the scorching rays of the sun by erecting canvas stretchers overhead; but as often as the paltry covering was put up, it was fired by the enemy's shells. They had only the clothes on their backs, and at night they shivered with ague, brought on by the damp and steam of the ground. Many of the unfortunate creatures were accustomed to all the indulgences of life, but they bore the hardships without complaint. Their courage never faltered, and their energy was equal to the occasion. They handed round the ammunition, encouraged the men to the uttermost, and with tender solicitude attended to the wounded. Kindly death came to many. A single shell killed and wounded seven of them who

Heroic conduct of the women.

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 94.
[2] Ibid., p. 99.

were seated in the ditch. Mistress White was walking with a twin child at either shoulder, and her husband by her side. The same ball slew the father, broke both elbows of the mother, and severely injured one of the children. "I saw her afterwards in the main-guard lying upon her back, with the two children, twins, laid one at each breast, while the mother's bosom refused not what her arms had no power to administer."[1] A small room was considered to be comparatively safe. Two girls, aged about eight or nine, were left in it by their parents, who went out in search of food. When they returned they found only scattered remains. A shell had entered it and burst. "The remains were gathered up in a sheet and thrown into the well."[2]

There had now been a week of fighting; many had been killed, many were sick with fever and dysentery, more with wounds uncured. Among the artillerymen alone fifty-nine had been killed or wounded. "With the exception of four of the number, these fine fellows all perished at the batteries—nor were the guns themselves in much better condition; the howitzer was knocked completely off its carriage—one or two of them had their sides driven in, and one was without a muzzle; at length there were only two of them that could by any ingenuity be made to carry grape, and these were loaded in a most eccentric manner. In consequence of the irregularity of the bore of the guns,

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 101.
[2] MS. narrative.

through the damage inflicted on them by the enemy's shot, the canister could not be driven home, consequently the women gave us their stockings; and having tapped the canisters, we charged these with the contents of the shot-cases, a species of cartridge never heard of before."[1] The light guns of the garrison were of little avail against the enemy's heavy 24-pounders; but however unequal the strife, Ashe's little battery wrought great havoc among the rebels on account of the celerity and accuracy of its fire. The gallant commander never missed a promising opportunity, and with his own hand laid his gun. "When he had fired he would jump up on to the heel of the gun regardless of the exposure, that he might see the extent of the damage he had inflicted."[2]

On the Sunday, June 14th, every man was 14th June. required at his post, and there was no safe spot where the women could gather together to pray to the Almighty. But the Chaplain,[3] who laboured day and night to bring blessedness to the wounded and dying, went from post to post reading the Psalms and prayers while the men stood at arms. "Short and interrupted as these services were, they proved an invaluable privilege, and there was a terrible reality about them, since in each such

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 136.

[2] Ibid., p. 140.

[3] "Mr Moncrieff was held in high estimation by the whole garrison before the Mutiny, on account of the zealous manner in which he discharged the duties of his sacred office, but his self-denial and constancy in the thickest of our perils made him yet more greatly beloved by us all."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 106.

solemnity one or more of the little group gathered about the person of their instructor was sure to be present for the last time." That Sunday evening at 8 P.M. General Wheeler wrote to Mr Gubbins at Lucknow : "We have been besieged since the sixth by the Nana Sahib, joined by the whole of the native troops, who broke out on the morning of the fourth. The enemy have two 24, and several other guns. We have only eight 9-pounders. The whole Christian population is with us in a temporary intrenchment, and our defence has been noble and wonderful, our loss heavy and cruel. We want aid, aid, aid! Regards to Lawrence." The gallant old soldier added a brief postscript: "If we had 200 men, we could punish the scoundrels and aid you." Sir Henry Lawrence himself answered the letter. He wrote on the 16th of June to General Wheeler : "I am very sorry indeed to hear of your condition, and grieve that I cannot help you. I have consulted with the chief officers about me, and, except Gubbins, they are unanimous in thinking that, with the enemy's command of the river, we could not possibly get a single man into your intrenchment. I need not say that I deeply lament being obliged to concur in their opinion, for our own safety is as nearly concerned as yours. We are strong *in* our intrenchments, but by attempting the passage of the river, should be sacrificing a large detachment without a prospect of helping you. Pray do not think me selfish. I would run much risk could I see a commensurate prospect of success. In the present scheme I see none. Mr Gubbins, who does

Letter from General Wheeler to Mr Gubbins.

Letter from Sir Henry Lawrence to General Wheeler.

not understand the difficulties of the most difficult of military operations, the passage of a river in the face of an enemy, is led away by generous enthusiasm to desire impossibilities.[1] I write not only my own opinion, but that of many ready to risk their lives to rescue you. God grant you His protection." [2] Captain Moore, by desire of Sir Hugh Wheeler, acknowledged the receipt of the letters, and expressed his commander's regret that Sir Henry Lawrence could not send him the 200 men, "as he believes with their assistance we could drive the insurgents from Cawnpoor and capture the guns." In simple, brave, unselfish words he proceeds to state the undaunted resolution and devotion of the garrison. "Our troops, officers, and volunteers have acted most nobly; and on several occasions a handful of men have driven hundreds before them. Our loss has been chiefly from the sun and their heavy guns. Our rations will last a fortnight, and we are still well supplied with ammunition. Our guns are

Letter from Captain Moore.

[1] Mr Gubbins afterwards acknowledged that Sir Henry Lawrence and his chief officers acted wisely. In "The Mutinies in Oudh" he wrote: "It was hard to refuse such an appeal; but I believe that Sir Henry Lawrence acted wisely in doing so. There were but a very few boats obtainable, which were scattered at different places on the river. There would have been difficulty in collecting them together at one spot, and the enemy was almost sure to be apprised of our so doing in time to be able to dispute the passage of the Ganges. The idea suggested by some officers was, to make a demonstration opposite Bithoor, and to cross ten miles below Cawnpoor, and thus gain the other side unobserved. But the risk was undeniably too great, and our garrison too weak, to allow of a body of men sufficiently large to be detached to accomplish this movement."—"The Mutinies in Oudh," by Martin Richard Gubbins, p. 173.

[2] "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by Edwardes and Merivale, vol. ii. p. 349.

serviceable. Report says that troops are advancing from Allahabad; and any assistance might save our garrison. We, of course, are prepared to hold out to the last. It is needless to mention the names of those who have been killed or died. We trust in God; and if our exertions here assist your safety, it will be a consolation to know that our friends appreciate our devotion. Any news of relief will cheer us."[1]

No news of relief cheered the doomed garrison. But neither the confidence nor the resources of Moore were yet exhausted. The day after the burning of the hospital he determined to make a dash upon the enemy's guns, in the hope of silencing some of them. At midnight, putting himself at the head of twenty-five men, he sallied forth from the intrenchment. Silently they crept towards the church enclosure, and without firing a shot they leapt over the low wall and sprang at the gunners with their bayonets. The encounter was short and bloody. After spiking two or three guns they rushed onwards to the mess-house, where they surprised several of the rebel gunners asleep at their post, blew up one of the 24-pounders, and spiked two more guns. In an hour they returned to the intrenchment, leaving one of their scanty number behind and bringing back four wounded. Great was the relief of the garrison at their return. "The suspense of that night," wrote a woman, "I cannot describe: we knew that the number of the sick and wounded was large, and the idea of seeing

15th June. Sally made by Captain Moore.

[1] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by Martin Richard Gubbins, p. 443.

the small number of our defenders reduced by twenty, including a first-rate officer, threw us into agonies of fear: every sound was hushed in no time, the stillness of death seemed to be before us, and the very infant to understand its danger. Captain Moore came back sooner than was expected. He was absent only an hour, but oh! that hour was eternity."[1]

It was a brilliant, daring, and successful exploit. But it availed little. The next day the enemy brought fresh guns into position. Orders were also issued to prepare boats for the transit of two regiments, with artillery, expected from Oudh. On the 16th these regiments,[2] with some horse and artillery, joined the rebels, and boasted that they would take the intrenchment in two days. "They were consequently in great favour with the Nana, who directed them to be feasted with sweetmeats and to be treated with distinction." A court, composed of Babu Bhut, the Nana's brother, Azemoolah, and two others, was formed for the trial of criminal cases, and the old oriental method of administering justice and meting out punishment was resumed. Several leading citizens were paraded through the city on donkeys and their houses razed to the ground for disreputable modes of livelihood, and a man of the Bauria caste had his hands cut off for theft.

The rebels are reinforced by two regiments, with artillery, from Oudh.

On the 18th June a battery erected south of the

18th June.

[1] MS. narrative written for the author.

[2] The regiments were the 4th and 5th Oudh Locals, known as the Nadaree (Nadiri), taken from that of Nadir Shah, the invader of India, whose name became a byword for Victory and hence applied to a regiment, and Akhtaree (Akhtari), or the Star Regiment.

intrenchment, and commanded by the Meer Nawab, opened fire with great violence: one more of the guns in the intrenchment was disabled, and many of the garrison were killed. In the heat and fury of the cannonade an assault was made, but after a brief tough struggle the stormers were repulsed. "The courage of the British was highly extolled, and the mutineers greatly depressed at their repeated failures: those of them who had already acquired wealth by plunder sought opportunities for slipping away to their homes, while such as had wives and families would not attend the batteries, nor willingly join in the assaults made on the intrenchments; but by far the greater number, the Nadaree and Akhtaree regiments excepted, took their ease seated in the shops along the banks of the canal, plundering the supplies brought in, eagerly helping themselves to large quantities of sugar, and drinking sherbet to their heart's content." On the 19th news reached the rebels of the approach of the 17th Native Infantry with guns and treasure from Azimgurh. A consultation, attended by Babu Bhut, Azemoolah, and General Teeka Sing, was held the same day at the Nana's, at which it was suggested that stratagem should be employed to induce the Europeans to leave the intrenchment, when they might easily be massacred. Fighting them, it was urged, only led to guns being lost. As all present did not assent to the proposal, it was suggested that another meeting should be shortly held.

Arrival of the 17th Native Infantry from Azimgurh.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON Sunday morning, the 21st June, it was proclaimed by beat of drum that the Peshwa's Government had been established at Poona, and that the rebels ruled the city of Lucknow. During the afternoon the enemy sent a fearful discharge of grape whistling through the intrenchment. At midnight Major Vibart wrote to Sir Henry Lawrence: "We have been cannonaded for six hours a-day by twelve guns. This evening in three hours upwards of thirty shells (mortars) were thrown into the intrenchment. This has occurred daily for the last eight days: *an idea may be formed of our casualties*, and how little protection the barracks afford to the women. Any aid to be effective must be immediate. In the event of rain falling, our position would be untenable." He assured Sir Henry Lawrence that, according to telegraphic despatches received previous to the outbreak, 1000 Europeans were to have arrived on the 14th instant. "This force may be on its way up. Any assistance you can send might co-operate with it. Nine-pounder ammunition, chiefly cartridges, is required. Should the above force arrive, we can in return ensure the safety of Lucknow. Being simply a military man, General Wheeler has no power to offer bribes in land and money to the insurgents, 21st June.

nor any means whatever of communication with them. You can ascertain the best means of crossing the river. Nujuffgurh Ghaut is suggested. It is earnestly requested that whatever is done may be effected without a moment's delay. We have lost about a third of our original number. The enemy are strongest in artillery. They appear not to have more than 400 or 500 infantry. They move their guns with difficulty, by means of unbroken bullocks. The infantry are great cowards, and easily repulsed."[1]

22nd June. General assault made on the intrenchment.

On Monday, the 22nd of June, the rebels, after much discussion, plucked up sufficient courage to determine to make a general assault. That night a storming party from barrack No. 1 threatened barrack No. 2. Captain Thomson saw the rebels collecting there from all parts, and fearing that his small band would be overpowered by numbers, sent to Captain Moore for more men. The answer was, "Not one could be spared." Soon after, the intrepid Irishman, accompanied by Lieutenant Delafosse, went across and said to Thomson : " I think I shall try a new dodge ; we are going out into the open, and I shall give the word of command as though our party were about to commence an attack." Forthwith they sallied out, Moore with a sword, Delafosse with an empty musket. Moore in a loud voice gave the word of command : " Number one to the front." " And hundreds of ammunition-pouches rattled on the bayonet-sheaths as our courageous foes vaulted out from the cover afforded by heaps

[1] "The Mutinies in Oudh," by Martin Richard Gubbins, p. 444.

of rubbish and rushed into the safer quarters presented by the barrack walls. We followed them with a vigorous salute, and as they did not show fight just then, we had a hearty laugh at the ingenuity which had devised and the courage which had executed this successful feint."[1] During the remainder of the night the rebels kept the small garrison on the alert by perpetual surprises and mock charges. At the first streak of dawn they, however, advanced boldly up to the doorway of the barracks. No door, but only brickwork breast-high with stout hearts behind it, prevented their entry. Mainwaring's revolver despatched two or three. Stirling, with an Enfield rifle, shot one and bayoneted another. Moore, with deadly effect, emptied both barrels of his gun. "We were seventeen of us inside that barrack, and they left eighteen corpses lying outside the doorway. The gallant band must, however, have been overpowered by numbers if Moore had not, on seeing the barracks filled with the enemy, sallied forth with twenty-five men to the rescue." Advancing under cover of No. 5 barrack, he sent a few volleys, then going ahead behind No. 4 barrack, he managed to drive them all into Nos. 1 and 2, where a few rounds of canister routed them out entirely, killing about thirty-five or forty of their number.

At the same time an assault was being made on all sides of the intrenchment by the rebel host. It was the centenary of Plassey, and they vowed not

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 125.

to spare a soul that day, even if they should all die in the atttempt. No sooner was the signal given than regular and irregular, Moslem and Hindu, rushed impetuously forward. Impatient of delay, the cavalry charged forth from the riding-school at a hand-gallop; but ere the intrenchment was reached their horses became winded, their pace slacked, and as they came on they were swept away by our artillery. They wavered a little; then, wheeling round, the few survivors fled. More cautiously the skirmishers advanced, rolling before them for protection huge bales of cotton. When they had got them within a hundred yards of the wall, the main body of the infantry in the rear raised a loud shout and rushed boldly forward, led by the subadar-major of the 1st Native Infantry, a tall powerful man, who had sworn upon the holy Ganges either to take the intrenchment or perish sword in hand. A musket-ball from the rampart laid him low, and round after round of canister mowed his followers down. Staggered by the double fire, the enemy fell back, leaving two hundred killed and wounded on the field. At dusk a party of sepoys came out unarmed, and having saluted, obtained leave to take away their dead.

Many and signal were the examples of bravery and devotion displayed that day. But among them one was pre-eminent. It had better be told without comment in the words of one who saw it: "This day I saw a very daring and brave act done in our camp. About midday one of our ammuni-

tion-waggons in the north-east corner was blown up by the enemy's shot, and while it was blazing, the batteries from the artillery barracks and the tank directed all their guns towards it. Our soldiers being much exhausted with the morning's work, and almost every artilleryman either killed or wounded, it was a difficult matter to put out the fire, which endangered the other waggons near it. However, in the midst of the cannonading a young officer of the 53rd Native Infantry (Lieutenant Delafosse), with unusual courage, went up, and laying himself down under the burning waggon, pulled away from it what loose splinters, &c., he could get hold of, all the while throwing earth on the flames. He was soon joined by two soldiers, who brought with them a couple of buckets of water, which were very dexterously thrown about by the Lieutenant, and while the buckets were taken to be replenished from the drinking water of the men close by, the process of pitching earth was carried on amid a fearful cannonading of about six guns, all firing upon the burning waggon. Thus, at last, the fire was put out, and the officer and men escaped unhurt."

The little band of warriors had made good their stand against the overwhelming odds of numbers. But the contest could not long endure. The post was crumbling to pieces, and was hardly any longer tenable. Day by day the garrison became more worn by want of food and sleep, and wasted by disease and the constant firing of the enemy. Here are a few instances of what took place. Lieutenant

Poole was struck by a musket-ball and fell to the ground. Captain Thomson, who went to support him, was hit under the right shoulder-blade. Mr Hillersdon was standing in a verandah conversing with his wife, who had been recently confined, when a round-shot completely disembowelled him.[1] Mr Heberden, employed on the railway, was handing a lady some water when a grape-shot passed through both his hips, leaving an awful wound. "He lay for a whole week upon his face." Lieutenant Eckford, more fortunate, was struck by a round-shot in the heart, causing instant death.[2] Lieutenant Jervis, who always scorned to run, was calmly walking across the open in the midst of a shower of bullets when some of his comrades cried out to him, "Run, Jervis! Run!" But he refused, and was killed by a bullet through the heart. Three young subalterns had their heads taken off by round-shots in the Redan.[3] The General, stricken in age, after spending three hours on the 23rd of June in the trenches cheering the men, "returned to find my favourite darling son killed by a 9-pounder in the room with his mother and sisters."

[1] "His wife only survived him two or three days: she was killed by a number of falling bricks, dislodged by a shot, and causing concussion of the brain. Mrs Hillersdon was a most accomplished lady, and by reason of her cheerfulness, amiability, and piety, universally a favourite at the station."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 107.

[2] "He was an excellent artillery officer, and could ill be spared: besides his high military accomplishments, this gentleman was an admirable linguist, and his death was a great loss to his country."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 110.

[3] Lieutenants Smith and Redman and Ensign Supple.

The following day (24th June) Sir Hugh wrote to Henry Lawrence: "British spirit alone remains, but it cannot last for ever." And from the brave old man was wrung the cry: "Surely we are not to die like rats in a cage." Poor Wheeler! it would have been well for him if he had perished in the wrath and rage of battle: it was in an ill day that he trusted the oath of a base Mahratta. On the morning of the 25th a note was brought to him by an elderly person named Mrs Jacobs,[1] who had been captured while endeavouring to escape in native clothes. The document was in the handwriting of Azemoolah, but it was attested by no signature. The superscription was: "To the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria," and the contents ran as follows: "All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad."

24th June.

25th June. Note brought from the Nana.

The General called his advisers Moore and Whiting round him to deliberate on the business. His own voice was raised against making any terms, for he knew that with Orientals treachery is a most lawful act when it enables men to take vengeance upon an enemy, and to satiate their hearts' animosity. Moore knew little of the feelings and

[1] Mr Shepherd states the note was brought in the afternoon of the 24th, and that it was conveyed by "a very aged European lady, Mrs Greenway." Captain Thomson states that he "recognised her as Mrs Greenway." The confidential servant of Mr Greenway, however, affirmed that the lady was Mrs Jacobs, and his statement is supported by the majority of the depositions.

passions of the East, and was willing to treat. Brave to recklessness, ready to lead his men on every perilous adventure, he thought not of himself but of the helpless wounded and the women and children, whose sufferings increased hourly. There was no immediate prospect of succour from Lucknow or Calcutta. In three days their scanty stock of provisions would be completely exhausted. For him and the able-bodied there was still a soldier's death ; for the sick and wounded, for the women and children, starvation or capitulation was the only alternative. Each day their condition was becoming more critical. The tottering defences were wasting away under the incessant cannonade of the besiegers, and the monsoon rains, daily expected, would complete their ruin. Great numbers not merely of the soldiers also but of the civilians had been slain. Every corner was filled with the sick and wounded. The few who were still in a condition to do their duty were worn by long vigils and excessive toil. Would it not then be wise to make terms, while the few could still make resistance behind those mud walls, while the failure to take them by storm was still fresh in the memory of the rebels? Whiting supported Moore. Long and anxious was the deliberation. At length the objections of the General were overcome by their exhortations, and at noon Mrs Jacobs went back to the rebel camp. On her return she had an interview with the Nana, Azemoolah, and Brigadier Jwala Pershad, and when the conference broke up it was rumoured that an agreement had been made with the English, who were to

give up their guns and treasure, and were in return to be provided with boats to convey them to Allahabad. The rumour was confirmed by the Nana issuing orders that boats should be provided to convey them to that station. At sunset a consultation was held in the Nana's tent, when it was decided that the British should be massacred at the Suttee Choura Ghat.[1]

At half-past 8 P.M. Lieutenant G. Masters of the 53rd Native Infantry wrote to his father, Colonel Masters of the 7th Cavalry, at Lucknow: "We have now held out for twenty-one days under a tremendous fire. The Rajah of Bithoor has offered to forward us in safety to Allahabad, and the General has accepted his terms. I am all right though twice wounded. Charlotte Newnham and Bella Blair are dead. I'll write from Allahabad. God bless you."

On Friday, the 26th of June, the enemy ceased firing. "The roaring of cannon having ceased, a weight seemed taken off each heart, the joy was general, and everybody appeared to have at once forgotten their past sufferings. It was such happiness to quit a place fraught with such misery, and so fearfully haunted with the groans of those death had snatched away. The soldiers were singing and dancing by beating time with drumsticks on an empty cask. But the merriest were the children. 26th June.

[1] "Bala, the Nana's brother, Azemoolah, Brigadier Jwala Pershad, Shal Alee, and Ahmed Alee Vakeeh were present."—"Synopsis of Evidence of the Cawnpore Mutiny," by Lieutenant-Colonel G. Williams.

It was the first time since we had entered those fatal buildings that the little ones were allowed their liberty, and they were making up for lost time." Early in the day Azemoolah and Brigadier Jwala Pershad came within two hundred yards of the intrenchment, and Moore and Whiting, accompanied by Mr Roche, the postmaster, went forth to meet them. The terms of the capitulation were committed to paper. They were "honourable surrender of our shattered barracks and free exit under arms, with sixty rounds of ammunition per man; carriages to be provided for the conveyance of the wounded, the women, and the children; boats furnished with flour to be ready at the ghat. Some of the native party added to the remark about supplying us with flour, 'We will give you sheep and goats also.'"

Azemoolah returned to the rebel camp with the understanding that he would place the draft agreement before the Nana. In the afternoon the document was brought back by a trooper with a verbal message to the effect that the Nana agreed to all the conditions, but that the intrenchment must be evacuated that night. It was an impossible and ominous condition, and the draft was returned with an intimation that the departure could not take place before the morrow. The trooper swiftly rode back and bluntly declared that the Nana was inflexible on the point of immediate evacuation. If there were any delay his guns would again open fire. He bade the garrison remember that he knew the desperate straits to which they had been re-

duced, that their guns were shattered, and that a renewal of the bombardment must end in their complete destruction. Whiting, with admirable coolness, replied that they had no fear of the rebels ever being able to enter the intrenchment. All their assaults had been repelled. If they ever succeeded in overpowering the garrison by force of numbers, there would always be sufficient men to blow up the magazine. The trooper returned to the Nana, and the firm defiant language of Whiting had the desired effect, for he again rode back with the verbal consent that the evacuation might be delayed till the morrow. Mr Todd, who had formerly been the Nana's English tutor, now ventured to take the instrument to the Nana, and after an absence of about half an hour returned with it duly signed. Three men were sent by the Nana into the intrenchment as hostages, one of them being Brigadier Jwala Pershad. The uninjured guns and the treasure, amounting to about £12,000, were then made over to the Nana. Twenty-four boats lying at the Customs ghat were seized by command of the Nana, and every exertion was made to prepare them for the reception of the British on the following day. They were moved down to the Suttee Choura Ghat and there inspected by a committee of three officers, who directed certain alterations to be made.[1]

[1] "A committee was next appointed, consisting of Captain Athill Turner and Lieutenants Delafosse and Goad, to go down the river and see if the boats were in readiness for our reception. An escort of native cavalry was sent to conduct them to the ghaut. They found about forty boats moored and apparently ready for departure, some of

In the evening Tantia Topee was closeted with the Nana, and when the conference was over he issued orders that before daybreak the troops should march to the Suttee Choura Ghat, a landing-place situated about a mile to the north-west of the intrenchment. The feudal barons, with their followers, were also warned to be in attendance at the ghat. A faithful native clerk visited his master in the intrenchment, and on being told to procure thirty pounds for the trip, revealed to him the meditated treachery. He stated all he had heard while waiting in the Nana's tent. But his voice was unheeded.

During the night an accident occurred which seemed likely to produce a renewal of hostilities. A sleepy rebel sentry dropped his musket and so caused its discharge. This alarmed the whole rebel force, who opened a heavy fire on the intrenchments, but ceased on receiving a message from Jwala Pershad.

them roofed and others undergoing that process. These were the large up-country boats, so well known to all Indians. The committee saw also the apparent victualling of some of the boats, as in their presence a show of furnishing them with supplies was made, though before the morning there was not left in any of them a sufficient meal for a rat."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 156.

CHAPTER XXIV

With the first light of the morning some two hundred mutineers, with guns, marched to the Suttee Choura Ghat. On a knoll overlooking and commanding the line of boats were the ruins of a house lately burnt by the rebels. Here a body of sepoys with one gun were stationed. The knoll was separated from the village of Suttee Choura, from which the ghat takes its name, by a ravine in which another party of mutineers were placed, and twenty-five men were secretly collected behind some timber. Above the ghat is the Fisherman's Temple.[1] The fane is now fast falling into ruins, and it is hard for the traveller seated on its broken steps to realise that this is the scene of a great tragedy which enacted itself on this earth within the memory of man. All around is so calm and peaceful. No sound breaks the stillness of the air, and not a breath of wind ruffles the broad waters of the Ganges. A country boat is floating down the stream, and the wide brown sails catch the golden rays of the sun as it rises above the horizon on a fresh December morning. Forty years ago, as the dawn walked forth fiery-footed in the month of June, on a carpet spread before the temple sat Bala, the Nana's brother, Azemoolah,

[1] Hurdeen's Julleea.

Brigadier Jwala Pershad, and Tantia Topee, busy giving their final instructions, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of their victims. A squadron of troops were drawn up south of the Fisherman's Temple. A quarter of a mile below it was another small shrine, at which a field-piece and a company of sepoys had been posted during the siege to guard the ghat. The evening before they had been withdrawn in order not to raise the suspicion of the officers when they visited the boats. At dawn the gun was again put into position, and a large body of mutineers guarded it. About eight hundred yards lower down was another landing-place. Here, too, a gun protected by a company was stationed. These two guns commanded the river for some distance above and below, and could rake the boats as they lay moored at the ghat or floated down the stream. On the opposite bank of the stream directly facing the ghat were stationed, concealed behind a sandy ridge, two guns, the 17th Native Infantry, and the 13th Native Cavalry. They were intended to cut off the retreat of any that reached the other side and attempted to make their way to Lucknow. A party of horse and foot were also told off to follow the garrison, and they were ordered, on reaching the bridge which spanned the ravine and commanded the Suttee Choura Ghat, to form up in line as a firing-party. The design was to butcher every soul, and the rebel leaders at the temple made their arrangements with infernal skill. Within the intrenchment men and women

were busy all the night making preparations for their departure. Such was their condition that they did not dread any miseries in the unknown future. The women who had daily helped the men behind the battlements bore traces of their prodigious sufferings, and were soiled with unremitting labour. But though they had laid aside the weakness of their sex, they retained the fineness of their nature. "Little relics of jewellery were secreted by some in the tattered fragments of their dress. . . . Some cherished a Bible or a Prayer-Book; others bestowed all their care upon the heirlooms which the dead had entrusted to their keeping to be transferred to survivors at home."[1] Children, shadows of themselves, clung to their mothers' rags. The men, costumed in tarnished and torn uniforms, presented a miserable figure. "There were few shoes, fewer stockings, and scarcely any shirts: these had all gone for bandages."[2] But of that ragged, starved, and battered band few could depart without the highest regret from a spot where they had suffered calamities too great for tears. "They looked down the well and thought of the beloved ones consigned to its keeping." But the sick and wounded were more to be pitied than those who had gone. More than two hundred of them had to be conveyed to the river. There was no medicine to relieve their sufferings, and the most cautious handling of their comrades caused them excruciating agony. In the grey of the morning

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 160.
[2] Ibid., p. 162.

of Saturday, the 27th of June, the carriage sent by the Nana for the transport of the sick and wounded and the women and children reached the intrenchment. The place was soon filled with rebel sepoys,[1] and when they saw the crumbling wall and the shattered batteries they were loud in their expressions of wonder and praise at the long defence made by the garrison. They were told that but for want of food it would have been held to the last man. A few inquired after their old officers, whom they missed, and seemed much distressed on hearing of their death. Some were rough and insulting in their demeanour, and were told by Moore that their triumph would be short, and each man would have to answer for his evil deeds.[2] One man, bolder than the rest, said to a British soldier, "Give me that musket," and placed his hand upon the weapon. "You shall have its contents, if you please, but not the gun," was the defiant reply. All was finished at last, and about 6 A.M. the garrison began to leave the intrenchment. Sixteen elephants and about seventy palanquins carrying the wounded led the way. After them came the advanced-guard, consisting of some men of the 32nd, commanded by Moore. Then followed a few more elephants, and a long line of bullock-carts carrying the women and children. All the men who were able to walk succeeded, and the procession was brought up by Major Vibart (the last man to leave the intrench-

[1] MS. narrative. Captain Mowbray Thomson states the sepoys rushed in as soon as the first detachment left the intrenchment.

[2] Ibid.

ment), escorted by a large number of rebel sepoys belonging to his corps.[1] The concourse was swelled by thousands of natives of both sexes, who swarmed from their dingy homes to witness the portentous pageant. Many were there to give vent to their vindictive feeling; some to pay their respects to those they had known in happier days. Servants were assembled to bid farewell to their old masters. Not a few had shared the dangers and privations of the siege. The examples of disinterestedness and heroic fidelity to be gleaned from the evidence recorded in the official papers afford some relief to the most terrible features of that tale of treachery and enormous wickedness. Out of the number of illustrations it is not easy to make selections. Here is a striking instance. A servant of Colonel Williams, who commanded the 56th Native Infantry, had great difficulty in reaching his mistress, as the party was surrounded by sepoys. "I applied to Aminudeedeen, the havildar-major of the 56th, who said the thing was impossible. I appealed to him, and begged him to remember the kindness he had received from the Colonel. After persuasion, he said that he could not show his face before the Colonel's lady, but directed four sepoys to take me to my mistress and prevent my being disturbed."

[1] "The rear was brought up by Major Vibart, who was the last officer in the intrenchment. Some of the rebels who had served in this officer's regiment insisted on carrying out the property which belonged to him. They loaded a bullock-cart with boxes, and escorted the Major's wife and family down to the boats with the most profuse demonstrations of respect."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 164.

He was taken to his mistress, and found her and her two daughters in wretched plight, scorched and blistered by the sun. "My mistress had a slight bullet-wound on the upper lip. She said that my master had died on the eighth of June." His mistress then told him to go and bring another servant to accompany her to Allahabad. He went. And both arrived in time to witness the opening of that great tragedy. The procession had not proceeded far when the sepoys showed that every other emotion was lost in deadly hatred. A jemadar, three sepoys, and a native doctor of the 56th Native Infantry, who, true to their salt, had remained with their officers throughout the siege, and left the intrenchment in their company, were seized and carried off by their comrades notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of their Adjutant, Lieutenant Goad. They were taken before the native officer commanding a battery at the mess-house of their corps. "He said they should not have been taken prisoners, having become Christians, but ought at once to have been slain." And they were slain. Another murder revealed all the ferocity which the spirit of fanaticism and revenge could inspire. A litter containing Colonel Ewart, commanding the 1st Native Infantry, who had been severely wounded, fell into the rear, and when passing St John's Church was stopped by seven or eight men of his own regiment. The bearers were commanded to lay it on the ground. The sepoys then mockingly asked their wounded commander, "Is not this a fine parade, and is it not well dressed up?" Two of them cut him to pieces with their swords. Turning

to his wife, who had walked beside the litter, the miscreants said, "Go, we will not kill you, for you are a woman, but throw down all you have." She threw down a small packet at their feet, and her they also slew.

Meanwhile the long files had bent their way unmolested to the wooden bridge, and leaving it to the right, filed down the ravine. When the last man had entered the gorge, the troopers, according to their orders, formed a line across the entrance and allowed none of the crowd to pass. The procession held its course down the nullah till it came to the river, where the boats were lying on their sides in the sand with about two feet of water rippling around them. The work of embarkation was long, tedious, and difficult. Men and women had to wade knee-deep through the water, and it was no easy task to hoist the women and children on board. It was 9 A.M. when Major Vibart clambered into his boat and gave the word "Off"—a welcome sound after a weary month of incredible hardship and imprisonment. But the command fell on traitorous ears. The ominous blast of a bugle was heard, and at the signal the crew leaped overboard and waded towards dry ground. Now, as if by magic, from the ruins on the heights and from behind the timber came forth a tempest of bullets, and the guns on the bank threw out a hail of shot and grape which went through and through the boats. The fire was returned with spirit, and desperate efforts were made by our men to push off the boats. But all except three stuck fast. Then above the ring of the bullets and the hum of the shells was heard the crackling

of fire, and a dense cloud of smoke burst forth from the thatch roofs. In a few minutes the sick and wounded were burnt to death. To escape the scorching flames men and women with their children jumped into the water. Some waded far into the stream and were drowned; others crouched behind the boats to escape the pitiless storm of shell and musketry. It was all in vain. The 17th Native Infantry, with the two guns stationed on the opposite bank of the river, began work, and poured into them more grape and musketry. When few were left there was a lull in the incessant fire, and the troopers posted near Hurdeen's Temple, urged by Bala Rao and Tantia Topee, entered the river and sabred those who were alive. Whilst the massacre was taking place at the ghat a trooper of the 2nd Cavalry galloped to the Savada House, where the Nana was staying, and informed him that his enemies, their wives and children, were being slain. "Yes, the news was true," remarked a bystander, "for an infant of a month old was seen floating down the stream." The Nana answered that "for the destruction of women and children there was no necessity, and directed the sowar to return with an order to stay their slaughter."[1] The trooper conveyed his command, the massacre ceased, and one hundred and twenty women and children were brought out of the river and collected on the bank. Here for some hours they sat beneath the pitiless sun, guarded by the sepoys, till the order came

[1] "Synopsis of Evidence of the Cawnpore Mutiny," by Lieutenant-Colonel G. Williams.

that they were to be taken to the Nana. And then they were led back by the same road they had come. But now "there were no men of the party, but only some boys twelve or thirteen years of age." Many of the women were wounded. "Their clothes," writes one who watched them go by, "had blood on them. Two were badly hurt, and had their heads bound up with handkerchiefs. Some were wet, covered with mud and blood; and some had their dresses torn, but all had clothes. I saw one or two children without clothes." Another witness states: "The ladies' clothing was wet and soiled, and some of them were barefoot. Many were wounded. Two of them I observed well as being wounded in the leg and under the arm." Thus, wounded and footsore, with their clothes drenched, and dripping with blood, the forlorn victims of a cruel frenzy were led before the Nana, and he ordered them to be confined in the Savada House.

Three of the boats floated clear of the ghat. Two being crippled, drifted on to the Oudh bank, and their inmates were massacred by the 17th Native Infantry with the exception of eighteen individuals sent in as prisoners to the Nana. The third, Major Vibart's boat, being of lighter draft, got into the full force of the stream.[1] A shot from the southern bank struck

[1] "Synopsis of Evidence of the Cawnpore Mutiny," by Lieutenant-Colonel G. Williams. Lieutenant Delafosse writes: "Only three boats got safe over to the opposite side of the river, but were met by two field-pieces guarded by numbers of cavalry and infantry. Before the boats had gone a mile down the stream half of our small party were either killed or wounded, and two of our boats had been swamped."

her rudder and sent her spinning round, but she floated on, followed by some sturdy swimmers, who attempted to overtake her. Among them was Mowbray Thomson, who, throwing into the Ganges his father's Ghazni medal and his mother's portrait, struck out for the boat.[1] A dozen men were beating the water for dear life. Close by Thomson's side were Ensign Henderson (56th Native Infantry) and his brother, who had but recently landed in India. "They both swam well for some distance, when the younger became weak, and although we encouraged him to the utmost, he went down in our sight though not within our reach: presently his survivor, T. W. Henderson, was struck on the hand by a grape-shot. He put the disabled arm over my shoulder, and with one arm each we swam to the boat, which by this time had stranded on a bank close to the Oudh side of the river."[2]

Many a gallant life was lost in attempting to push off the boat. A ball pierced the intrepid Moore through the heart; Ashe and Bolton were also struck dead. "Burney and Glanville were carried off by one round-shot, which also shattered Lieutenant Fagan's leg to such an extent that from

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 168.

[2] "Just after I had been pulled into the boat, Mrs Swinton, who was a relative of Lieutenant Jervis of the Engineers, was standing up in the stern, and having been struck by a round-shot, fell overboard and sank immediately. Her poor little boy, six years old, came up to me and said, 'Mamma has fallen overboard.' I endeavoured to comfort him, and told him mamma would not suffer any more pain. The little babe cried out—'Oh! why are they firing upon us? Did not they promise to leave off?' I never saw the child after that, and suspect that he soon shared his mother's death."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 171.

the knee downwards it was only held together by the sinews. His sufferings were frightful, but he behaved with wonderful patience."[1] Alternately drifting and stranding, the boat slowly proceeded down the stream. "It was impossible to steer her. Her rudder was shot away; we had no oars, for these had all been thrown overboard by the traitorous boatmen, and the only implements that could be brought into use were a spar or two and such pieces of wood as we could in safety tear away from the sides." Grape and round-shot were poured upon them from either bank. At times they drifted within a hundred yards of the guns on the Oudh side of the river, "and saw them load, prime, and fire into our midst." Shortly after midday they got out of the range of the enemy's great guns. "The sandy bed on the river-bank had disabled their artillery bullocks, but they chased us the whole day, firing in volleys of musketry incessantly."

Shot, shell, and musketry were, however, the least of the evils they had to endure that long lingering day. Blessed were the dead. For the living there was no food in the boat, and they had taken nothing before starting. "The water of the Ganges was all that passed our lips, save prayers, shrieks, and groans." The wounded and the slain lay entangled together in the bottom of the boat. To extricate the corpses was a work of extreme difficulty; but it was imperatively necessary on account of the dreaded consequences of the intense heat,

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 171.

and the importance of lightening the boat as much as possible.

The day passed. The boat had floated down the stream only six miles when at 5 P.M. it once more stranded. All efforts to move the keel an inch were in vain. It was determined to wait there till nightfall, when it was hoped that under the screen of darkness they would be able to disembark the women and so lighten the craft. When darkness came the rebels sent a burning boat down the stream. It drew nearer, and was almost among them when "providentially the thing glided past us, though within a yard or two." They also sent a flight of arrows tipped with lighted charcoal, with the object of igniting the thatched roof, and the sole shelter from sun and rain had to be thrown overboard. By dint of hard work the boat was again got adrift, but the work of pushing away from the sandbanks was incessant. "We spent as much of the night out as we did in the boat. There was no moon, however, and although they did not cease firing at us until after midnight they did us little damage."[1]

When dawn broke, and the surrounding objects gradually emerged from the darkness, nothing could be seen of their pursuers, and they began to hope that the rebels had abandoned the chase. They, however, had made only four miles in the night. Two hours passed by. Then some natives were seen bathing by the bank, and a native drummer was sent with five rupees to obtain provisions. One

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 174.

of the bathers took the money and promised to procure some flour, leaving his brass drinking-vessel as a pledge of his good faith. He, however, never returned. Before going he informed the drummer that orders had been sent down to seize the fugitives, and that a powerful landlord whose estates lay a little farther down on the Oudh side had engaged that not a soul should escape. The news stunned them. Now they seemed advancing upon inevitable destruction. "Whiting pencilled a few lines on a scrap of paper stating they had abandoned hope, which he placed in a bottle and committed to the stream."

At 2 P.M. the boat again got aground off the village of Nuzzufghur, and soon a multitude of men came dashing out of the hamlet and plied their musketry with terrible and fearful rapidity. "Major Vibart had been shot through one arm on the previous day; nevertheless he got out, and while helping to push off the boat was shot through the other arm. Captain Athill Turner had both his legs smashed. Captain Whiting was killed. Lieutenant Quin was shot through the arm; Captain Seppings through the arm; and Mrs Seppings through the thigh. Lieutenant Harrison was shot dead." The rebels brought out a gun, but happily the rain came down in such torrents that they were able to fire only one shot.

As the dusk closed in a boat manned by sixty mutineers, thoroughly armed, was seen coming down the stream. They had been sent to pursue and destroy the fugitives. The pursuers, however,

ran on a sandbank. The energy and courage of the Englishmen grew with danger. Eighteen or twenty leapt from their boat, charged the enemy, "and few of their number escaped to tell the story."

So passed another day. The terrible agitation of the preceding thirty-six hours, the wild escape, the strenuous labour, had not diminished the courage of the fugitives, but had exhausted the strength of their human frames, and they fell asleep "expecting never to see the morrow." A hurricane arose during the night, and some of their number awaking found that they were again afloat. "Some fresh hopes buoyed us up again." But they sped swiftly. When the great dawn came steaming up, they saw that the boat had drifted out of the navigable channel into a back-water. She again grounded. Their pursuers, following like a pack of bloodhounds, soon discovered them, and their fire was shamefully and mercilessly continued. At 9 A.M. Major Vibart directed Captain Thomson, with Lieutenant Delafosse, Sergeant Grady, and eleven privates of the 84th and 32nd Regiments, to wade to the shore and drive away the mutineers while they attempted to ease off the boat.[1] Reaching the shore, and "maddened by desperation," they charged, and drove back the foe for some distance. Then, being surrounded by a swarm of natives, armed and unarmed, they faced about and cut their way back to the spot where they had landed. The boat had gone. "Our first thought was that

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 178; also Lieutenant Delafosse's account.

they had got loose again, and were farther down the stream; and we followed in that direction, but never saw either the boat or our doomed companions any more."[1]

Separating to the distance of about twenty paces apart, these thirteen Englishmen pursued their course step by step, loading and firing upon the murderers behind them. Bareheaded beneath the burning sun, barefooted over rugged ground, they fought their way for three miles till they reached a temple on the bank of the river. A large number of men were in front waiting for them, and the opposite bank was lined with rebels in case they should attempt to swim across. No time for hesitation. They fired a volley and made a rush for the shrine. As he was entering the temple Sergeant Grady fell dead, shot through the head. Thomson instantly set four of the men crouching down in the doorway with bayonets fixed and their muskets so placed as to form a *cheval-de-frise* in the narrow entrance. "The mob came on helter-skelter in such maddening haste that some of them fell or were pushed on to the bayonets, and their transfixed bodies made the barrier impassable to the rest, upon whom we, from behind our novel defence, poured shot upon shot into the crowd." The rebels, unable to take the shrine by storm, attempted to dig up its foundations. But the walls of the old temple had been too substantially laid. They then fetched faggots, and piling them

[1] "The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 178; also Lieutenant Delafosse's account.

before the door, set them alight.[1] A strong kindly breeze, however, blew the smoke away, and the wood sank down to a pile of embers. A small hope beamed up that they would be able to endure their torture till night—"apparently the only friend left us"—would enable them to make a dash for liberty. But the shadow of a hope soon vanished. The rebels brought bags of gunpowder and threw them upon the red-hot ashes. Delay would have been certain destruction. They rushed out. "The burning wood terribly marred our bare feet, but it was no time to think of trifles. Jumping the parapet, we were in the thick of the rabble in an instant; we fired a volley and ran amuck with the bayonet. Seven of our number succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, and we first threw in our guns and then ourselves." The ammunition in their pouches carried them under the water, and they escaped the first volley. Slipping off their belts, they rose again and swam, pursued by a yelling, howling multitude, who from both banks smote them with a rapid fire of musketry. Two were shot through the head. Private Ryan, almost sinking with exhaustion, swam to a sandbank and was bludgeoned by two ruffians waiting to receive him. For two or three hours the others continued

[1] "From the circular construction of the building they were able to place them right in front of the door with impunity, there being no window or loophole in the place through which we could attack them, nor any means of so doing without exposing ourselves to the whole mob at the entrance."—"The Story of Cawnpore," by Captain Mowbray Thomson, p. 180.

alternately swimming and floating, the sluggish Ganges slowly helping their progress. One by one their pursuers abandoned the chase. "A trooper on horseback was the last we saw of them." They then turned to the shore. A fresh foe awaited them. Two or three long-nosed alligators lay basking on the sandbank. "The natives afterwards said that it was a miracle we had escaped their bottle-nosed brethren, who feed on them."

The four sat down by the shore with the water up to their necks, still doubtful of their safety. Then they heard voices and approaching footsteps, and even as some water-beast basking in the sun on the river-bank hearing a sound plunges swiftly into the stream, so they again dived into the water. When they arose they heard, "Saheb, Saheb, why swim away? We are friends." They replied, "We have been deceived so often that we are not inclined to trust any one." The natives volunteered to throw away their arms as a guarantee of their fidelity. The limbs of the four were loosened by their grievous toil. There was a dim hope that the natives would be true to their word, and so they swam to the shore. "When we reached the shallow water, such was our complete prostration that they were obliged to drag us out: we could not walk, our feet were burnt, and our frames famished. We had been swimming without a moment's intermission a distance of six miles since we left Seorajpore." Thomson had no clothing but a flannel shirt; Delafosse only a piece of sheeting

round his loins; Sullivan and Murphy were naked as they were born; and the three had so suffered from exposure to the sun that the skin was raised in huge blisters, as if they had just escaped death by burning. After a short rest they partly walked, "supported by a native on each side of us," and were partly carried to the nearest village. Here they were hospitably entertained by the headman. The next morning an elephant and a pony were sent to convey them to the fort where Maharajah Diribijah Sing, an Oudh chief, resided. The old man received them with kindness, fed and protected them for three weeks, and provided for their escort to the camp of a detachment of Europeans proceeding from Allahabad to Cawnpore to join the force under the command of Brigadier-General Havelock.

Meanwhile the boat containing their companions had been followed and captured, and all who were in her made prisoners and brought on shore. After a few days these eighty men, women, and children were put on carts and escorted back to Cawnpore. On the 30th of June they reached the city. The Nana, who had gone to Bithoor, sent orders that the men were to be shot and the women confined. "It is said that one European lady was also killed. She stood amongst the males with her child and was ordered to come out, but she said she would remain where her countrymen were. The child was asked of her but she refused to give. This provoked the mutineers, and she got the fate she sought."[1]

[1] Translation of the diary of the Nunna Nawab, a native gentleman residing in Cawnpore.—"State Papers," vol. iii., Appendix A.

Then on that same afternoon "the Nana took his seat on the throne as Peshwa; the sacred marks were affixed on his forehead; salutes were fired; and the city illuminated at night in honour of the occasion."

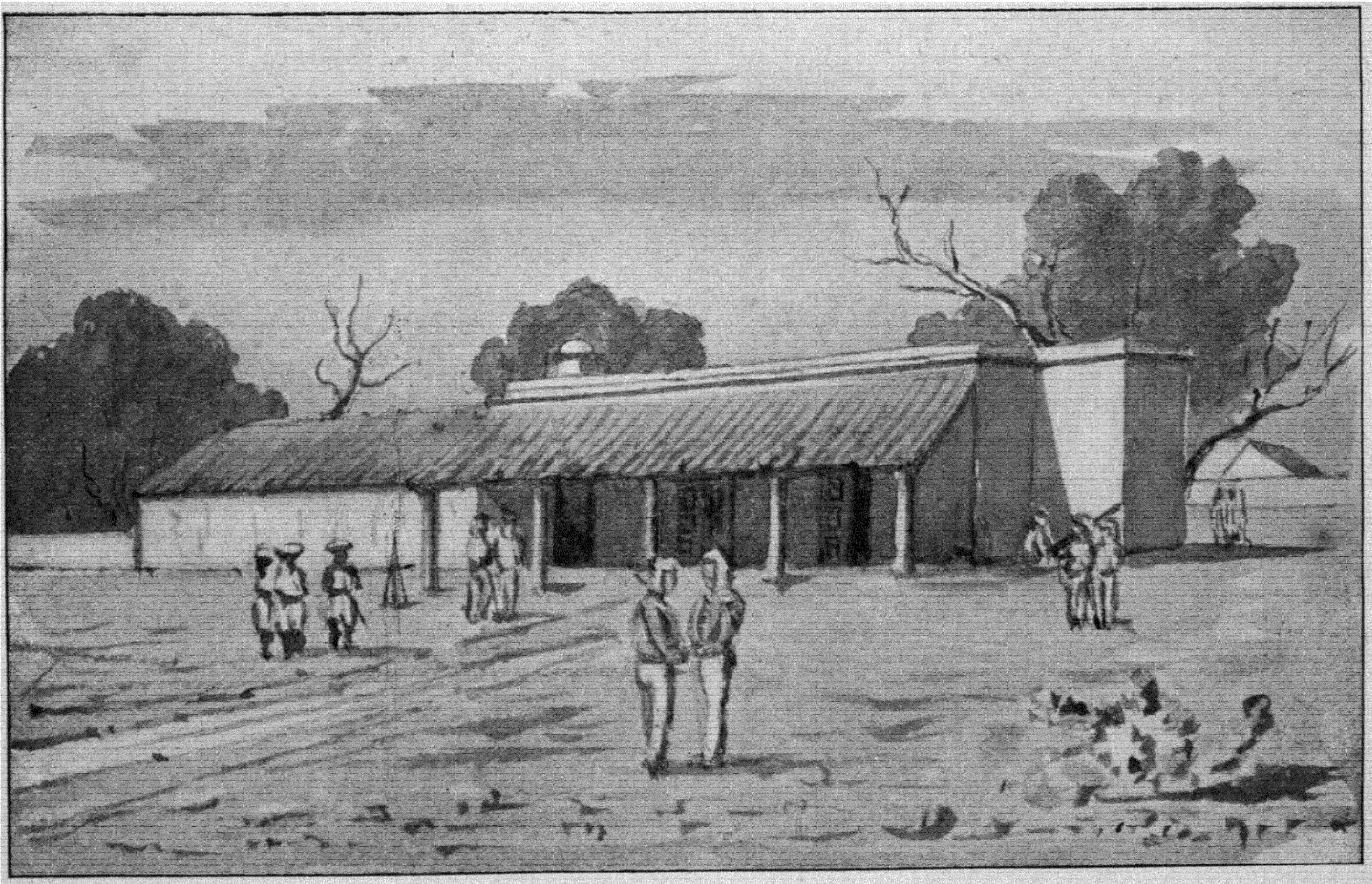
CHAPTER XXV

1st July. On the 1st of July Bala Rao returned to Cawnpore, and there was great dissatisfaction among the mutineers that he was not accompanied by the Nana. The prisoners were removed from Savada to a small house in the grounds of the residence lately occupied by Sir George Parker. It had been built by a former tenant for his native mistress, and hence it was known as the Bibigarh. It comprised two principal rooms about twenty feet long and ten broad, a number of small dark rooms intended for the occupation of native servants, and an open court some fifteen yards square. A narrow verandah ran along the front. In this building, unfit for the occupation of a single English family, were placed for a fortnight in the month of July five men and two hundred and six women and children.[1] Many were wounded; all worn with labour and grief. In their prison there was neither furniture nor bedding nor straw, and their food was cakes of unleavened bread and lentil porridge.[2] Some escaped beyond the

The Bibigarh.

[1] The number of prisoners had been increased by the fugitives from Futtehghur.

[2] The letter, 4th of July. "The cooks employed to procure food for the prisoners representing that the ladies refused to eat the dhall and chapaties daily supplied to them, as much meat as was procurable for the same price as the dhall was henceforth furnished instead."—"Synopsis of Evidence of the Cawnpore Mutiny," by Lieutenant-Colonel G. Williams.



THE BIBIGARH.

HOUSE IN WHICH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE MASSACRED.

hands of their oppressors. "From the 7th to the morning of the 15th, twenty-eight people died": so runs the diary of a native doctor.

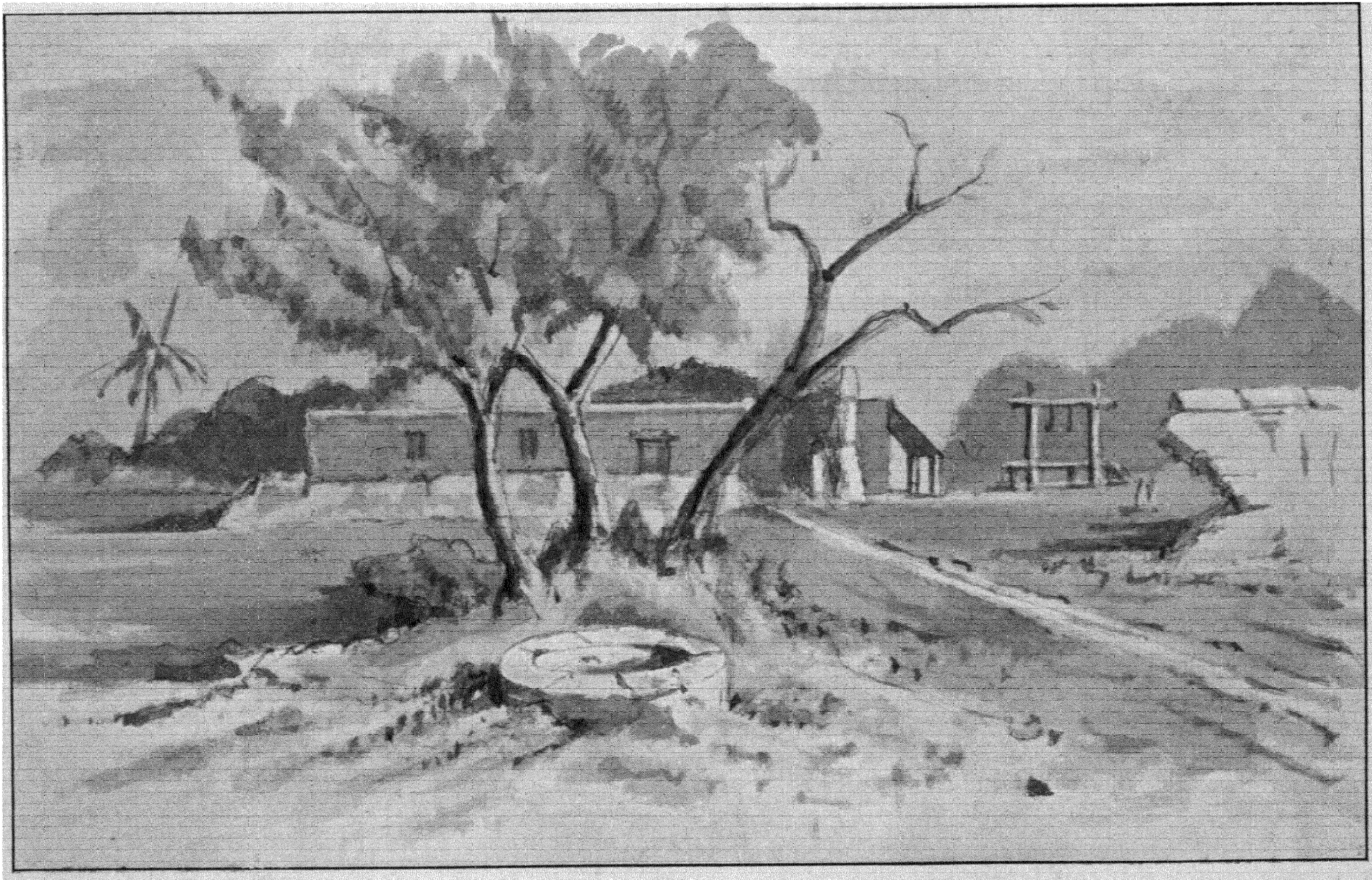
Two days after the removal of the prisoners to the Bibigarh the Nana returned and occupied a large hotel adjacent to it, and Dhundu Punt here spent his time in drinking and toying with his favourite Sultana Adala, and in the evening when "the wine was in him" he revelled in all the orgies of an oriental court. But news had come which even in the hour of revelry and debauchery haunted him with its fatal foreshadowing. The British were advancing from Allahabad. On the 8th the tidings became more precise. The British force, consisting "of European, Madras, and Sikh troops," had left Allahabad. The next day Brigadier Jwala Pershad, commanding the rebel army, went forth to check their advance. When his troops arrived the next 10th July. day at Aong the news of the approach of the British troops was confirmed. The Nana's well-wishers and adherents, however, confidently affirmed he would prove victorious over the small force that opposed him. Two days after, Bala Rao, bringing tidings of his own defeat, returned to Cawnpore wounded in the shoulder. A council, over which the Nana presided, was at once held at his residence. A large number of leading rebels were present. Much dismay and vacillation prevailed. Some were for retiring and uniting their forces with the mutineers of Futtehghur, some for making one more desperate attempt to oppose the march of their victorious foe. After much discussion it was re-

solved to make the last great stand a few miles south of Cawnpore. On one point all were unanimous: the prisoners must be slain. The brutal resolve was mainly due to fear, the mother of all cruelty. A stern retribution, they knew, would be exacted by the British troops for the innocent blood already shed, and many who had aided and abetted their chief dreaded their recognition by some of the prisoners who had long resided at Cawnpore. Having decided that all the captives should be put to death, the assembly dispersed.

At 5 P.M. the five men were told the Nana required their attendance. They well understood the meaning of the summons. But they walked forth with steady step: their lips moved as if in prayer. At the gate which led into the road they were shot dead by a body of mutineers, and their bodies lay on the grass which bordered the highway. An hour later the women and children were hacked to pieces by five ruffians of the Nana's own guard.[1] When darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death fell, the groans ceased and "the doors of the building were closed." Over the events of that wicked night a gloomy mist still hangs, unpenetrated and unpenetrable for ever.[2] Three hours after the

[1] "The girl called the Begum, who attended on the prisoners, is one of five slave-girls bought by the Peshwa, and named Hoseanee Khanum. She, it is said, carried the order for the murder of the prisoners to the sepoy guard placed over them; and on their refusing to execute it, returned and fetched five men of the Nana's own guard, one of whom was her own lover Sirdar Khan."—Memorandum by Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, Secretary to Government, North-Western Provinces.

[2] There are, it is true, the depositions of sixty-three witnesses, natives and half-castes, taken under the directions of Colonel Williams,



THE WELL, CAWNPORE.

break of day the doors were opened and the bodies removed from the slaughter-house and thrown into a well hard by.

On the morning of the 17th of July Havelock's victorious troops entered Cawnpore. Their spirits had been sustained by the excitement of action, by the hope of victory, by the fonder hope of saving the women and children. When they saw the slaughter-house and the well their hearts sank within them. A deep gloom cast its pall over the camp. The silence that pervaded it was only broken by the mournful wail of the bagpipes as the burying-parties carried to their graves those who had fallen by the sword or pestilence. The General, contemplating his position, saw how very bad it was. He had found comfort in the hope and belief that he would rescue the beleaguered in the Lucknow Residency. He had written from Allahabad to Henry Lawrence that he was coming to his rescue. When he entered Cawnpore, Ungud the spy informed him that his old friend was dead. His small force had been greatly diminished by hard fighting and disease. Could Lucknow be succoured by the

17th July.

Commissioner of Police in the North-Western Provinces, but they are the depositions of men who had, or thought they had, the rope round their neck. Their evidence is full of discrepancies, and must be treated with extreme caution. There are also confidential reports from officials, private petitions, depositions of witnesses, unofficial examinations which have been studied by me with care. They showed that although the darkest tints predominate, the picture was not so black as it has been painted. As Colonel Williams states : "The most searching and earnest inquiries totally disprove the unfounded assertion that at first was so frequently made and so currently believed, that personal indignity and dishonour were offered to our poor suffering countrywomen."

shadow of an army insufficient in itself to cover even Cawnpore, destitute of cavalry, horse artillery, or horse battery, and without a reserve between Cawnpore and Calcutta? A report had reached him that the Nana was at Bithoor with forty-five guns and five thousand men. He might at any time make an attack on Cawnpore. That evening the General, giving himself up to his trials and sorrows, sat silent at dinner with a thoughtful and somewhat gloomy brow. But the fortitude of Havelock was that highest sort of fortitude which is derived from reflection and from a belief in a living faith, and is not to be shaken by reverses or dangers. After some time spent in deep thought the gloom vanished, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed with his wonted fire, "If the worst comes to the worst, we can but die with swords in our hands."

18th July. Havelock's force move to Nawabgunge.

The next morning, the 18th of July, Havelock moved his force to a well-selected site in the civil station of Nawabgunge,[1] which he proceeded to intrench. The same evening spies brought him intelligence that Bithoor was evacuated and that the Nana had fled into Oudh. He at once ordered Major Stephenson to march there with the Madras Fusiliers, the Sikhs, the Irregular Cavalry raised to sixty, and two guns. On arriving at Bithoor the following day Major Stephenson found the town

Major Stephenson proceeds to Bithoor.

[1] "It interposed between Bithoor and Cawnpore, covering the city and its resources in its rear, with the Ganges on its right and the canal on its left, while a network of ravines in front extended down to the river."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 322.

evacuated. On the 21st of July Brigadier-General Havelock telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief: "I am free to cross the Ganges. Nana Sahib's force at Bithoor is entirely dispersed. We have brought from the place sixteen guns and a quantity of animals, set fire to his palace, and blown up his powder-magazine. A portion of my troops and five guns are already in position at the head of the road to Lucknow. The difficulties of a swollen, broad, and rapid river, with only one small steamer and a few boats, are not slight; but the whole army is full of hope that we shall soon be united on the left bank." 21st July.

The position taken up by the General was a mound on the bank of the river sufficiently elevated to command the surrounding country and capable of accommodating and being defended in case of need by a garrison of some three hundred men. About five hundred yards from the plateau there was an island in the river, partly submerged at this season of the year by the river much swollen by the incessant rain. Between this island and the Oudh bank there were two smaller islands, now covered with water two or three feet deep, and visible only from the reeds which sprung up upon them.[1] Havelock saw that these islands would be of service to him if he had to recross the river, while the intrenchment on the right bank would effectually cover that operation. On the evening of the 20th the General was satisfied that the intrenchment had been made sufficiently strong for defence, and he therefore de- Havelock's position on the river. 20th July.

[1] "Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 328.

termined to send the first detachment across the river next day. His decision was influenced by the fact that Neill with a reinforcement of two hundred and twenty-seven men, mostly young soldiers, and a small instalment of ammunition and stores, had arrived that morning. Neill, who had been made Brigadier-General, had been ordered to join Havelock as second in command. On his arrival he was at once met by the General, who, knowing his man, received him with all courtesy, but firmly and promptly said to him, "Now, General Neill, let us understand each other; you have no power or authority here whilst I am here, and you are not to issue a single order."

Arrival of Neill.

Havelock's force crosses the river.

At midnight on the 20th of July Havelock rode in a torrent of rain from the camp to the intrenchment, a distance of four miles, to superintend the embarkation of the Highlanders. When the ferry-boats were filled they were sailed or towed across by a steamer. It was long and tedious work, for each trip involved a passage of six miles and occupied four hours. But Havelock did not return to camp till he had seen the Highlanders and three guns safely across. The 84th and three additional guns were sent across the following day. The Madras Fusiliers went over with the last detachment. On the 25th of July Havelock, leaving Neill in command of Cawnpore, crossed the river himself. Three days after, his small force—1200 Europeans all told—its stores and munitions, were concentrated at Mungulwar, a strong and elevated position about six miles from the river.

At daybreak on the 29th of July Havelock with ten light guns and 1500 men again went forth on the desperate enterprise of relieving Lucknow. When he had marched about three miles he found the enemy strongly posted near the town of Unao. "His right was protected by a swamp which could neither be forced nor turned; his advance was drawn in a garden enclosure, which in this warlike district had purposely or accidentally assumed the form of a bastion. The rest of his force was posted in and behind a village, the houses of which were loopholed. The passage between the village and the large town of Unao is narrow. The town itself extended three-quarters of a mile to our right. The flooded state of the country precluded the possibility of turning in this direction. The swamp shut us on the left. Thus an attack in front became unavoidable."[1] Havelock opened with a fire from the Enfield riflemen in skirmishing order, and before the guns came up the Highlanders and Fusiliers ran in upon and drove the enemy from out of the bastioned enclosure. But when our men approached the village a destructive fire was poured upon them from the loopholed houses. The bullets began to fly thick and fast. Six Highlanders were struck down, and Havelock's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Seton, fell by his side. The 64th were brought up. For an instant the murderous fire checked the British soldier. Then the heroic

Battle of Unao. 29th July.

[1] From Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, dated Camp Busherutgunge, 29th July 1857.—"State Papers," vol. ii. p. 162.

Private Patrick Cavanagh.

Patrick Cavanagh sprang forward, and "was cut literally in pieces by the enemy whilst setting an example of distinguished gallantry." Lieutenant Bogle, 78th Highlanders, in an attempt to penetrate into a house filled with desperate fanatics of the Mussulman faith, was badly wounded. The village was set on fire, but still the terrible fight continued. "It was sad, very sad, to see our men pulled out, so to speak, dead and dying from the entrance of the houses they were trying in detail to storm."[1] The British soldier, however, was not to be foiled. After a desperate hand-to-hand conflict the guns were captured, and the enemy being driven from the village, our whole force debouched by the narrow passage between the village and the town of Unao and formed in line.

It found the enemy, rallied and re-formed with a numerous artillery, hastening forward to occupy Unao. Havelock, whose military glance was sure, saw that it was of vital importance that he should push his men beyond the town before the enemy occupied it in force. Leaving Unao on the right, he advanced till he reached a space of dry ground about half a mile in extent. All around was swamp except the highroad that ran through the morass. The General drew up his force in line, with four guns in the centre and two on each wing, all bearing on the highroad in front, down which the enemy were coming in mass to attack him.[2] He made no

[1] "Havelock's Indian Campaign."—"Calcutta Review," vol. xxxii. p. 33.

[2] "Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 333.

attempt to check them, for he knew they had made a fatal mistake. On they advanced, with drums beating and banners flying, till they came almost opposite our line, when they halted and opened fire. Maude's guns at the closest range blazed out in the face of the rebels, and their front line was shattered. They made an attempt to deploy, but guns and men were engulfed in the swamp. The British artillery and muskets played vehemently upon the dense dark mass: it wavered, broke, and rolled back. Then our skirmishers, wading through the swamp, lapped the rebel flank with their fire, and the victory was secured. The Oudh gunners, highly trained soldiers, however, maintained the conflict with singular obstinacy, and perished fighting around their guns. The enemy lost about three hundred. Fifteen guns were taken, but for lack of transport they had to be burst and abandoned.

First battle of Busherutgunge, 29th July.

The troops halted where they stood for a couple of hours to cook and eat, and then advanced towards Busherutgunge, eight miles ahead. "It is a walled town with wet ditches. The gate is defended by a round tower, on and near which four pieces of cannon were mounted; the adjacent buildings being loopholed and otherwise strengthened. In rear of the town is a broad and deep inundation covered by a narrow chaussée and bridge." The guns pushed on in admirable order, supported by the 1st Fusiliers skirmishing, and the 78th Highlanders and 64th Regiment in line. The enemy's cannonade was well sustained; nevertheless our force continued to gain ground. "The 64th were then directed to turn the

town by our left, and penetrate between it and the swamp, thus cutting off the enemy from their chaussée and bridge."[1] All our guns now opened on the earthwork and the main gateway. As soon as the 64th reached a point in line with the town their fire began to tell, and the 78th Highlanders and the Madras Fusiliers were sent forward, while the 84th and the Sikhs were held in reserve. As the storming party advanced the enemy's guns poured grape into their ranks. Many fell. The men were ordered to lie down, and our guns plied the gateway. When the enemy's fire was mastered the order was given to rise. The men sprang to their feet, and with a shout rushed at the earthwork. Lieutenant Dangerfield was the first to mount the barricade, and his men were soon by his side. Fusiliers and Highlanders broke through the intrenchment and drove the rebels through the town to the causeway. But there was no 64th Regiment to cut off the enemy from it. Owing to some mistake regarding their instructions, and to their having paused to return the fire from the walls, the movement had been delayed. The General sent his aide-de-camp at full gallop to hasten their advance, but the opportunity was lost, and the enemy escaped across the causeway. The troops had been fighting from sunrise to sunset, the night was closing, so the General did not think it prudent to follow the flying foe. Moreover, the

[1] From Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, dated Camp Busherutgunge, 29th July 1857.—"State Papers," vol. ii. p. 161.

ground on both sides of the road was so flooded that it was impossible for the cavalry to act.[1] Havelock, however, rode some distance in advance to discover some suitable ground for his advanced picquets.

As he rode back over the causeway, thronged with weary soldiers leaning on their arms, a cry was raised, "Clear the way for the General." "You have done that *well* already, men," was the prompt reply. For a moment there was silence: then their feeling found expression, and "God bless the General!" burst forth from them as he galloped away.

Havelock's skill and courage had won the confidence of his men; his very peculiarities, their affection. He was firm in manner, imperious in discipline, insisting that every man should do his duty and endure hardness without a murmur, like a good soldier. But the soldiers knew that no man had a greater regard for their welfare, or a greater admiration for their valour. They also knew that the little General could be very frank and severe in his wrath. He was always ready to praise those who deserved it, but he never would condone any misconduct. That evening he wrote the following order of the day:—

"Soldiers, your General thanks you for your exertions to-day. You have stormed two fortified villages, and captured nineteen guns. But he is not satisfied with *all* of you. Some of you fought as if

[1] "Cavalry was utterly useless, it being quite impossible for them to act from the flooded state of the roads."—"Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North.

the cholera had seized your minds as well as your bodies. There were men among you, however, whom he must praise to the skies. Private Patrick Cavanagh, of the 64th, died gloriously, hacked to pieces by the enemy when setting a brilliant example to his comrades. Had he survived, he should have worn the Victoria Cross, which never could have glittered on a braver breast. But his name will be remembered as long as Ireland produces and loves gallant soldiers.

"Lieutenant Bogle, 78th Highlanders, was severely wounded while leading the way at Unao into a loopholed house filled with desperate fanatics. A special report of his gallantry will be sent to His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. The 'hero of Inkerman' well knows how to appreciate heroes.

"Major Stephenson, in command of the regiment which the rebel chiefs know and fear as 'the Blue Caps,' showed throughout the day how the calmest forethought can be united with the utmost daring.

"Lieutenant Dangerfield[1] has merited the cross reserved for the brave. He was the first to mount the barricade at this place."

Two victories had been won. But if the road to Lucknow was to be so roughly contested, there was little chance of reaching the Residency. What soldiers could do Havelock's men had achieved. But they could not fight against the pestilence of the tropics. For some days cholera and dysentery

[1] Lieutenant Edward Dangerfield, 1st Madras Fusiliers.

had done their deadly work among them. A sixth of his force had perished—half on the battlefield, half by disease. There was now barely sufficient carriage for the sick and wounded. His supply of ammunition had been considerably reduced. These considerations were not, however, the only elements in the difficult and delicate problem before Havelock. On the morning following his victories he received a message from Neill that the troops at Dinapore on his communications south of Benares had mutinied, and that the 5th Fusiliers and 90th Light Infantry, which he had been daily expecting would reinforce him, could not now arrive for a couple of months. Having given due weight to all the circumstances, Havelock made up his mind to retire to his strong position at Mungulwar till the sick and wounded had returned to Cawnpore and till reinforcements and ammunition should reach him. At Mungulwar he was in Oudh territory, and would be able from time to time to strike a swift and effective blow at the enemy, and by so doing relieve the pressure on the Residency. At Mungulwar he was prepared if reinforced to advance to Lucknow, or to send over a detachment, if needed, to Cawnpore.[1] It was a wise decision. But Havelock was cruelly disappointed. The order was issued, and was most unwelcome to his men, burning for fresh enterprise and panting to relieve their countrymen. "The very idea of a retrograde movement filled them with consternation; its present reality calls forth the

Havelock determines to retire to Mungulwar.

[1] "Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 352.

first murmur I have as yet heard."[1] But their General had made up his mind, and was not to be moved by the murmurs of his soldiers.

31st July. Telegram to the Commander-in-Chief.

On the 31st of July General Havelock telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief:—

"My force is reduced by sickness and repeated combats to 1364 rank and file, with ten ill-equipped guns. I could not, therefore, move on against Lucknow with any prospect of success, especially as I had no means of crossing the Sye or the canal. I have therefore shortened my communications with Cawnpore, by falling back two short marches, hitherto unmolested by an enemy. If I am speedily reinforced by 1000 more British soldiers and Major Olpherts' battery complete, I might resume my march towards Lucknow, or keep fast my foot in Oudh, after securing the easier passage of the Ganges at Cawnpore by boats and two steamers; or I might recross and hold the head of the Grand Trunk Road at Cawnpore."

From Mungulwar Havelock also informed Neill that he could not advance to Lucknow without further reinforcements, and desired Neill to furnish workmen to form a bridge-head on the Oudh bank, to collect rations for his troops, and get ready two 24-pounders to accompany his advance, and push across any infantry as soon as they might arrive. The news of Havelock's retrograde movement

[1] "A man of less genuine mettle than our General might be swayed by such demonstrations, but the superiority of his moral courage renders him unassailable, and elevates him far beyond the fear of man which bringeth a snare."—"Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 111.

created as bitter disappointment at Cawnpore as it had done among his troops. Neill was a dashing brave soldier, but he was by temperament totally incapable of taking the measure of Havelock's courage or ability, or of fathoming the high motives of his conduct. A man of great ardour, of a strong will, conscious of the applause he had won by his decisive action at Benares and Allahabad,[1] smarting under his supersession by a soldier whose lofty nature he could not gauge, Neill allowed his injured vanity and hot temper to overbear his sense of discipline, and he permitted himself a licence of speech which was absolutely unjustifiable.

Neill's letter to Havelock.

"I deeply regret," he wrote, "that you have fallen back one foot. The effect on our prestige is very bad indeed. . . . All manner of reports are rife in this city—that you had returned to get more guns, having lost all you took away with you. In fact, the belief among all is, that you have been defeated and forced back. It has been most unfortunate your not bringing back any of the guns captured from the enemy. The natives will not believe you captured one. The effect of your retrograde movement will be very injurious to our cause everywhere. . . . You talk of advancing as soon as reinforcements reach you. You

[1] "It must be remembered that he had been greatly praised; everywhere it was noised abroad that Neill was the man for the emergency, Neill would not stand any nonsense, and so on. And of course he could not but suppose that whatever position he was in, something marked would be expected of him."—"Memories of the Mutiny," by Colonel F. C. Maude, V.C., C.B., and John W. Sherer, C.S.I.

require a battery and a thousand European infantry. . . . (The guns) will detain you five or six days. As for infantry, they are not to be had, and if you wait for them, Lucknow will follow the fate of Cawnpore. . . . You ought not to remain a day where you are. . . . You ought to advance again, and not halt until you have rescued, if possible, the garrison of Lucknow. . . . Return here sharp, for there is much to be done between this and Agra and Delhi."

Havelock's letter to Neill.

Havelock sent a severe reply. After characterising the letter as the most extraordinary letter he had ever received, he continued :—

"There must be an end to these proceedings at once. I wrote to you confidentially on the state of affairs. You send me back a letter of censure of my measures, reproof, and advice for the future. I do not want and will not receive any of them from an officer under my command, be his experience what it may. Understand this distinctly, and that a consideration of the obstruction that would arise to the public service at this moment alone prevents me from taking the stronger step of placing you under arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation."

3rd August.

On the 3rd of August Havelock was reinforced by a company of the 84th and Olpherts' half-battery under Lieutenant Smithett.[1] "I enquired

[1] "On the 3rd of August the General received half of Captain Olpherts' battery, consisting of three-horsed 9-pounders, and likewise two 24-pounders."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 340.

"But he (Neill) also sent him over a few reinforcements—a company

of him minutely how his detachment had behaved. He told me that the conduct of all had been very good except his gun lascars. They had, in April last, threatened to spike the guns whenever they might be engaged with the enemy. At Benares Major Olpherts informed me that they had conducted themselves ill on the night of the mutiny." Havelock could not afford to have a single traitor in his camp. He therefore paraded the detachment and spoke to them all, both British and natives. "I congratulated the former on having come into a camp of heroic soldiers, who had six times met the enemy, and every time defeated him and captured his cannon. The lascars at this moment were facing the detachment; I turned to them, and told them what miscreants I had this morning discovered them to be, traitors in heart to their fostering Government. I made the British soldiers disarm them, and ordered them out of the camp under a light escort, to be employed under General Neill in the labours of the intrenchment. He will look after them. If they attempt to desert, I have ordered them to be punished with death; the same if they refuse to work with other soldiers. They shall do no other duty till I am better instructed."[1]

Havelock had been reinforced, but his column was hardly any stronger than when he first

of the 84th, Olpherts' half battery, two heavy guns, and two field howitzers."—"Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General M'Leod Innes, p. 198.

[1] Telegram from Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., to the Commander-in-Chief, dated Camp Mungulwar, 4th August 1857.

started for Lucknow. He could then put 850 men in line out of a strength of 1350; he now had 1400 men. However, on receiving information that the enemy had reoccupied the town of Busherutgunge he advanced upon it. "On nearing the serai we found our intelligence of its being reoccupied correct. The two heavy guns (24-pounders) and two 24-pounder howitzers were ordered to advance by the road. Six guns, the 78th Highlanders, and the Sikhs under Colonel Hamilton, were to turn the left of the village by our right; and the 1st Madras Fusiliers and the 84th Foot were to cover the turning column with the heavy guns. The movement expelled the enemy early from the serai, but they held obstinately the villages immediately on the other side of the street beyond the serai. They were turned out of this by the guns; on advancing we met four guns, posted on, and to the right and left of the road; our heavy guns silenced them, and they were withdrawn, the enemy retiring slowly, forced back but not beaten. It was purely an artillery fight, the infantry only occupying the villages when the enemy were expelled. The villages on our right and left were held to the last by the enemy, who continued to fire at long distances: some went to the rear, and we had to send the Sikhs with two guns to hold the serai and protect our baggage." [1]

Second battle of Busherutgunge, 5th August.

[1] Telegram from Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler to the Commander-in-Chief, dated Camp Mungulwar, 6th August 1857.

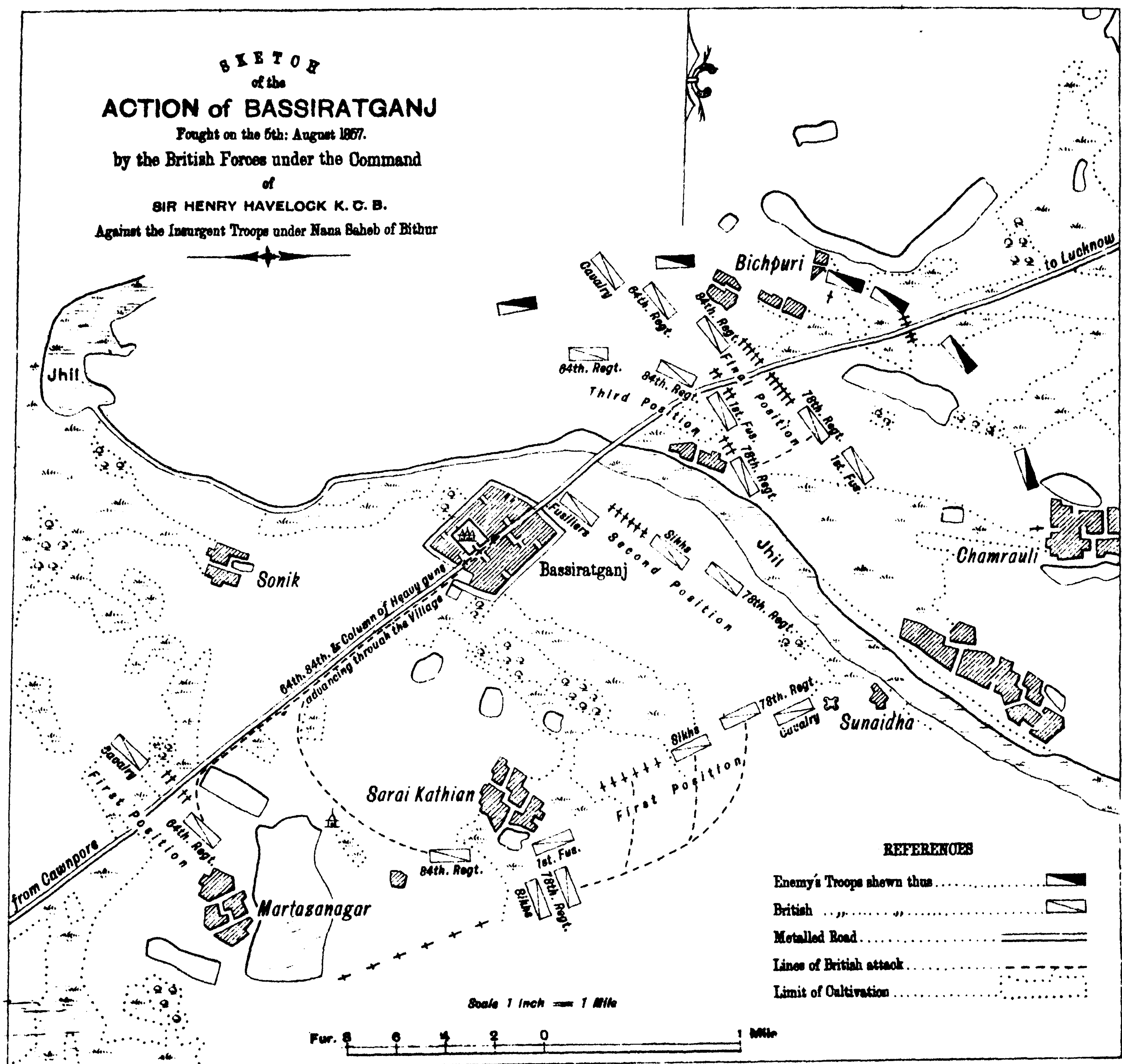


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The enemy lost about 300 men, while our loss was only two killed and twenty-three wounded; but men were dying fast from cholera. One night and a day had cost Havelock in sick and wounded 104 Europeans and a fourth of his gun ammunition. It once more became painfully evident to him that he could never reach Lucknow with his present column. He had three strong positions to force, defended by fifty guns and 30,000 men, and he had only 1010 Europeans, worn by sickness, privation, and endless fighting, to do the work. "When I have overcome," he wrote, "the enemy's artillery fire, my wearied infantry can scarcely muster strength to capture their guns; and as I have no cavalry, the mutineers resist as long as they have the power, and they retire without fear of pursuit." Every village was held against him. The day he made his second advance, "resolved if possible to win," General Neill sent him the most pressing representations regarding his danger from the Saugor troops which were assembling at Bithoor in his front. Havelock therefore judged, and rightly judged, that he was consulting the best interests of the State by attempting only that which his force was capable of accomplishing, left as it was without the hope of reinforcement. He therefore determined to again retire to Mungulwar. "The resolution which I took," he wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, "was the most painful I had ever to form in my life; but imposed upon me by imperious circumstances I could not control. . . . With any hope of reinforcement I would

Havelock determines to again retire to Mungulwar.

have made the attempt; without it I felt assured that it would be madness. The whole of my staff concurred in this view of the case." [1]

6th August. Telegram to the Commander-in-Chief.

On the 6th of August, the day after the second battle of Busherutgunge, Havelock telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief: "I must prepare Your Excellency for my abandonment, with great grief and reluctance, of the hope of relieving Lucknow. The only three staff officers in my force whom I ever consult confidentially, but in whom I entirely confide, are unanimously of opinion that an advance to the walls of Lucknow involves the loss of this force.[2] In this I concur. The only military question that remains, therefore, is whether that, or the unaided destruction of the British garrison at Lucknow, would be the greatest calamity to the State in this crisis. The loss of this force in a fruitless attempt to relieve Colonel Inglis would, of course, involve his fall. I will remain, however, till the

[1] "All were of the same opinion, and we retired to our position, five miles from the river, to prevent Unao and Busherutgunge being occupied in our rear." Telegram from Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler to the Commander-in-Chief, dated Camp Mungulwar, 6th August 1857. —"State Papers," vol. ii. p. 173.

[2] "In using the word 'unanimously,' which his biographers have naturally adopted, Havelock strained a point. He ignored the dissent of his vehement and impulsive son. That officer thus describes the incident: 'The fact is that I voted for advancing at all hazards. Tytler and Crommelin, Tytler especially, took me to task severely about this, saying that I was prepared to sacrifice the whole force, and the interests of British India, rather than compromise my father's and my own reputation by a retreat. Tytler particularly urged: "You must recollect that this is more than a personal question. However galling it is to the General and you to retire, you must have regard to the interests of the Government." Crommelin agreed with him strongly, and my father then said, "I agree with Tytler."'"— "Havelock," by Archibald Forbes, p. 166.

latest moment in this position, strengthening it, and hourly improving my bridge-communication with Cawnpore, in the hope that some error of the enemy may enable me to strike a blow against them, and give the garrison an opportunity of blowing up their works and cutting their way out."

Day and night, in sun and in rain, the General, his staff, and engineers were employed in improving his bridge communication with Cawnpore. The river had sunk, and Lieutenant Moorsom with a large gang of men was busy constructing a road across the islands and swamps and connecting them by a bridge of boats. Four boats lashed together and covered with planks formed a floating platform capable of holding a battery and intended to be towed across the main channel by the steamer. The whole work was under the supervision of Captain Crommelin of the Engineers, who had designed and started it in opposition to the views, as regards practicability and success, of nearly every officer of the force. Mainly owing to his indomitable energy, it was completed in the face of all difficulties on the 11th of August.[1] That day a message was brought to Havelock with all haste from Neill, who had so imperatively urged on him

Construction of the bridge across the Ganges.

Captain Crommelin.

11th August. Bridge completed.

Urgent message from Neill.

[1] "Too much importance therefore cannot be attached to the skill and perseverance by which Captain Crommelin of the Engineers, in the face of all difficulties, in opposition to the views, as regarded practicability and success, of nearly every officer with the force, designed and constructed a causeway over a width of upwards of a mile of this inundated shore of the Ganges, bridging the narrower and deeper parts. The portion of the river which had to be forced was thus reduced to nearly 700 yards, about a quarter of the original distance." "The Campaign of 1857-58."—"Calcutta Review," vol. xxxii. p. 216.

the necessity of pressing on to Lucknow: "One of the Sikh scouts I can depend on has just come in, and reports that 4000 men and five guns have assembled to-day at Bithoor and threaten Cawnpore. I cannot stand this; they will enter the town, and our communications are gone; if I am not supported I can only hold out here; can do nothing beyond our intrenchments. All the country beyond this and Allahabad will be up, and our powder and ammunition on the way up, if the steamer, as I feel assured, does not start, will fall into the hands of the enemy, and we will be in a bad way." Havelock, on receipt of the message, sent his sick and wounded, his baggage and spare ammunition, across to Cawnpore, and remained with his fighting force in light-marching order, determined "that if there should be any considerable assemblage of hostile troops in my front, I would not await their attack in this strong position, but take the initiative and strike a blow against them." In the course of the day, spies having brought him intelligence that the rebels were again collecting in numbers at Busherutgunge, he at once put his force in motion. His advanced-guard pushed the enemy's parties out of Unao, where his men bivouacked that night under trees. "In the morning we advanced, the small, gaunt, careworn remains of our force, the men almost dropping out in tens from cholera, but with courage as high and undaunted as of old." About a mile and a half in advance of the old battlefield the enemy were discovered strongly posted close to the village of

Action at Boorhya-ka-Chowkee, 12th August.

Boorhya-ka-Chowkee, situated on the main-road. Their right rested on the village, where they had established a battery, their left on a mound about 400 yards distant, which they had cut down into another battery mounting three guns. A ditch and breastwork lined with infantry connected the two batteries, and cavalry was massed on their left flank. Havelock's plan of battle was soon formed. He sent the 78th, the Fusiliers, and four guns off to the right to attack the left of the enemy's position; he directed the heavy guns on the left, supported by the 84th, to advance along the road to encounter the enemy's right battery; and his remaining troops and guns he kept in the centre. The right soon came into action with the enemy's left. The enemy had learnt to fear a flank movement, and they turned all their guns they could bring to bear to check our advance on the right, and opened fire grandly. "I certainly was never," wrote a gallant soldier, "under so heavy a fire in my life. In five minutes after we came into action every man at the gun I was laying was wounded with grape, except the sergeant and myself; and four of our gun cattle were knocked over by round-shot. The other three guns suffered nearly as much, and we found our fire had little effect on the battery in our front—their guns were too well protected—so we limbered up and got out of that as fast as we could, taking ground more to the right, and then found it was possible to move still more forward and take the adverse battery in flank. This was accordingly done, and then we had our revenge, for they could

only bring one gun to bear on us, while we, with our four, enfiladed their whole position." A shrapnel silenced the one gun. The British fire grew hotter, and in a few moments a swarm of men were seen rushing back in confusion from the trenches. A loud cheer rang along the advancing lines. The Highlanders "like one man, with body bent forward and steady tramp,"[1] flung themselves upon the battery, bayoneted the gunners, and turned the two captured guns on the enemy. "Some artillerymen were into the battery directly after, and we had the intense satisfaction of giving the flying foe three rounds from each of their own guns." The Fusiliers at the same time drove the enemy's extreme left before them, and their whole line was speedily in retreat. Finally Fusiliers and Highlanders vigorously pursued the rebels through Busherutgunge and over the causeway. Three hundred of them perished that day.

Havelock retraced his steps leisurely to his old quarters at Mungulwar. During the night the remainder of the ammunition and the heavy guns were sent across the river. On the morning of the 13th the skeleton of Havelock's force marched

[1] "The sight was a beautiful one, and we upon the road could not witness it unmoved, and a hearty cheer, quick as an electric shock, ran through the ranks of Sikhs and Europeans alike, as we saw their steady advance upon and capture of the battery."—"Havelock's Indian Campaign," "Calcutta Review," vol. xxxii. pp. 34 and 35. The writer states that the Highlanders "captured three horse-battery guns." Captain Crump states that the rebels carried "off with them one gun, the team of which had escaped the shrapnel of our artillery." —"Saturday Review," October 31st, 1857, p. 393.

down to the ferry.[1] The rain poured down in torrents, the road had become a swamp, and it was difficult to move the guns through the mire. The Madras Fusiliers, the Volunteer cavalry, and four guns formed a rear-guard to cover the embarkation. But no rebel sepoy appeared to obstruct the passage. He had been taught too severe a lesson the previous day. In five hours and a half Havelock's whole force had crossed the stream, and one of the most difficult and dangerous of field operations had been performed without a single accident.[2] On reaching Cawnpore the General issued the following Order of the day :—

Havelock's force recrosses the Ganges, 13th August.

"The exertions of the troops in the combat of yesterday deserves the highest praise the Brigadier can bestow. In this, our eighth fight, the conduct of the artillery was admirable. The Fusiliers and the Highlanders were, as usual, distinguished. The Highlanders, without firing a shot, rushed with a cheer upon the enemy's redoubt, carried it, and captured two of the three guns with which it was armed. If Colonel Hamilton can ascertain the officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier who first

The General's Order of the day, 13th August.

[1] "Our troops, however, were severely tried; the advance into Cawnpore seemed as much as it was possible for men to endure, and the excessive heat proved fatal to many during the march. But what we then endured was comparatively light in comparison with what we encountered while advancing into Oudh, and again in returning hither."—"Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 120.

[2] "As the last division of the troops defiled over the bridge, they were successively broken up, and such of the boats of which they were composed as were not embedded in the mud were conveyed, together with the rafts, to the Cawnpore bank, and laid up for future use."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 356.

entered this work, the Brigadier will recommend him for the Victoria Cross."[1]

14th August.

On the 14th of August Neill wrote to the Commissioner at Benares: "General Havelock recrossed all his men yesterday; they are much worn out by fatigue and exposure, and urgently require rest and care of their health. Loss has been great from sickness; the force is much too weak to attempt any advance on Lucknow, which must not be thought of until reinforcements arrive." The following day the General reported to the Commander-in-Chief the fearful inroads cholera was making in his small force. "The total sick and wounded is 335. The total British strength is 1415. I do not despond. I must march to-morrow against Bithoor, but it seems advisable to look the evil in the face, for there is no chance but between reinforcements and gradual absorption by disease."[2]

The battle of Bithoor, 16th August.

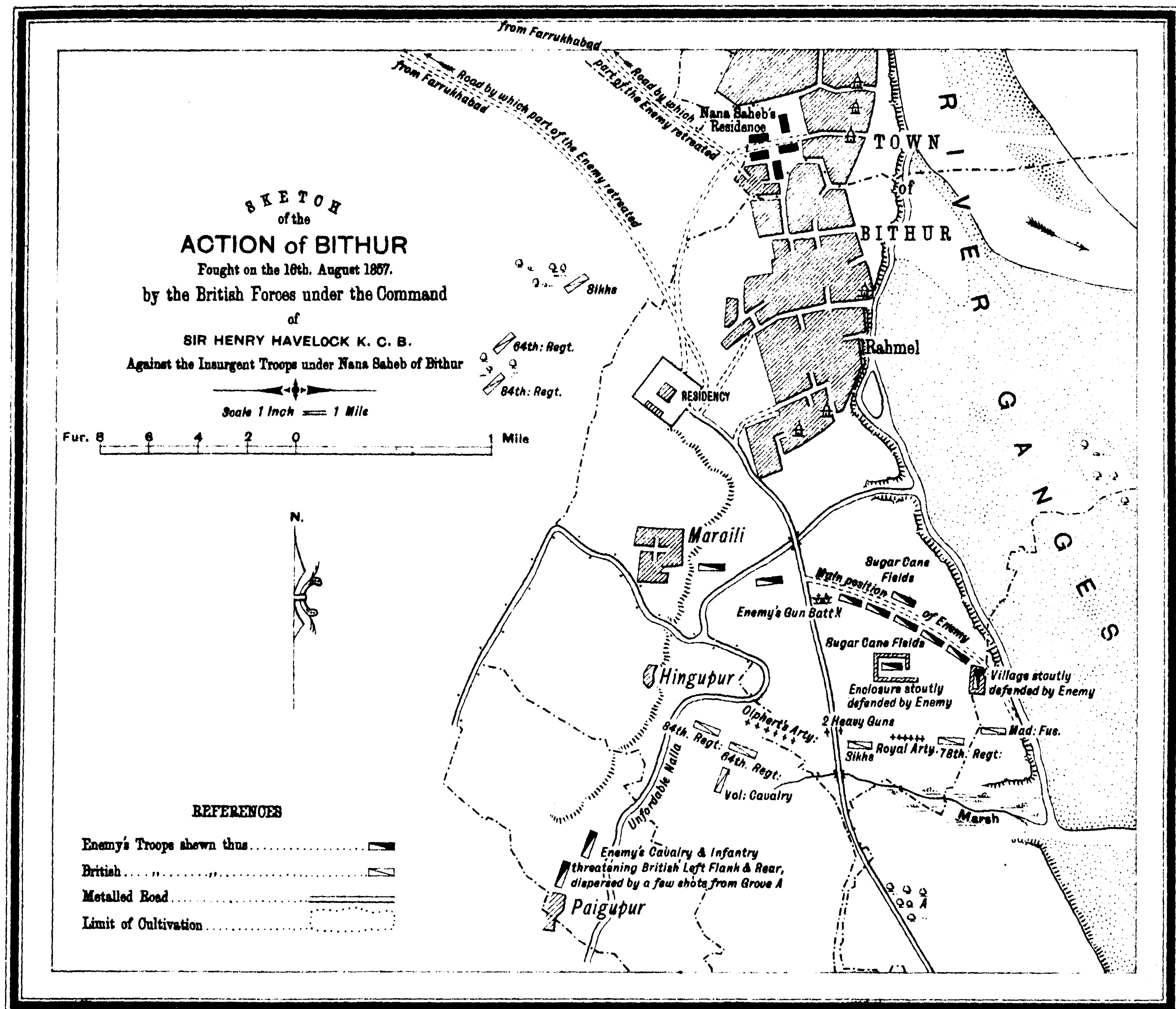
On Sunday morning, the 16th of August, the

[1] "Colonel Hamilton reported that it was difficult to decide to whom this honour belonged, as it appeared to be divided between Lieutenant Campbell and Lieutenant Crowe. The gallant Campbell was smitten down the next day by cholera, and the distinction fell to the lot of Lieutenant Crowe."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 356.

Telegram from Brigadier-General Havelock: "I recommend the Victoria Cross to Lieutenant Crowe 78th Highlanders, who was the first to enter the redoubt at Bourzekee (Boorhya-ka) Chowkee, the intrenched village in front of Busherutgunge, on the 12th instant."—"State Papers," vol. ii. p. 185.

[2] "The medical officers yesterday recommended repose; but I cannot halt while the enemy keeps the field, and, in truth, our health has suffered less fearfully even in bivouac than in Cawnpore."

"The Superintending Surgeon represented to the General that, at the present rate of casualties, the whole force would be annihilated in six weeks."—"Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock," by John Clark Marshman, p. 357.



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Photo., S. I. O., Calcutta.

Reg. No. 4, Mil.—Mar. 96.—500.

miserable remnant of Havelock's force, some 750 Europeans and 250 Sikhs, advanced towards Bithoor. The march was long and tedious, and the slanting rays of the morning sun struck down many a wearied soldier. After a tramp of eight hours the column reached a wide plain covered with thick sugar-cane and tall castor-oil trees rising high above the head. It was flanked by villages, and had two streams flowing through it not fordable by troops of any arm, and only to be crossed by two narrow bridges, the farther of which was protected by an intrenchment armed with artillery. After passing the second bridge the road took a turn which protected the defenders from direct fire, and behind lay the town of Bithoor with brick houses rising one above another, surrounded by walls and buried in trees. "One of the strongest positions I have ever seen," wrote Havelock; and the streams prevented him from attempting his favourite turning movement.

As the column advanced, a strong body of the enemy's horse appeared in front to reconnoitre, and was saluted by a few rounds of artillery. "At the sound of the discharge all our men seemed inspired with renewed energy, which became keener still as we discovered the position taken up by the enemy, its centre resting on a bridge flanked by an intrenched battery which commanded the centre of our line of advance."[1] No pause ensued. The Madras Fusiliers, followed by the artillery under Captain Crump, took up position on the plain, and

[1] "Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 128.

the 78th Highlanders completed the right centre on one side of the road. Their original strength had been 284 rank and file: it was now miserably reduced. "Still it was animated by the same fine spirit as had always characterised it." Our left wing, 64th, 84th, and Sikh Regiment of Ferozepore, prolonged the line on the left to the other side of the road. As the Fusiliers advanced on the right they were suddenly assailed by a sharp fire from the high crops and a village masked by trees. Major Stephenson at once threw back two of his right companies. They encountered the sepoys of the 42nd, and the fight was so close and desperate that the bayonets crossed. The rebels were driven back with terrible slaughter. The Fusiliers rejoined the right wing, which kept pressing forward with the gallant Macpherson of the 78th ever cheering on his men in front of the line.[1] The enemy step by step entered within their defences. Fourteen pieces played on the intrenchment, but the rebels manfully continued to fight their two guns. Keeping pace with the bullocks that drew the battery, the column slowly advanced till the combatants were scarcely five hundred yards apart. Then from behind their breastwork the rebels sent forth a tempest of bullets which swept through the British ranks. To return the fire was useless. The work had to be done with the cold steel. The 78th and Fusiliers moved off to

[1] "In this advance our right wing was chiefly engaged, while Captain Olpherts, always conspicuous for daring, conducted his battery far in advance of our left centre. His intention, I believe, was to take the enemy's line, had not orders to prevent him meantime been issued."—"Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 131.

the right, when they got under cover of some sugar-cane, and passing through it came out at the left of the breastwork, which they stormed and entered. Then turning they went along inside, and after about ten minutes' hard fighting they captured the battery and drove the enemy out across the bridge into the town. But our toil-worn soldiers were too exhausted to pursue, and they threw themselves down to rest beneath the welcome shade of some mango-trees. Short was the respite. The remaining portion of the force having driven the enemy out of some sugar-cane fields on the left, the order was given for the whole force to "go on," as the town must be cleared. Like most oriental cities, tortuous and intricate, it was no easy task to drive them from it. And the work was not done without severe fighting in the barricaded houses. But it was done.[1]

Hard fighting distinguished the battle of Bithoor, and proved not only the gallantry of the British soldier but of the old Bengal sepoy. "I must do the mutineers," writes the General in his despatch, "the justice to pronounce that they fought obstinately; otherwise they could not for a whole hour have held their own, even with much advantages of ground, against my powerful artillery-fire." After the combat, as the General rode down the line, the soldiers, though worn with fighting and stricken

[1] "A Highlander and one of the Madras Fusiliers, possessed of but one rifle between them, in the heat of excitement rushed into one of these houses, where they discovered seven sepoys. Not one of the seven escaped."—"Journal of an English Officer in India," by Major North, p. 134.